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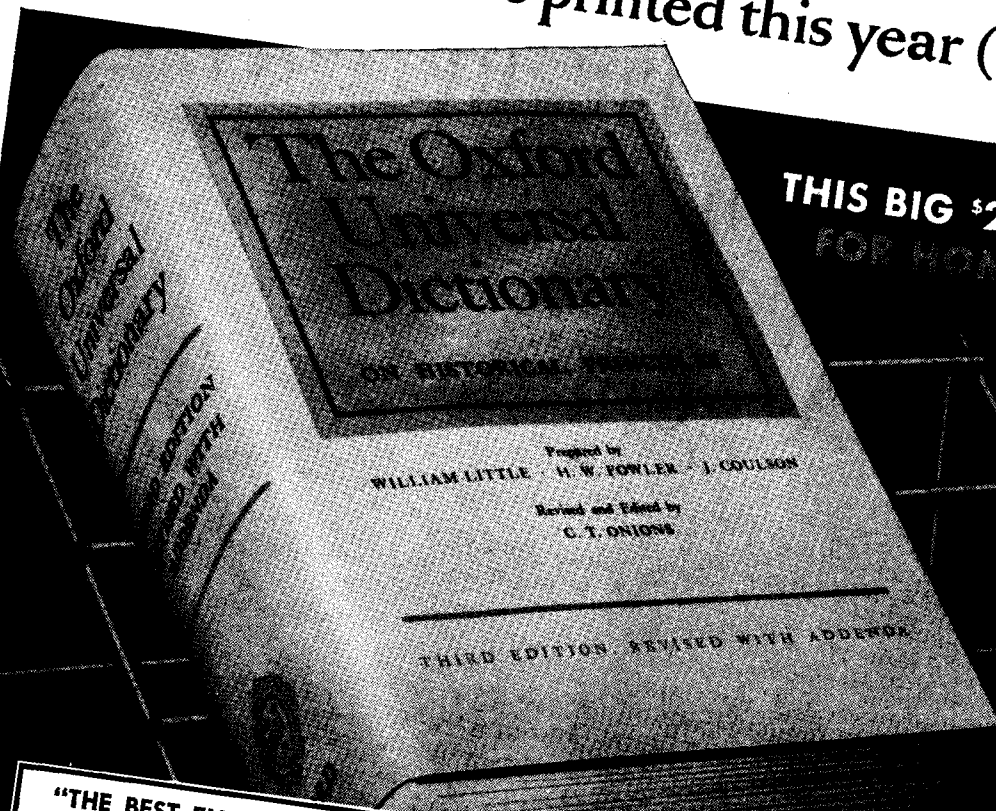
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, October, 1956, Vol. 198, No. 4. Published monthly. Editorial, Circulation, and Advertising Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. Published at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N. H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N. H. Copyright 1956, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Send Form 3579 to 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass.

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

Argentina

ARGENTINA'S "provisional" government put down the neo-Peronista uprising in early June in a few hours. However, the subsequent mopping-up — which was carried out with greater vigor than is usual on such Latin-American occasions — revealed a plot whose extension and depth came as something of a shock not only to the government, hitherto complacent in its righteousness as the vehicle of a liberating revolution, but to public opinion in general, which, although indulging in occasional sniping, had taken for granted a general acquiescence in the broad principles under which the government was trying to operate.

It now appears that such complacency was ill-founded, and that the Argentine situation is not as stable and comfortable as a surface calm has led us to believe. The malaise is both economic and political — but first of all economic.

It is no exaggeration to say that the country is on the verge of bankruptcy. Argentina must import practically all its fuel, 60 per cent of its oil, all its iron and steel, most of its paper, and all its heavy machinery. It has at present no exportable mineral wealth; its only exports are agrarian — meat, grain, hides, wool, vegetable oils, fruit, for example — which must compete in an already saturated world market. Furthermore, exportable surpluses of these products have steadily diminished over the years.

For this Perón is partly, although not entirely, responsible. For political reasons he consistently discouraged agricultural enterprise in favor of industry: factory workers make better political cohorts than scattered peons on the pampas. The *estancieros*, too, were his natural enemies. Agricultural production thus dropped constantly — affected

also, it must be said, by several years of drought. At the same time internal consumption rose with the rise in population and in the standard of living of the working class: people were paid more and so they ate more.

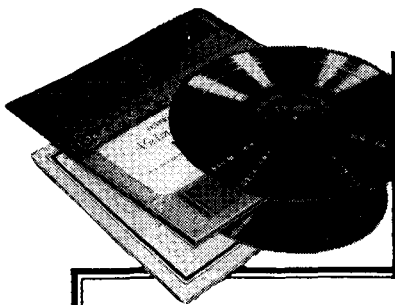
Perón's legacy

Meanwhile, the much-touted industrialization of the country proceeded without a coherent plan. Essentials for industry are power and transportation. Argentina at present is woefully short of both.

In the Buenos Aires area, with more than five million inhabitants, the supply of electricity covers only 70 per cent of the demand. Lamps burn dull orange on winter evenings, machinery is continually breaking down because of the low tension, and factories work on restricted schedules.

The railroads, bought back from the British and the French with much fanfare in the early days of Perón's regime, are among the most decrepit in the world. The permanent roadbed is in such poor condition that even brand-new trains recently imported proceed at a funereal pace. Perón built no new highways at all; existing ones were rarely repaired. As for motorcars, there are fewer in the country now than in 1929. Of these, 58.5 per cent are more than twenty years old.

Plans, started under Perón, are being completed for the building of a steel mill, with the aid of credit from the Import-Export Bank and from European capital. At present, however, Argentine industry is largely light industry and is dependent on foreign markets not only for raw materials but for many finished parts which go onto the assembly lines. Capital equipment, too, is badly in need of re-



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placement. Much of it was bought haphazardly, depending on where the dictator had friends — and credit — at the moment, so that a single industry may need spare parts from half a dozen different countries.

These uneconomic working conditions explain why, in spite of the devaluation of the peso and generally low wages, Argentina has so far been unable to export its industrial product in any appreciable quantity, even to neighboring countries. Prices are higher than those of the United States and Europe, often for an inferior product. Within the country, of course, customs barriers protect industry from any form of foreign competition whatsoever.

Thus the country's balance of payments is not only seriously out of kilter, with no immediate hope of improvement; there is also a pressing need for heavy capital investment simply to maintain the economy at the present level.

In dealing with this disastrous legacy from Perón, for which it is in no way responsible, the government is

hampered by several factors. First of all, its own nature: it is a revolutionary government; although it came to power in the midst of great popular ferment, it is essentially military both in the source of its authority and in its manner of doing business. The "inner cabinet" which makes all major decisions is composed only of military men: the President, General Pedro Aramburu; the Vice President, Rear Admiral Isaac Rojas; and the ministers of the armed forces.

Yet this is not a military dictatorship of the ordinary Latin-American type. All the men in it profess democratic rather than autocratic convictions; they have set up a consultative assembly of leaders of the traditional political parties; they listen to the advice of all sorts of experts in matters of general policy. Yet these discussions and consultations are generally secret, and little of what transpires seeps out to the general public.

Political vacuum

In their efforts to function "democratically" the leaders of the government are hampered above all by the huge political vacuum in the country.

This is not only caused by the departure of Perón: his creed was vacuous enough to start with. It is twenty-five years since there has been a functioning democracy in Argentina — not since the military coup of 1930 put General José Uriburu in the saddle and instituted the long series of reactionary, autocratic governments whose political ineptitude paved the way for the demagogue, Perón.

The Peronista party has now been dissolved; more important, its sources of wealth have been cut off. There are still, however, the huge sums which Perón and his henchmen sent abroad in their heyday and which are finding their way back to finance underground activities, to print pamphlets, to buy arms — and men. The government has been dismissing civil servants right and left, sometimes for no graver reason than a nominal membership in the Peronista party. There is thus a growing group of malcontents, otherwise unemployed, who are often happy to take up cudgels in the name of justice and the good old days.

The traditional parties, patterned largely on European models, and particularly French ones, have plenty of speech-making, doctrinaire leaders, but few troops. Perón's political creed, *Justicialismo*, was overwhelmingly emotional in its appeal; the traditional parties, with their emphasis on doctrine, find few clients among a people unaccustomed to any kind of political thinking. The parties, too, are often divided, particularly the radicals, among whom three splinter groups are at present jockeying for position.

Church and State

In the year since the revolution no new parties, no new political figures, have arisen to fill the void. The one issue which appears to arouse widespread popular feeling is the religious one. The government, in deference to Catholic opinion, was obliged in February to suspend the law instituting divorce, and in May, in deference to the liberals, to dismiss its Minister of Education, who was planning to set up a Catholic university to rival the state ones.

The relationship between Church and State, particularly on matters of education, is an explosive subject in many Catholic countries. If it seems a somewhat irrelevant question for

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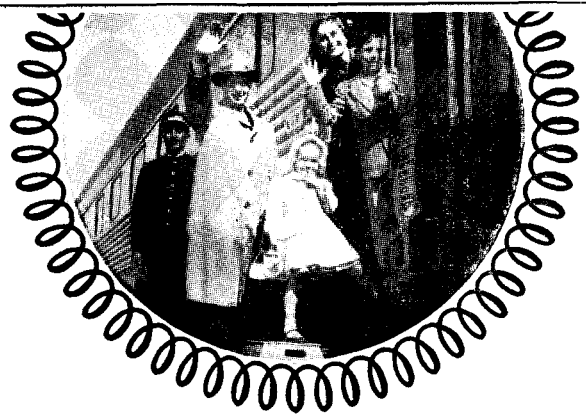
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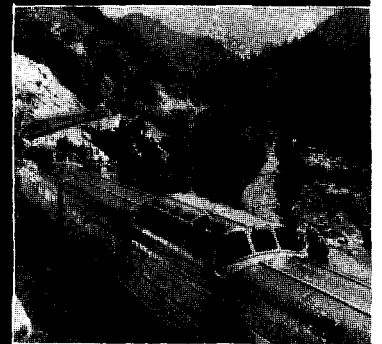
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Argentines to be battling so bitterly about while their country's economic destiny hangs in the balance, it must be remembered that it was Perón's attack on the Church that created the popular ferment which made the revolution possible.

Perón's attack was supposed to have been motivated in part at least by his fear that the Church would sponsor a Christian Democratic movement among the working class and woo his troops away from him. His fears appear today to have been unfounded. Several such nominal parties have appeared, but so far none of them have aroused any appreciable interest. The undoubted Catholic fervor of an important sector of the population has not been channeled into any particular political party.

Windfall for farmers

The traditional cleavage of Argentine politics has been industry and commerce versus agriculture, Buenos Aires versus the provinces. On this issue, however, there has been little discussion, the need to stimulate agricultural production in order to have something to export is so pressing. The great beneficiaries of the revolution — and practically the only ones economically — have been the agrarian producers.

Perón set up a state monopoly for the marketing of all Argentina's exports, which bought from producers at fixed and quite unremunerative prices. Not only is this organization (the IAPI) being dissolved and the farmer allowed to find his own markets at his own price, but the devaluation of the peso and a system of exchange bonuses for agricultural exports have greatly increased the peso return on such exports — as much as 115 per cent in the case of wool.

Commerce and industry have had no such windfalls; in the present state of penury it has not been in the power of the government to grant them. There is, however, no indication of a desire to return to an agrarian economy. The first essential of Argentine industry at present is credit — credit to import raw materials, spare parts, and new equipment. Here the government has adopted a series of measures designed to put Argentina back in the respectable society of nations and thus open up the sources of credit Perón's lone-wolf attitude closed.

The debt to Western Europe (except Germany) has been funded and a system of multilateral payments instituted which replaces Perón's bilateral arrangements. Argentina is also in the process of joining the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund, boycotted by Perón as incompatible with his brand-new "national sovereignty."

However, hopes of heavy private investment have so far been only moderately realized. In the first six months of 1956 new investments totaling approximately \$12 million were approved. These were largely in the form of capital equipment for the extension of existing industries, affiliates of American and European companies.

The working class

Unfortunately, the sector of the population which has clearly lost in the change of government is the urban working class. The workers were, of course, Perón's darlings, although the steady process of inflation had largely nullified their economic gains by the time of his downfall. The process has been greatly accelerated since, and there have been no sugar plums such as Perón, playing Santa Claus, used to distribute to palliate the distress.

In February the government decreed a general rise in wages of 10 per cent. Although no official figures are available — government statistics are published from six to eight months after the event — no one maintains that this is sufficient to meet the rise in the cost of living.

The labor front, however, has remained remarkably quiet. There are sporadic cases of sabotage, there are slowdown strikes or token strikes, but so far there has not been any attempt at a showdown. This is probably due, in great measure, to the disorganized state of the trade unions. Under Perón they were an integral part of his government and his party. Membership was all but obligatory, and not only were employers responsible for collecting dues: they had to chip in a share of their own.

Membership has now been made voluntary and employers relieved of their dues-collecting duties. Naturally there are fewer members and the union treasuries, once bursting, are practically empty. The Peronista



Margarita Rivera, age 7. Photographed by Tom Hollyman.

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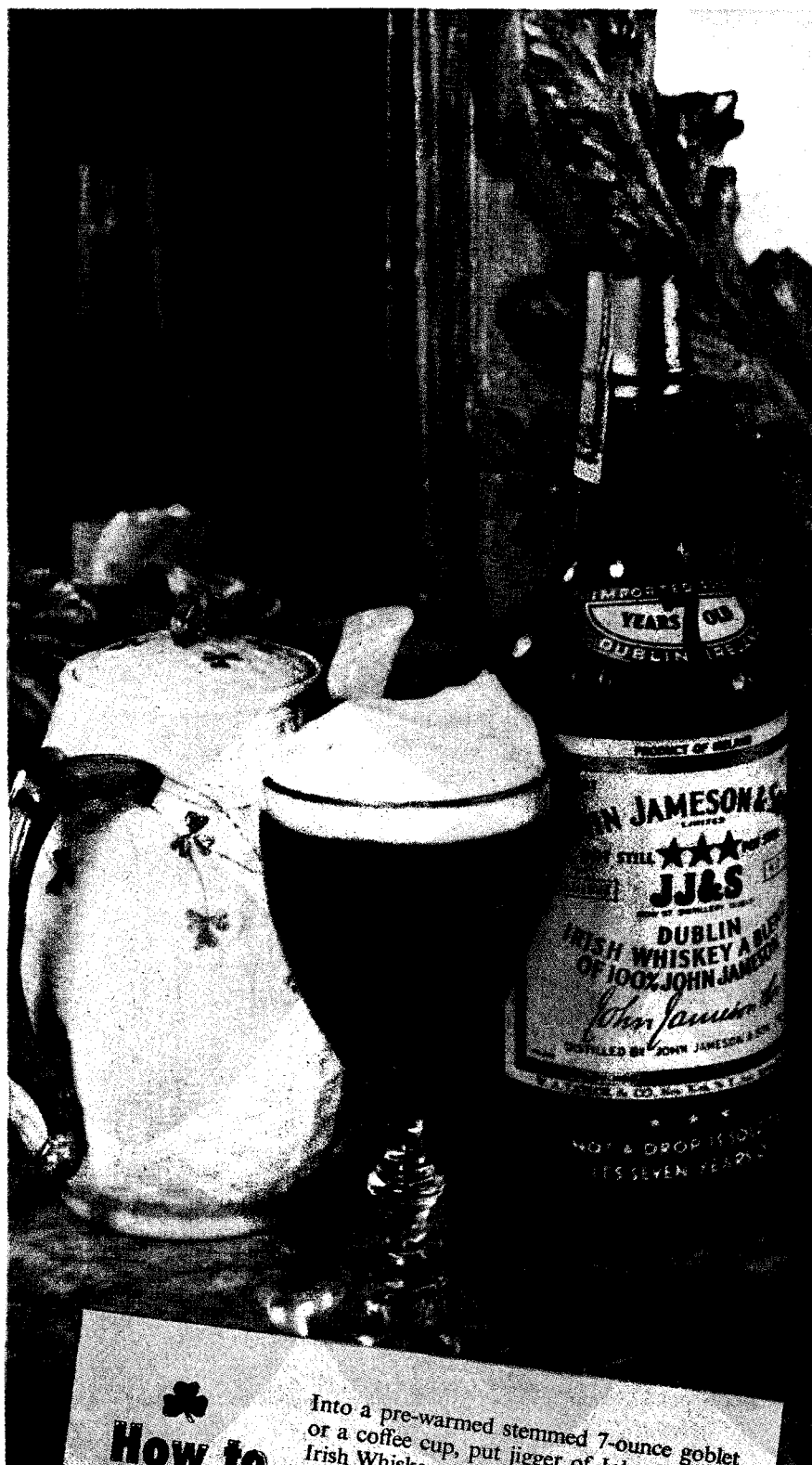
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The magic of Irish Coffee lies in the fact that the coffee, the John Jameson and cream combine in some mysterious way to create a seductive new flavour. It is what scientists call synergistic action, which means that the cooperative action of the ingredients is infinitely more delightful than any of them taken independently. Skeptical about that synergistic action? Well, try Irish Coffee. And do insist on John Jameson. It is *all* pot still whiskey—every drop matured 7 years in oak casks.

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How to make IRISH COFFEE

Into a pre-warmed stemmed 7-ounce goblet or a coffee cup, put jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey and 1 to 2 teaspoons of sugar. Fill to within ½ inch of top with *strong* black coffee. Instant coffee may be used if desired. Stir until sugar is dissolved. Top to brim with *chilled* whipped cream, so that cream floats on top. Do not stir after adding cream. The true delight of Irish Coffee is obtained by drinking it *through* the cream.

P. S. A simple way to enjoy the synergistic action of coffee and John Jameson is to add 1 jigger of John Jameson Irish Whiskey to coffee as you usually drink it.

authorities have been deposed, sometimes arrested, and elections called. Even the principle of a single union in each trade has been dropped: plurality is more "democratic." Thus the working class is at the moment unorganized and leaderless. Mutterings of discontent, although no longer chanted in chorus, can, however, easily be heard.

The government continually declares that it does not wish to be anti-labor, that it does not propose to punish the working class for its gullibility in voting for Perón. Its sincerity need not be doubted, but in the present economic dilemma it seems to have chosen, either by inadvertence or design, to lay the heaviest burden on the sector of the population least able to bear it.

Caretaker government

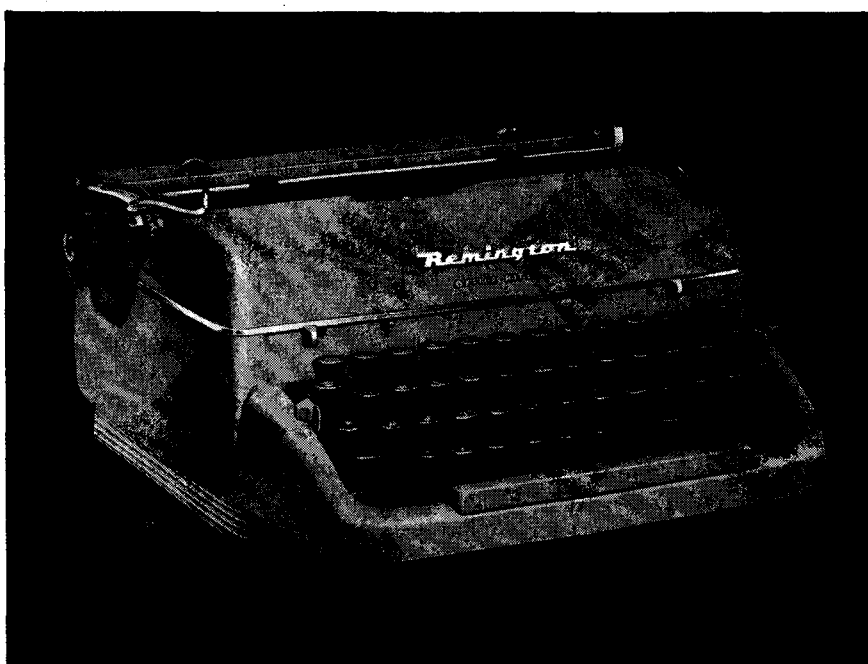
One should not, however, underestimate the credit the government still enjoys among large groups of people. Some critics claim that straw men of the old oligarchy are slipping into key economic positions out of the limelight, but the general public still believes its "provisional" governors to be honest, dedicated men. The announcement that general elections would be called in late 1957 has dampened any suspicion that the military junta plans to be self-perpetuating.

The most telling criticism is not of their aims but of their methods. As improvised statesmen the military men have too often wavered, reversed themselves, or come to no decision at all. Economists point out that the lack of a coherent policy is sometimes worse than even a bad one firmly administered. Politicians say that few Argentines have the right to a "holier than thou" attitude toward Peronistas, and that it is time to bury the past and effect a national reconciliation, even at the cost of loss of face.

Argentina, then, is at present in an amorphous state. It is, as the French say, completely *disponible*, unattached, undirected, exhausted by ten years' experience with demagoguery and still too dazed to choose a new course. Which is, of course, why the caretaker "provisional" government, with paternal solicitude, has decided to put off elections until the far end of next year.

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Suez

DECISION and even negotiation in the heat of national passion are both risky and dangerous. Yet history demonstrates that the interplay of force and counterforce among nations creates moments when it may be even more fatal to avoid decision or negotiation. Such has been the history of the Suez crisis — in London above all, but to a vital degree also in many other capitals from Moscow and Delhi to Cairo and Washington.

On the night of July 26, while Prime Minister Anthony Eden was entertaining Iraq's King Faisal at 10 Downing Street, he was handed a piece of paper telling him that Nasser had announced the nationalization of the Suez Canal. To Eden this was a blow that could destroy Britain's position in the Middle East. To Eden it conjured up Munich, when he had opposed Britain's sellout to Hitler over Czechoslovakia. The French government reacted in similar fashion; for to Paris, if Nasser were to get away with it, the loss of Algeria and eventually of all French Africa might well be sealed.

The case of Suez needs to be put in perspective — not just the perspective which flashed before Eden and French Premier Guy Mollet that evening, but the perspective of history. This is what the Eisenhower Administration sought to do. And it was the general premise on which Dulles operated during the twenty-two-nation London Conference on Suez.

The United States fully realized the depth of British and French feeling — a feeling which encompassed party and press leaderships from right to left in both nations, excluding only the Communists in France and the ultra-left in Britain. Dulles, in fact, rather admired the British attitude of going down fighting rather than surrendering to Nasser. Yet Dulles also felt that for Britain and France to resort to force was a confession of weakness rather than a sign of strength.

Nasser's *Mein Kampf*

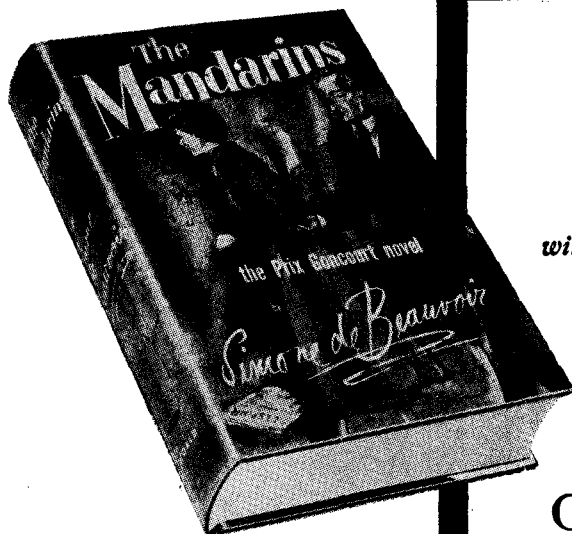
Curiously, it was Nasser himself who helped put the problem in perspective for Washington. He did so through his book, *The Philosophy of the Revolution*, a slim but potent work which belatedly became

must reading at the State Department, as it already had been at the British Foreign Office and the Quai d'Orsay in Paris. Here Nasser, in the triumphant flush of the first days following his ouster of Farouk, had laid out in the manner of *Mein Kampf* the dreams which came to haunt the Western chancelleries and, in time, at least to disturb the Soviet Union, India, and other nations as well.

In his book, Nasser spoke of Egypt's need to discover "what constitutes its living space." And he went on to dream in print of three "zones" for the Egyptian future — the Arab zone, African zone, and Islamic zone. In the Arab zone, he wrote, Egypt would hold a strategic position geographically (which of course is due to the Suez Canal), with its neighbors bound by common ties and oil resources. If only Arab nationalism could be roused so that Arab nations would act in concert to use their power and resources, he argued, Egypt could become a great force in the modern world. And when a world storm blew up after he nationalized Suez, Nasser quickly cried out with glee that Arab nationalism had been aroused.

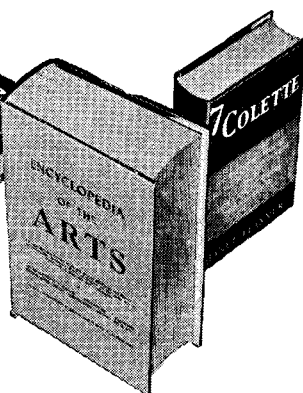
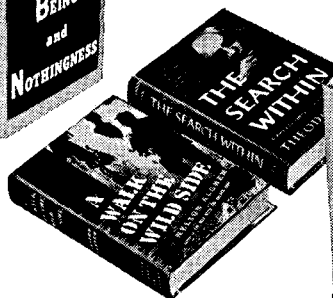
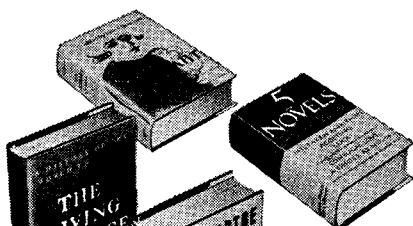
Nasser had written of the great revenues obtained by the Western powers from Arab oil while paying "less than a subsistence wage" to Arab workers. He wrote of an African zone where he saw a "terrible and sanguinary struggle going on" between "five million whites and two hundred million Africans." And finally Nasser dreamed out loud of an Islamic zone "of our brothers in faith" which could be united if a Moslem pilgrimage to Mecca were regarded not only as "a ticket of admission into paradise" but also as "an institution of great political power and significance." This Islamic zone, said Nasser, swept "across continents and oceans" and embraced fifty million Moslems in Red China and forty million in Red Russia.

Here was nationalism unbridled, or so Dulles saw it. Here too Dulles saw an opportunity to arouse Indians, who have no desire for another holy war after the massacres of the partition with Moslem Pakistan. And here he saw an opportunity to work along a road of parallel interest with the Russians, who, while they want to eliminate Western



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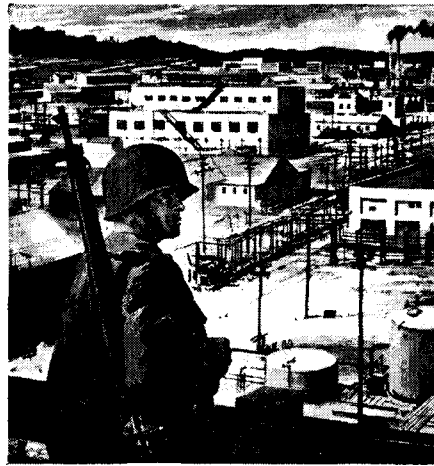
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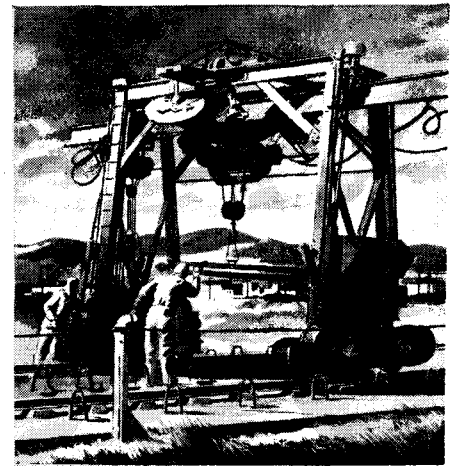
PUTTING THE ATOM TO WORK: *A Progress Report from General Electric*



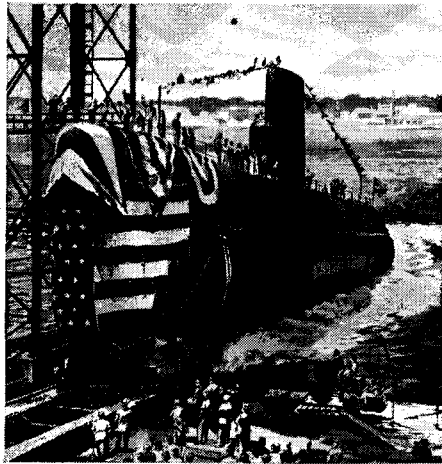
Prior to 1940 Scientists at the General Electric Research Laboratory were discovering facts about the structure of the atom that contributed to the separation of U-235 from natural uranium in 1940.



1942-45 General Electric developed and produced complex power-supply apparatus and control and instrumentation for the vast *Manhattan District* project that made the first atom bombs for the U.S.



1946 Since the end of World War II, General Electric has been operating, for the government, the giant Hanford Atomic Works in Washington State, producing plutonium for the nation's defense effort.



1950 General Electric was assigned the job of developing an atomic power plant at the Knolls Laboratory for the U.S. Navy submarine *Seawolf*. The *Seawolf* was launched in 1955 for final outfitting.



1951 Work on the development of a nuclear propulsion system for aircraft was begun by General Electric for the government at Evendale, O., and is continuing here and, more recently, at Idaho Falls, Id.



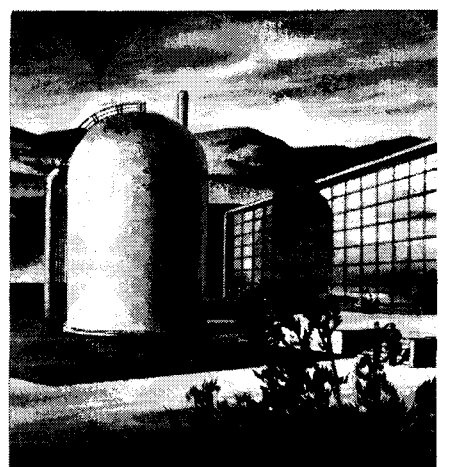
1955 After Congress opened atomic development to private industry, General Electric established a department that is designing, developing, manufacturing and marketing atomic reactors and equipment



1956 In addition to domestic orders, General Electric — through the International General Electric Co. — announced sales of an atomic research reactor for Spain and a power reactor for Latin America.



1956 Construction began on the multi-million-dollar General Electric Vallecitos Atomic Laboratory in California. It is dedicated to developing civilian uses of atomic energy, and will be completed in 1957.

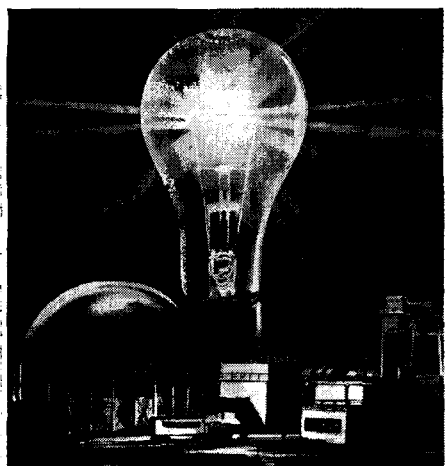


1957 A G-E experimental reactor will help bring about 5,000 kw. of atomic power to the San Francisco area. Steam from the reactor will be furnished Pacific Gas & Electric, which will generate the power

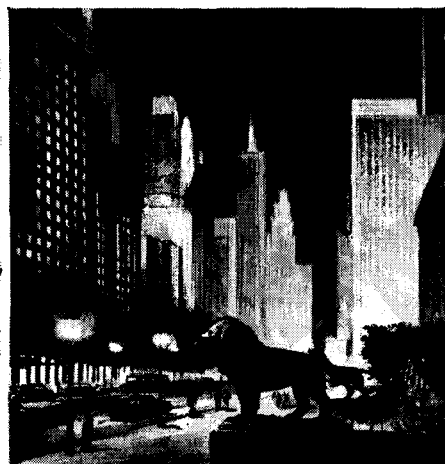
What General Electric is doing to help bring America atomic-electric power



1946 General Electric, under contract to the A. E. C., has operated the Knolls Atomic Power Laboratory in Schenectady, N. Y., since 1946, where research into applications of atomic energy is being conducted.



1955 America's first commercially distributed atomic electricity came from the prototype reactor G. E. built for the *Seawolf*. The contract for Canada's first atomic station was awarded to Canadian G. E.



1960 The Chicago area is scheduled to get 180,000 kw. of atomic electricity from the world's largest all-nuclear power plant, being built by G. E. for Commonwealth Edison and the Nuclear Power Group, Inc.

New atomic laboratory will open next year; world's largest all-nuclear power plant to operate in 1960

Two years ago, Congress opened the development of the atom to private industry. In that short time, America's businesses, working with the government, have made significant progress toward practical atomic electricity while continuing needed defense work for our country.

At General Electric, major contributions to the defense effort are, of course, a vital part of the company's atomic operation. This work requires an unusually high number of our scientists and engineers—about 2,250 of them plus thousands of other skilled people. But since the Atomic Energy Act of 1954, we also have made major investments in both manpower and facilities to put the atom to work in electric-power production and other civilian uses.

Currently, one of the company's major projects is the design and construction of the world's largest all-nuclear power plant—Commonwealth Edison's Dresden Station near Chicago. This 180,000-kw. plant is scheduled for regular operation by the end of 1960.

Providing the "tools"

To help solve the technological problems, General Electric is taking a long-term risk by investing in a new multimillion-dollar atomic laboratory near Pleasanton, Cal. At this laboratory, an experimental boiling-water reactor will be in use in developing atomic reactors for power plants such as the big Chicago station.

Next year, this experimental reactor will help bring about 5,000

kw. of atomic electricity to the San Francisco area. Steam from the reactor will be furnished the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, which will then generate the power.

Another major investment in atomic facilities is being made in San Jose, 20 miles from the new laboratory. Here will be the headquarters of General Electric's civilian atomic business—plant and equipment for engineering, manufacturing and marketing power, research and test reactors, fuel elements, control systems and other components.

Pioneer fields demand risk taking

These and other commitments are being made with the realization that atomic energy is a pioneer field calling for ingenuity, boldness and financial risk taking with little prospect of a profitable return for many years to come. Today, the buyer of atomic equipment knows he is not buying the ultimate in atomic power development. And the seller, or manufacturer, pioneers by risking substantial amounts of money to do now what has to be done to open a new industry with future business opportunities for many companies, large and small.

As we see it, progress toward practical atomic electricity will continue only as private businesses are encouraged to continue such risk taking. The support of an informed public—and its representatives in government—is needed now more than ever before, so that America will have a competitive atomic industry that can furnish plentiful, economical power to all.

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influence in the Middle East and Asia, also desire to replace it with Soviet influence, not with some Pan-Islamic power or even Pan-Arabism.

Dulles plays for time

Eisenhower and Dulles felt certain that Moscow and Washington were in accord on one great fundamental: there must be no Middle East conflict, for it might ignite a world war, which both fear and neither wants. Yet Washington was faced as well with our British and French allies, who were linked and aroused as they had not been since World War II years. So Dulles began to play for time.

He wanted time to permit a cooling of hot tempers in London, Paris, and Cairo. He wanted time to make sure that the Russians were worried about the noisy Anglo-French military preparations, which Dulles felt had a definite value if restrained short of the brink of war. And he wanted time for the Asian and Middle East nations to absorb the full meaning of Nasser's dreams of Pan-Arabism and Pan-Islam, as well as the possible economic cost to them if Nasser alone controlled Suez toll rates.

What happened during the London meetings was a tribute to Dulles's reading of the immediate problem and the wide implications of an unrestrained Egyptian triumph over nationalizing the Suez Canal. Dulles set out to create an international atmosphere which would lead to trimming Nasser's sails, yet would not fly in the face of the historic process of the gradual withdrawal of Western influence in the Middle East. But he had to do it without seeming to abandon his major European allies, on whom the United States must count if there is to be an Atlantic community strong enough to stand against the Communist orbit.

Withdrawal of Western power

To Dulles, the sweep of history calls for the *orderly* withdrawal of Western power from the Middle East and Asia so that there will be no power vacuums for the Kremlin to fill. Moscow's aim, as read in Washington, has been to make that withdrawal sufficiently disorderly to permit the Kremlin to fill the vacuums by using the post-Stalin tactic of encouraging neutralism to fill the gap first.

On his arrival in London, Dmitri Shepilov, the new Soviet Foreign Minister, gave every indication of Moscow's uncertainty as to whether America would let the British and French belligerency get out of hand. Dulles sought to and did play upon this by letting it be known that he felt that Shepilov was a fellow one could get along with, and that America did not want war — but of course, America was not going to let Nasser get away with anything which would inflate his Pan-Arabism or Pan-Islam ideas. And did Shepilov want Nasser blown up that big either? Shepilov indicated that his bosses did not.

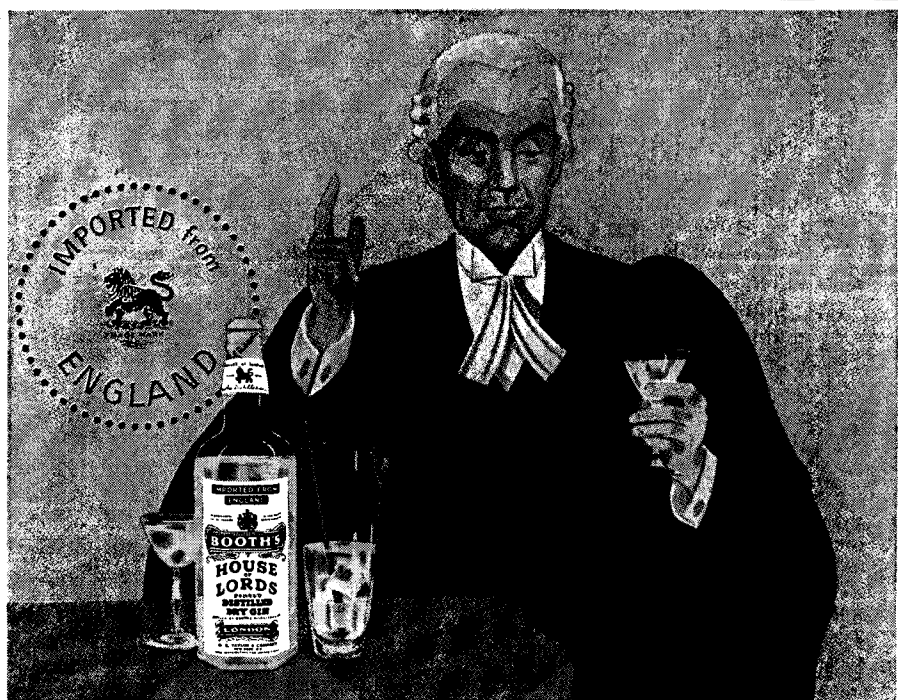
With this sort of community of interest established between two of the key powers, Dulles then went to work to focus everybody's eyes on the narrow issue of how to make sure that Suez was taken out of the realm of international politics and run on a businesslike basis. Shepilov quickly accommodated him by stating publicly that Russia too was not interested in letting Nasser hike the Canal tolls at his pleasure.

By playing upon economic interests from Scandinavia to India and Indonesia, Dulles succeeded in winning common assent that there was what Krishna Menon called "an international user interest" in the Canal. And by some deft diplomatic footwork Dulles went on to win the adherence of Pakistan, Iran, Turkey, and Ethiopia, thus avoiding an East-West, or white nations versus colored nations, split.

At this Shepilov reverted to Moscow's public thumping of the Arab tub, but only after it was clear that the consensus of the Conference was that Nasser should sit down and work out some sort of treaty arrangement to protect the Canal's customer nations. Thus, after the talks in London, Dulles felt that he had accomplished his twin ends of avoiding war and restoring Western withdrawal from the Middle East to an orderly affair.

The new independents

Much of the West's problem in dealing with the new nationalisms has been that Western lawyers have too often been in charge, marshaling arguments which are fine for home consumption but which have no effect on the honor and dignity of proud



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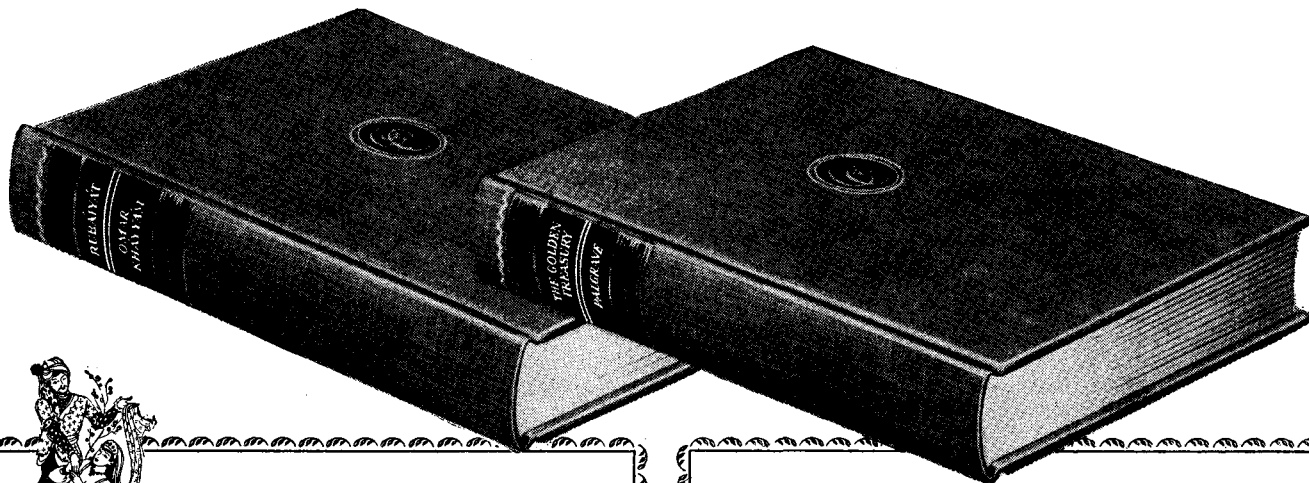
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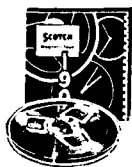
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new independents. Moscow's tactic, by contrast, has recognized better the psychological forces at work in these lands and played upon them.

Many students of Soviet affairs are now more convinced than ever that the most important foreign policy shift from Stalinism was the Kremlin's decision to accept a class of nations neither bound to the Communist orbit nor part of the Western community—a middle group of newly independent peoples suspicious of former colonial powers but equally undesirous of becoming Communist satellites. The Suez crisis has shown that the Soviets play this policy brilliantly. Because Britain and France cannot go so far while they still have important economic imperial ties, especially in Middle East oil, Dulles skillfully tried to shunt aside this division between America and its major European allies and talked only of the business problem of the Canal itself.

No one appreciates better than Dulles that even the solution of Suez by a new treaty with Egypt would not end the problem or halt Soviet penetration into the Middle East. But whether the Eisenhower Administration will or can revamp our Middle East policy to avoid more crises remains a major question mark. Doubtless Western business interests will take out a form of reinsurance by stepping up the trend already started toward supertankers to move round the Cape of Good Hope. That, however, will not alter Western European dependence on Middle East oil for the next couple of decades, at least until atomic energy can provide a major replacement for today's massive dependence on petroleum. Europe could, of course, be supplied with oil from Canada, the United States, and Venezuela, but only for dollars, not sterling, and at the cost of European financial servitude to Washington.

If the London Conference outcome in the end confines Middle East nationalism to a fairly orderly process, the West probably can count on holding its lucrative oil concessions for an indefinite period. For how long will depend on the future interplay of forces between the West and the Soviet Union and upon whether the West is willing to take the risks which would restrain the Soviets

from too much encouragement of Middle East nationalism.

Gunboat diplomacy

There has been much dispute in London on Eden's willingness to go to war over Suez. To Washington, both London and Paris seemed to be indulging in nineteenth-century gunboat diplomacy. Dulles knew that to use force to seize Suez would almost certainly mean the sabotage of Middle East pipelines and the nationalization of Western oil concessions, and that a war almost surely would be the result. A good many observers at the London Conference felt that Eden was bluffing, that he would not dare to use force, and that the British people, who are now enjoying a fair measure of the good things of life, would not back him despite the beligerent tone of the press and the initial support of the Labor Party leadership.

British officials say they were in fact prepared to use force in the first forty-eight or seventy-two hours after Nasser's seizure if Nasser had made the additional move of taking over the British multimillion-dollar installations left behind in the Suez Canal Zone after the withdrawal of the last British troops.

When Bulganin and Khrushchev visited London last spring, Eden flatly told them that Britain would fight to prevent the loss of oil concessions, especially in the Persian Gulf at Kuwait. The Russians asked if Eden was threatening them with war. Eden said no, that he just wanted to let them know how strongly the British felt. The Russians said no more, but when Shepilov arrived for the London Conference, he let the British know that he had been apprised of that conversation.

The British and French, in the first hours after the nationalization of the Canal, thought they saw an opportunity to destroy Nasser. As Dulles played for and won time, however, London trimmed its hopes for cutting Nasser down to size. The French government, ironically headed by Socialists, became more and more unhappy as it became clear that Dulles would not back any "destroy Nasser" idea; and while publicly going along with the United States, the French privately became increasingly bitter over what they felt was



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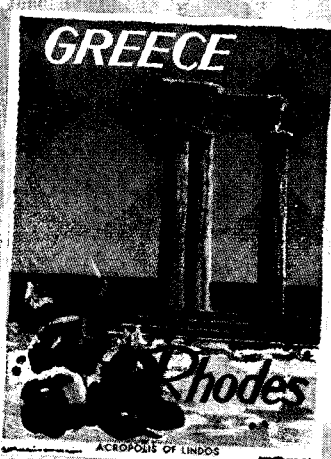
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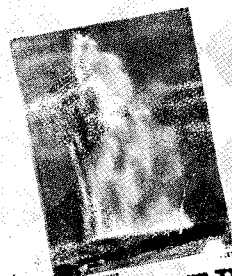
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another failure of the Americans to back France's legitimate interests.

The British press during the Conference was full of praise for Dulles, which must have sounded strange to the Secretary after a long series of scathing denunciations of him for his "brinkmanship" in Asia. Underneath this praise for his handling of the Conference, which was indeed most skillful, one could find criticism of the Secretary for his handling of the Egyptians in regard to the Aswan Dam aid offer. The British contend that they had first to win over Dulles to the idea of American aid to Nasser to build that Nile dam and then to get him to call it off.

Britain and America had privately agreed to withdraw the offer of aid, but the British say that the first time Eden knew that Dulles was doing so in a dramatic public manner — in a statement moments after the Egyptian ambassador in Washington called on Dulles to say that Nasser had decided to accept Western help instead of Russian help — was when the Prime Minister read it on the news ticker. Nasser said he nationalized Suez in retaliation.

What policy for Washington?

This sort of recrimination was muted during the London Conference, but sooner or later it will come to the surface unless there is erected a common British-American Middle East policy. The British officials say that this is now a major necessity. But Washington's way of looking on the Middle East is not the same as London's. Washington sees the Middle East as part of America's overall problem of relations with newly independent nations and colonies still remaining in Asia and Africa vis-à-vis Russian policies for the same areas. Hence Washington feels it cannot be tied to the British position in the Middle East, however much it recognizes Britain's and Western Europe's dependence on Middle East oil.

The London Conference outcome left the feeling that rampant nationalism, in the case of Nasser, might be channeled again. But few diplomats were willing to risk the prediction that nationalism would not be able to break the banks of the channel, aided by some Soviet spadework. If Nasser is finally curbed in this case, will it be he or someone else the next time?

They're catching up...



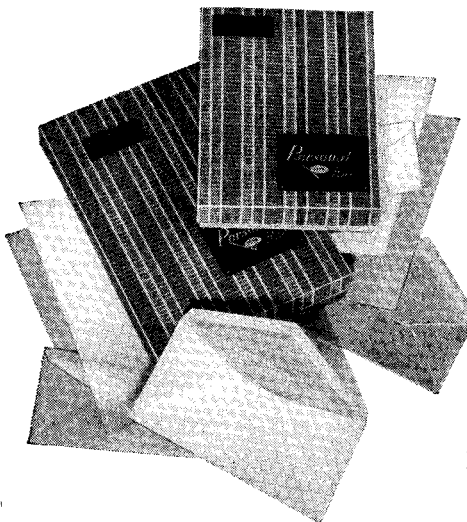
HE to his architect friend (*looking for some free advice*); to a "brother" (*"Glad to have you use my name..."*)

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France

STANDING on the steps of the Elysée Palace in mid-August a French cabinet minister remarked wistfully: "It is said that the summer is always for France a period of great trials. There was the summer of 1914, the summer of 1939, the summer of 1940, and closer to the present, the Indochinese summer of 1954, the Moroccan summer of 1955, and now here we are plunged in the summer of Abdel Nasser."

The Suez crisis caught Paris at a season of the year when it is traditionally deserted by almost half of its inhabitants, who flee to the provinces or to the seashore to escape the dog days of July and August. Thousands were visiting the Loire valley and its nocturnally illuminated Renaissance châteaux. Others were making the pilgrimage to the romanesque basilica of Vézelay in Burgundy, where a nightly pageant was staged re-enacting Saint Bernard's preaching of the Second Crusade in 1146.

Avignon was busy with its annual theater festival put on by Jean Vilar's Théâtre National Populaire against the splendid medieval setting of the Palace of the Popes. Mediterranean Menton and that lovely city of fountains, Aix-en-Provence, were preparing to celebrate the memory of Mozart, while the old corsair port of Saint Malo in Brittany was honoring George Bernard Shaw with outdoor performances of *Caesar and Cleopatra*, staged in the shadow of its castle battlements. Even as far away as Karlovy Vary in Czechoslovakia there were Parisians on hand to see a new French film win the Grand International Prize.

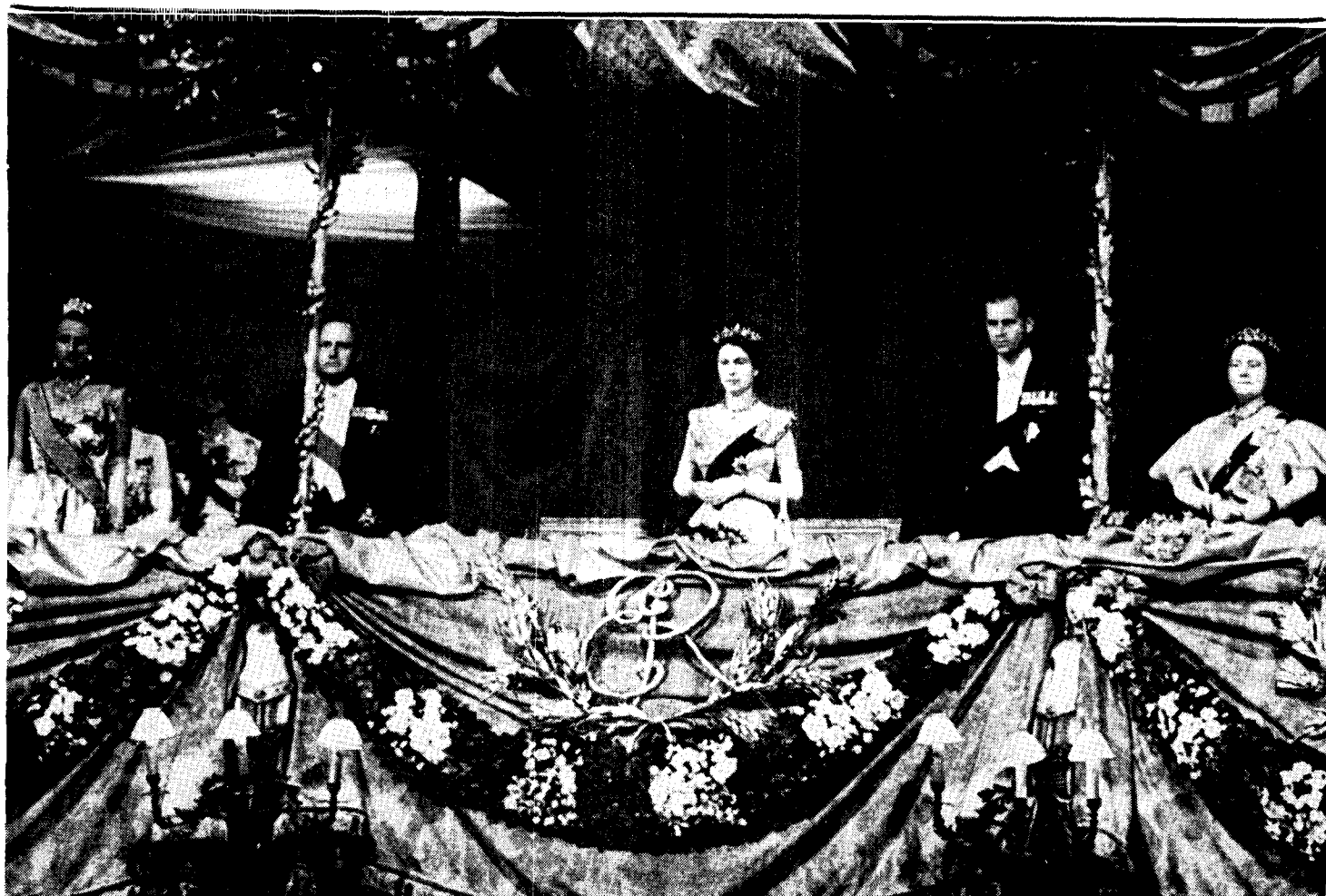
But wherever they were, the French — with the characteristic exception of those whom General de Gaulle has labeled the "separatists," that is, the Communists — instinctively felt that Nasser's "Suez coup" was another blow directly aimed at France's declining international prestige. A few Frenchmen with long memories recalled that back in 1884 Ernest Renan had hailed Ferdinand de Lesseps' admission to the *Académie française* with the prophetic words: "Thus cut, the isthmus becomes a strait, which is to say, a battlefield. . . . You have thus marked out the spot of the battles of the future."

But most Frenchmen have naturally taken a shorter-range view of the situation, regarding the crisis less as a new act in a world-wide drama of geopolitics than as an immediate challenge to France's policy in Algeria. "A new Dienbienphu," "Another Rhineland," were two of the slogans that found immediate favor with the French press, and Guy Mollet was speaking for the great mass of his countrymen when he denounced Nasser's coup as the work of "an apprentice dictator." In private dining rooms and salons the denunciations were much harsher, and normally soft and cultured feminine voices were raised to advocate the assassination of Nasser as the only solution to France's woes.

Such denunciations may sound hysterical, but they are a natural by-product of the war fever which has been enveloping France. The fighting in Algeria has already immobilized 400,000 out of the 800,000 officers and men in the French army. To keep that number of men in the field, reservists have been called up and most conscripts are now forced to serve two full years of duty, though the official draft period remains eighteen months. Yet the war continues unabated, and neither the well-advertised optimism of Robert Lacoste, the hard-boiled Resident-Minister for Algeria, nor the military censorship imposed on dispatches emanating from there can conceal the fact that each week the violence in Algeria has been increasing and the cleavage between Europeans and Moslems has grown deeper and more irreparable.

The one and indivisible France

It is one of the strange paradoxes of France's present situation that the government which has been pursuing this tough policy in Algeria is a government of the Left, made up for the most part of Socialists who are traditionally opposed to all forms of "colonialist oppression." When Guy Mollet was given a triumphant vote of confidence on the Suez issue in late July, one of the bluest of blue French conservatives enthusiastically exulted: "When we were in power, the Socialists refused every measure we proposed which would have saved France. Now Mollet heads a successful government because he and his Socialists are further to the right than the Right itself."



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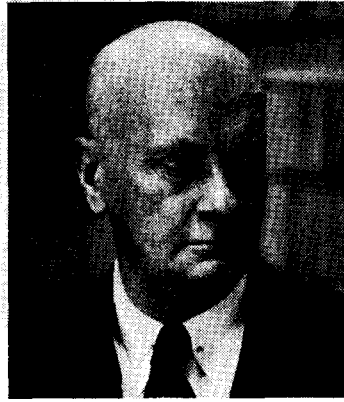
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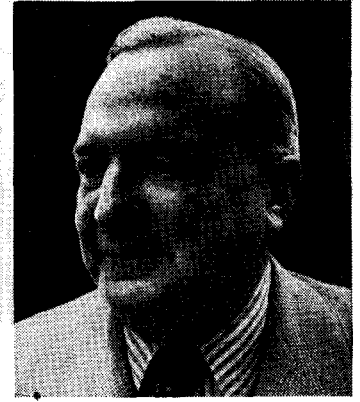
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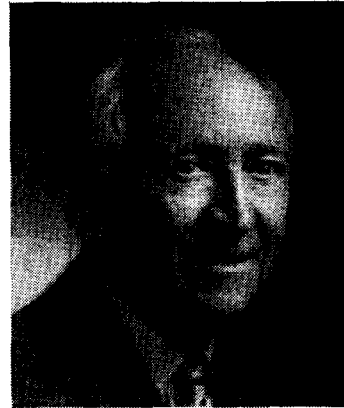
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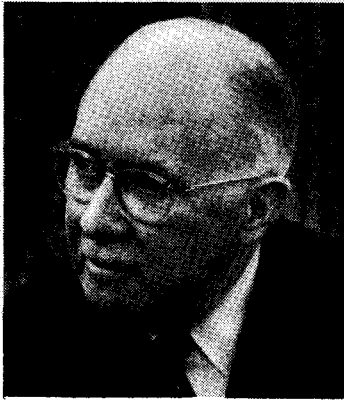
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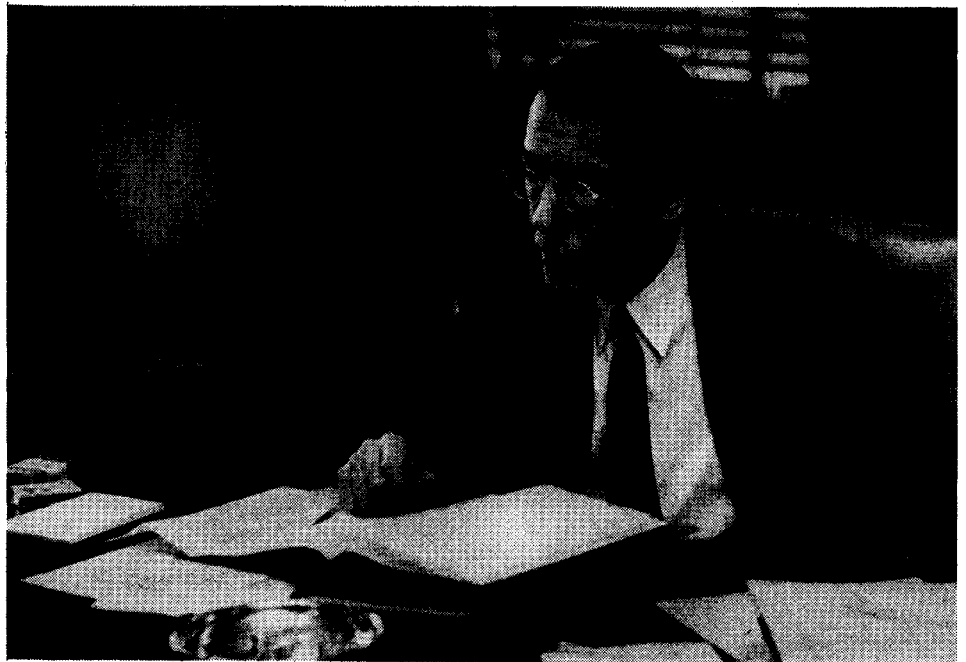


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The explanation for this strange state of affairs cannot be found merely in terms of the usual wear and tear of administrative experience, though it is certain that Mollet's disastrous trip to Algiers last February served to shatter many a previously held *idée fixe* about the ease of finding "liberal" solutions for colonial problems.

Much of the credit for the government's tough policy must go to Robert Lacoste, who has imposed his powerful personality on his cabinet colleagues and even to a certain extent on his fellow Socialist Party members, who have shown themselves increasingly perturbed by the course of events in Algeria. But the chief reason for the Socialists' departure from an anticolonial tradition lies in the fact that Algeria is not officially a colony, but an integral part of France. A revolt in Algeria, therefore, is a direct assault upon the unity of the "one and indivisible" Republic that the Socialists, like all good French Republicans, have been brought up to regard as sacrosanct.

The French Socialists are a party traditionally dedicated to the belief

that all men are basically good, and it has not been easy for them to accommodate themselves to a policy which is not conspicuously motivated by a feeling of universal brotherhood. When they first took power last February, many of them may have believed that being Socialists, and therefore lovers of progress and oppressed humanity, they would gain the coöperation of Moslems in Algeria and Cairo who had opposed the policies of France's previous rightist governments. But here again they have been disillusioned.

Pineau's courtship

With no one is this more the case than with Christian Pineau, Guy Mollet's Foreign Minister. On taking over the Quai d'Orsay last spring, Pineau set out to give French foreign policy a new orientation, more in keeping with Socialist aspirations. There was a general shake-up in the Foreign Ministry and it was made clear that Paris was going to be far more vigorous in seeking to dampen the conflict between East and West in the cold war. As a pre-war member of the Confédération Générale du Travail (at a time when it was not

yet dominated by the Communists) and as a sympathizer with the Popular Front of 1938, Pineau evidently calculated that he would be in a better position to play the role of mediator than his predecessors.

Such was the purpose behind the trip he made with Mollet to Moscow last spring, and of the subsequent trips he made alone to New Delhi and Cairo. In each case the presumption was that such an overt manifestation of friendliness and good will would suffice to secure the coöperation of Moscow and Cairo in the solution of France's North African problems.

But nothing of the sort occurred. In Moscow Khrushchev bluntly criticized French "colonialism" the moment Pineau's back was turned, and in Cairo all he got was a noncommittal reception followed by a stepped-up program of abuse from The Voice of the Arabs Radio.

It is this which explains the bitterness of the Mollet government's denunciation of the Suez coup. It is irritating to the French people that they should have become one of the chief victims of a retaliatory measure taken to avenge a negative decision on the Aswan Dam—a decision taken in Washington and not in Paris. But for men like Mollet and Pineau, who had staked so much on their eager advances to Moscow and Cairo, Nasser's snub has had all the sting and humiliation of a jilted courtship and a frustrated honeymoon.

Inflationary pressures

Although the country's national production was almost 10 per cent higher in the first part of this year than it was in 1955, the burden of financing war reconstruction, the modernization of industries, and a vast guerrilla war in Algeria is beginning to impose a serious strain on the French economy. The calling up of reserves and the maintenance of young Frenchmen in the army beyond their obligatory term of duty have created a significant shortage of skilled labor. It is obvious in the coal mines, where French production reached a ceiling in 1955 which it has not been able to pass, simply for lack of miners. In 1946 there were some 211,000 coal miners in France; today there are just over 140,000, and the figure is expected to go on declining if the present trend continues.

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It is the same story with building construction. This year France is building something like 220,000 new houses, which is a post-war high. Two thirds of the houses that were destroyed during the Second World War have now been rebuilt, but France will not be able to make up fully for this terrible war damage until 1960. In the meantime the population has been growing, and while the building industry estimates that it cannot, for lack of skilled labor, push its present output beyond 240,000 houses, the country's real needs are closer to 300,000 a year.

More serious than these restricting bottlenecks, however, are the immediate dangers of inflation now menacing the French economy. Since 1952 the cost of living in France has remained relatively stable, and the workers have enjoyed a gradual rise in their living standards, due to increased productivity and fairly stable prices. But today, as the French economist Alfred Sauvy recently remarked, France "has entered the inflation on tip-toe."

Socialist philanthropy

The bitter frost of last February has momentarily thrown food prices out of kilter; and at a time when the French treasury is staggering under financial burdens, the Socialist government has chosen to inject another \$400 million into the economy in the form of social security benefits and increased old-age pensions for persons over sixty-five (or over sixty for those who cannot work).

Having been out of office since 1951, the Socialists have evidently seized on the first opportunity to reiterate their championship of the principles of the welfare state. To distribute the additional \$400 million needed for social security Paul Ramadier, the Finance Minister, has set up a special board with the pink-ribbon title *Fonds National de Solidarité*. The board is composed of seventeen members, representing the interests of salary and wage earners, retired workers, farmers, and artisans, and it has received President René Coty's most avuncular blessing.

While all this is reassuring to the advocates of state philanthropy, it has done nothing to ease the difficulties confronting the French treasury. This year military expenses in Algeria

alone are likely to exceed \$800 million, and this additional strain on the state's resources promises to push the total budgetary deficit up to \$2.5 billion—a formidable sum when it is remembered that this amounts to about 20 per cent of this year's French budget.

To reduce this deficit to the direst minimum, Ramadier has already obtained drastic fiscal legislation aimed particularly at "soaking the rich." But as the rich are pretty hard to pin down in France, this measure will no doubt end up, like most of its predecessors, by "soaking the corporations," which have long been complaining that such taxes are detrimental to their investment and modernization programs.

The clearest proof of the difficult straits the French Finance Ministry now finds itself in has been given by its resort to that classic device, the semi-forced loan. Ever since the time of the legendary Calonne, the happiest of Louis XVI's happy-go-lucky ministers, the French treasury has found it easier in a pinch to resort to loans invoking the patriotism of Frenchmen than to increased taxes that adhere to the rigid precepts of fiscal orthodoxy.

In this respect Ramadier has been running true to form. The new "Algeria loan" which he is launching is supposed in theory to net some \$430 million. It is also supposed in theory to be "voluntary" and to be subscribed to with zeal. However, the carrot has been cunningly combined with the stick, and should the receipts fall short of what the authors of the loan hope for, a locust army of fiscal vexations—everything from retroactive tax increases on personal and corporate incomes to higher taxes on gasoline and tobacco—is being held in reserve and will be unleashed at the appropriate moment.

Parliamentary shock-troopers

This climate of financial uncertainty has undoubtedly given a new and welcome lift to the faltering fortunes of Pierre Poujade, the muscular former bookseller from Saint Céré, who has been trying for several years to stage a new French revolution of which he would like to be the Marat, the Mirabeau, the Bonaparte, and most recently, the Joan of Arc. For better or for worse, Poujade has been a force



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in the land ever since last January, when he confounded his enemies by getting fifty-two deputies elected to the Assembly. Although twelve of these elections have since been contested and some of the Poujadists have been unseated by vote of the Assembly, a hard core of forty-odd members, under the leadership of a former parachutist named Jean-Marie Le Pen, have made themselves into a formidable desk-thumping block of parliamentary shock-troopers who have on more than one occasion reduced the Assembly to a state of paralysis.

The leader himself has never sought election to the Assembly, which he once termed "the greatest bordello in the country." He has preferred to mastermind the activities of his party deputies from his base at Saint Céré (in southern France) or from the Hôtel du Globe in Paris, which serves as a combined headquarters, phalanstery, and barracks for his parliamentary rank and file.

Poujade's new "crusade"

Whatever may be thought of his language and his tactics, it cannot be said that Poujade is a man lacking in resource. His latest moves have been a systematic campaign aimed at a kind of nation-wide taxpaying martyrdom. When a Frenchman who refused to pay his taxes was recently haled into court, Poujade not only hastened to testify on his behalf, but he also requested that he too be tried for refusing to heed the "piratical levies" of the state. The trial, at which Poujade spoke at length in his own defense, earned him a nominal fine of 200,000 francs, but it also won him a lot of useful publicity at a time when the war in Algeria threatened to bring about his political eclipse.

But his greatest triumph to date was undoubtedly his reception by the Pope last July. Since that time his anti-taxpaying crusade seems to have adopted an almost evangelical note. The Poujadist organ *Fraternité Française* has now begun to preach the virtues of Christian love and charity, and "the simple, but eternally true notions . . . of the family, work, professional conscientiousness, respect of others, reciprocal tolerance, and the love of one's neighbor."

Just what the future of his movement will be, it is impossible to say.

There are indications that its membership is rising. Its basic appeal is almost irresistible to those millions of Frenchmen who have always had an inveterate abhorrence of paying taxes. The statistics it cites—that on an average annual income a Frenchman today pays 36 per cent in taxes to the state, where he paid only 20 per cent in 1930—provide ammunition for all those *petits bourgeois* who are determined to maintain their own independence and to fight off the octopus growth of the welfare state.

Revolt or renaissance?

In essence, this movement is a new form of revolt of the country against the town. It is a violent, and in certain respects pathological, expression of the French peasant's traditional suspicion of the city slicker from Paris. In the provinces Poujade is never more sympathetically heard than when he declares that the highest posts of the administration and of the state-owned and -operated enterprises are all held by members of the same powerful cliques and families, whose sisters, cousins, aunts, and mistresses effectively influence the distribution of the state's rewards.

Above all, what has made Poujade a real force is the increasingly manifest instability and impotence of the French Parliament in the face of France's terrible problems in its overseas possessions. There is an element of French "isolationism" in the followers of Pierre Poujade. For ten years they have wanted to be left alone by the tax collectors to pursue the slow, steady work of reconstruction and the quiet tilling of the fields at home. But always the state has intervened, and one political crisis has followed on the heels of the next.

In many of this year's local elections the Poujadist candidates came close to the top in the numbers of votes received, at the expense of older and more experienced opponents. This has led certain observers to claim that if new elections were held tomorrow, the Poujadists would gain 150 Assembly seats. His own followers, of course, are convinced of it, and they hail Poujade as a political genius whose judgments are profound. They consider him the chosen leader for a new national renaissance. Perhaps that is his ambition, but it is clear that he has a long way to go before he can achieve it.



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Australia

THE downward drift of Australia's overseas balances has been causing concern for more than a year. In the fall of 1955, attempts were made to reduce overall demand: credit was tightened, additional import restrictions were imposed, and the Prime Minister appealed to everyone for the exercise of "voluntary restraint."

The overseas balances, however, continued to fall. The position was complicated by a lag in exports caused by two serious industrial disputes. Nevertheless, imports were still coming in at an annual rate of \$1791 million instead of \$1433 million at which the Prime Minister had aimed in September.

In a "supplementary budget" introduced on March 14, 1956, additional taxation designed to reduce public spending by about \$257.5 million per year was imposed, and at the same time approval was given to increases in bank deposit and lending rates. However, there had already been some decline in business activity, and the restrictive measures aroused a storm of criticism. The government was berated for failing to reduce its own expenditures, and complaints were made that some taxation increases — additional company taxation, and steep rises in the sales tax on motor vehicles and parts and on gasoline — were actually inflationary in that they would increase costs and prices and lead to further demands for wage rises.

The new fiscal measures relieved an immediate minor crisis in government finance which had been largely brought about by a shortfall in public loan raisings and heavy seasonal deficit financing by treasury bills. However, critics contended that the government was taking advantage of the situation by attempting to assure its own survival. The Prime Minister had forecast the possibility of some "substantially higher" government spending next year and had also mentioned the need for provision against heavy loan conversions due in 1956-57.

The government has gambled on more than its own survival. It hopes that the imposed restraints will curb demand and expansion without seriously retarding production at present capacity. At the

same time, contraction of the Australian market could force increasing numbers of manufacturers to explore overseas trade possibilities, and a general tightening of conditions could induce better labor performance. Both are prerequisite to a solution of Australia's problem.

Expanding opportunities

For most of the post-war years Australia has enjoyed full employment and expanding business opportunities and profits. Enlarged industrial capacity and tighter trading conditions, however, have intensified competition, and genuine efforts are now being made to raise efficiency and absorb increased costs.

A campaign to extend over the whole field of industry awareness of the need for greater output from existing resources has recently been launched by the Ministry of Labor Advisory Council, a group of employers' representatives and trade-union leaders, which acts in a confidential advisory capacity to the Federal Ministry of Labor. The Council plans to co-opt other employers and union leaders and to assign "field groups" to work in allotted sectors of industry. The scope is wide. Annual loss resulting from industrial accidents alone is between \$168 million and \$224 million.

Factory production index figures show that by 1954-55 factory output in Australia had increased by 39 per cent since 1948-49. In the same period production of basic materials — iron and steel, non-ferrous metals, timber and building materials — rose by 43 per cent, the output of metalworking industries by 54 per cent, and clothing and textiles by 17 per cent.

About \$448 million was invested in Australian secondary industry in 1955. Investment since 1950 has been more than \$2250 million. Total annual depreciation provisions for 1954-55 of more than \$672 million indicate a widespread desire to replace obsolescent machinery. However, some plans for re-equipment may now have to be deferred.

In the last five years the iron and steel industry alone has spent \$112 million on new plant and

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equipment, and a further expenditure of \$150 million in the next five years is planned. Before World War II the Australian steel industry was able to meet most of the local demand. Although production has more than doubled in the post-war years, the industry now supplies only about three quarters of the Australian annual requirement of approximately 2.4 million tons. Per head of population Australia is the world's sixth largest consumer of steel. The recent discovery, by aerial survey, of vast deposits of iron ore in East Gippsland, Victoria, not far from unlimited brown coal and substantial limestone deposits, may herald the foundation of an iron and steel industry in that State.

Essential imports

An analysis of Australian imports as governed by the present restrictions shows that materials essential for production represent 51 per cent, capital goods 22 per cent, and "irreducibles" — chiefly petroleum and tea — 15 per cent. Only 12 per cent are more or less nonessential consumer goods. Any further import cuts would, therefore, almost inevitably slice into the actual requirements of industry. The government feels justified in insisting that Australian manufacturers should extend their sales beyond the protected home market.

A wide variety of manufactures is now being exported but, excluding mineral products and processed foodstuffs, their value is less than 3 per cent of the total value of factory production.

Trade difficulties

Despite the high cost structure, Australia's trade difficulties are not all of its own creation. The country's traditional exports are wool and skins, foodstuffs, metals and metal products. Wool production has increased enormously, but lower prices have meant reduced income. World-wide overproduction of wheat has meant greatly diminished returns and reduced acreages for Australian wheat, which receives no subsidy and is produced more cheaply than any other in the world. Australia's dairy and other agricultural products have also tended to be excluded from former markets as a result of the domestic subsidy and disposal policies of the United States and other countries.



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Britain takes about 40 per cent of Australia's exports and supplies a slightly greater proportion of its imports. Australia has notified Britain of its wish to negotiate a new trade pact to replace the Ottawa Agreement, which has been in force since 1932. The protection afforded to British goods entering Australia is on a percentage basis, but the fixed monetary preferences granted to Australian exports to Britain have been considerably reduced in value by inflation.

Meanwhile, Australia's sales publicity drive in Britain is already helping to increase Australian exports. Australian traders in all markets could do much to help themselves and their country by paying more attention to both careful and attractive packaging and by making a closer study of modern marketing techniques.

Labor's restlessness

The cost of living in Australia has risen by about 5 per cent in the last twelve months. A further rise may occur as the result of a recent judgment of the Federal Arbitration Court which increased by 11½ cents per week the basic wage for workers employed under Federal awards. About one million workers are affected. The court rejected the unions' claim for the restoration of automatic wage adjustments based on quarterly cost-of-living figures but suggested the possibility of period examinations to assess what the national economy could afford to pay. Union leaders claim that the increase is insufficient, and some have declared that in the future their unions would by-pass the Arbitration Court and would concentrate on obtaining wage agreements by means of collective bargaining.

Over the last twelve months industrial restlessness has provoked widespread criticism of Australia's whole

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framework of conciliation and arbitration. Union resentment at the growing number of penalties imposed on unions by the Federal Arbitration Court culminated in an appeal to the High Court. In March of this year, the High Court ruled that the Arbitration Court could not exercise both arbitral and judicial functions.

As the result of subsequent legislation in the Federal Parliament, the present Federal Arbitration Court will shortly be replaced by a Federal Industrial Court in which penal powers will be vested, and by a Federal Arbitration and Conciliation Commission with associated Conciliators appointed to individual industries. It is hoped that separation of the powers previously exercised by the present court, and greater emphasis on conciliation, will lead to more amicable relations and quicker settlement of disputes.

Both employers and unions are now watching more intently industrial relations and procedures in other countries, particularly America, and there has been some promising experimentation with collective bargaining, incentive schemes, and on-the-job industrial committees.

Attracting new workers

The Australian labor force, excluding domestic and rural workers, now numbers 2.8 million. Immigrants have supplied about 75 per cent of the 500,000 increase in the last nine years. Furthermore, emphasis has been placed on obtaining tradesmen, and at present the proportion of skilled to unskilled workers among immigrants is 108.5 to 100. Among Australian workers the proportion is 68.6 to 100.

Earlier trade-union fears that a large influx of immigrants would lead to unemployment and a lowering of living standards are now quiescent and are unlikely to revive unless a period of general recession occurs. Immigrants, both skilled and unskilled, have been freely admitted to their appropriate trade unions.

Since 1947 more than a million migrants, about half of them British, have entered Australia. Under a scheme of selected migration, Australia has paid 85 per cent of the fares of about half of the British migrants and an average of 21 per cent of the



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fares for a slightly greater proportion of the foreign migrants. A free education scheme helps non-English-speaking immigrants to acquire a knowledge of the language and of the Australian way of life. Naturalization after five years' residence is encouraged but not enforced.

Various services of the Immigration Department — an officially supported "Good Neighbor" movement links the activities of nearly 300 organizations — and employment alongside Australian workers hasten the absorption of all migrants into the general community. The dispersal of immigrants throughout the country, together with the Australians' anxious awareness of the political instability of Asia and memories of imminent enemy invasion in 1942, has helped to break down the former intensely insular attitude of the Australian-born population.

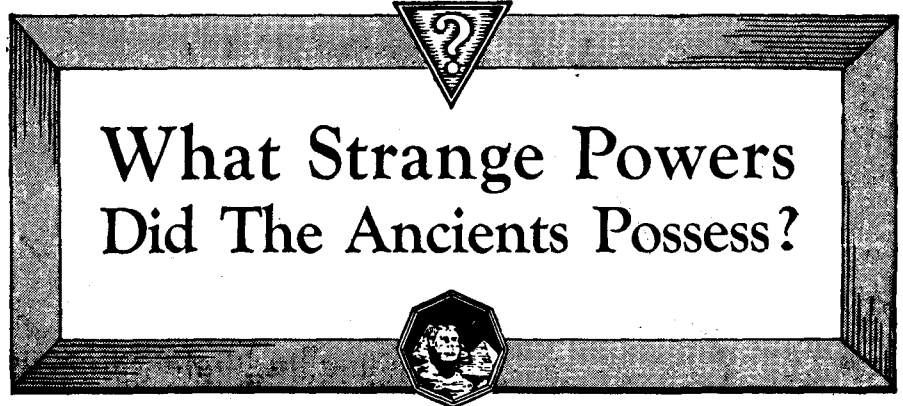
Better living

Living standards throughout the community are still rising. Retail sales in 1955 were at a record \$6169 million, of which \$2624 million was spent on food and clothing. Demand for major domestic appliances such as refrigerators — now installed in 70 per cent of Australian homes — and washing machines (40 per cent) is high.

Australians now have one motor vehicle (excluding motorcycles) for every 4.5 persons. Of the 240,000 new motor vehicles registered in 1955, only 30,000 were imported fully assembled. Projected expenditure on expansion which is currently being undertaken by the major automobile companies in Australia is about \$67 million.

Regular transmission of television, initially in Sydney and Melbourne, will begin in November. It is estimated that about 500,000 television receivers will be sold during the next five years, and that sales will rise to about 2 million by 1966 as television is extended to other capitals and large cities.

In November the Olympic Games will be held in Melbourne. They will be well staged, and Australians are hoping that tourists who come to see the Games will stay to see something of Australia — a great nation in the making.



EVERY important discovery relating to mind power, sound thinking and cause and effect, as applied to self-advancement, was known centuries ago, before the masses could read and write.

Much has been written about the wise men of old. A popular fallacy has it that their secrets of personal power and successful living were lost to the world. Knowledge of nature's laws, accumulated through the ages, is never lost. At times the great truths possessed by the sages were hidden from unscrupulous men in high places, but never destroyed.

Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

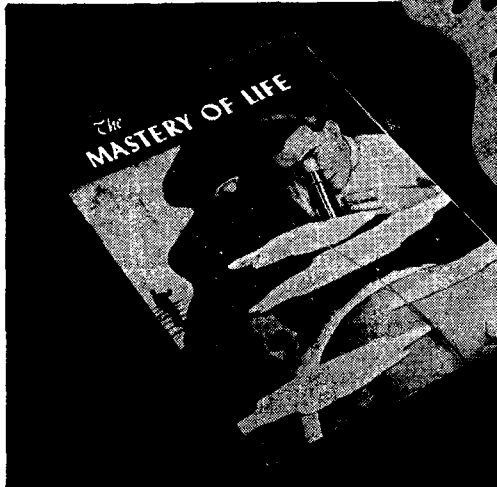
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

You can learn to find and follow every basic law of life. You can begin at any time to discover a whole new world of interesting truths. You can start at once to awaken your inner powers of self-understanding and self-advancement. You can learn from one of the world's oldest institutions, first known in America in 1694. Enjoying the high regard of hundreds of leaders, thinkers and teachers, the organization is known as the Rosicrucian Order. Its complete name is the "Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis," abbreviated by the initials "AMORC." The teachings of the Order are not sold, for it is not a commercial organization, nor is it a religious sect. It is a non-profit fraternity, a brotherhood in the true sense.

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ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

The Doctor's Role

SIR:

I wish to compliment the *Atlantic* on securing the opportunity to publish "The Changing Physician," by Dr. Dana W. Atchley, and "Doctors and Politics," by Dr. David D. Rutstein, which appeared in the August issue.

Although these articles are on distinct topics, they complement each other and are particularly timely in subjects of acute concern with medical leaders.

KENNETH M. LYNCH, M.D., *President
Medical College of South Carolina
Charleston, S. C.*

SIR:

Who is this Rutstein, M.D., to butt into the healthmongering of Dr. All Lily White? Hasn't he heard about the heartlessness of Republicans and the sanctity and inviolability of a Republican ileum?

GEORGE A. CHAFFEE
Warwick, Mass.

SIR:

As I see it, "Doctors and Politics" is purely propaganda for the Democrats and I wonder who is paying for those free pamphlets that are to go to all who ask for them. From Harvard, it is quite plain; and as I have taken the *Atlantic* for over forty years, I think it is time to discontinue.

CLARA M. HAYDEN
Minneapolis, Minn.

SIR:

If some of the medical opinions we have seen in the newspapers on President Eisenhower's health sound biased, or worse, then it should be remembered that doctors, like other

folk, have their emotional pressures and loyalties to cope with. Good physicians strive for objectivity in such an emotionally charged issue, with varying degrees of success. Their efforts are not aided when they are bombarded by press, politicians, TV, ad nauseam. Next time (God forbid!) let us help the doctors toward objectivity by having *written* statements carefully drawn by the medical consultants and released only with the approval of the President. Then what the public gets may be less colorful but at least it will be more deliberated and closer to the facts—if it isn't, we will know where the fault lies.

Prognosis is largely a matter of statistics. Give the doctors a few days to look up the prognostic facts before we demand complete answers of them. Then, and only then, would the public have a substantial complaint against the sort of "information" they have been getting.

NATHANIEL WARNER, M.D.
New York City

"Southern Cotton and Japan"

SIR:

I am commenting on the thoughtful piece by that great Southern liberal, David L. Cohn ("Southern Cotton and Japan," August *Atlantic*).

Indeed Japan is confronted with serious problems of trade adjustment. Indeed Southern states should not assume the right to control international trade through pressures on their people not to buy Japanese goods.

But I am afraid that Mr. Cohn oversimplifies the problem. There are solutions short of driving the Japa-

nese into the hands of the Soviet, and solutions that are more equitable than the destruction of important segments of the American textile industry. Note, incidentally, that the competitors of American textile producers are getting American cotton at a discount of 25 per cent. Is the cotton grower or the cotton manufacturer being put through the wringer?

Here in New England we lost more than 40 per cent of our textile jobs in six years. I am more concerned about New England than the South, since the South offsets its losses by equivalent gains at our expense. Is it fair to ask this weakened industry—still New England's largest—to pay the cost of solving the Japanese problem?

The State Department has been obdurate on the issue of Japanese imports of textiles. This is because the government has not faced up to various alternatives. This is a national problem and hence the American people should pay in part through taxes and loans. The burden should be distributed among all industries. Tariff concessions should be concentrated on the strong, not the weak, industries.

The Japanese should concentrate more on third markets in Europe, Asia, and Latin America. (I see no objection to the resumption of trade in non-strategic items with China, though I am afraid Mr. Cohn overemphasizes the willingness of the Russians to trade.)

In forty years the American people, through loans, gifts, and importation of gold, have subsidized our export industries to the extent of \$120 billion. Why should not these strong industries—automobile, electronic,

and chemical — pay a large part of the cost of the adjustment by yielding their markets to the Japanese? And the Japanese can help by reducing unnecessary imports, by seeking markets elsewhere, by containing inflation, and by diversifying their exports, especially of textiles. Why concentrate on velveteens, blouses, and so forth?

SEYMOUR E. HARRIS, *Chairman
Department of Economics
Harvard University
Cambridge, Mass.*

I Personally —

SIR:

Here I have been for months — years in fact — laboring under the most uncomfortable, nightmarish delusion that sanity had departed from the so-called Free World, never to return, but I see I was mistaken. Reading Allen Jackson's article, "A Laugh for the Olympics," in the June *Atlantic* dispelled my delusion and no doubt that of many other people, too. It was an experience which I imagine is similar to that of a man emerging from the stuffy atmosphere of Bedlam into the fresh, open air of the woods and fields the Creator has provided us with.

I marvel that such an article could be published with the prevailing unofficial censorship of the written and spoken word.

A. R. KOCK
Helsinki, Finland

SIR:

In a letter to you published in the August "Atlantic Repartee," Edwin S. Burdell, President of The Cooper Union, New York City, states that he heartily agrees with Caspar D. Green's opinion stated in the article "What Shall We Do with the Dull-

ards?" in the May *Atlantic*, that a boy who is dull in English will also be a dull boy in shop.

There are many reasons why a boy may be considered dull. However, to pursue only one, it is evident that if a boy cannot convey to his teacher the ideas which are in his mind, the teacher will consider the boy dull. It is equally true that if the teacher cannot convey his ideas to the boy, the boy will believe the teacher to be dull.

I found, in the many, many years it took me to acquire a bachelor's degree, that many professors, when asked a question, will not answer the question asked, but will answer the question which they believe should have been asked. This is all very well for the bright student, but for the dull boy it is sadly disconcerting because he still does not know the answer to the question which he asked; and being dull, he is probably reasonably indifferent to the question which the professor thought he should have asked. If the student asks the same question again, the teacher will be thoroughly convinced of the dull boy's stupidity, and it will never occur to him that, in his wisdom, he might be entirely mistaken.

The question, then, resolves itself to a degree into a matter of being able to express oneself. Just why Mr. Green and Mr. Burdell feel that one who cannot express himself in English can also not express himself in painting, in music, in blacksmithing, carpentering, or other modes of expression, is a little beyond me. Undoubtedly they base their opinions on statistical reports which, I feel sure, are not compiled by the dull boys.

A DULL BOY
*Washington, D. C.
(Name withheld by request)*

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COMPETITION PAYS OFF AT 60° BELOW ZERO

By REAR ADMIRAL RICHARD E. BYRD, USN (RET.)

"In America, where men are free to compete, industries as well as individuals have been obligated continually to improve on performances that were already remarkable. There is, for example, the story of the fuels and lubricants that took me over both Poles and the Atlantic in the early days of flying."

"Through these experiences my comrades and I developed a special respect for U. S. fuels and lubricants. In fact, with no possibility of rescue, we literally staked our lives on them.

"I'll never forget the 42 gruelling hours of our trans-atlantic flight in June, 1927. Despite continuous storms, a fuel tank leak and impenetrable fog over France, our engines and fuel never quit. We made it, and the road was open for non-stop Atlantic flights by multi-engined aircraft.

"The lubricants and fuels produced by our oil industry have been a basic part of the life-blood of our Antarctic expeditions. They made it possible for our aircraft to explore almost two million square miles of the Antarctic, they have provided life-giving warmth to our men on the trail and through the bitterly cold Antarctic night.

"Since the time of my first expeditions I have noted consistent dramatic improvements in our fuels and lubricants, until now they have become so

cold-resistant that machinery can be operated efficiently at temperatures of 50 and 60 degrees below zero.

"Never-ending competition is the key to this never-ending progress! I know that all of America's many oil companies keep searching for new ways to make petroleum perform its miracles. Once they've found it, their rivals must improve on that miracle. And, in my experience, they've always managed to do just that. No wonder we get the world's finest oil products.

"I strongly believe that the great strength of America is that our society is essentially competitive. To assure our future progress, we must see that it stays that way."

Richard E. Byrd



Choreographer and ballet dancer who was invited to Covent Garden to dance in two of her own works, "Rodeo" and "The Three Virgins," this summer, AGNES DE MILLE has long been a leading and spirited figure in the American theatre. Last year in one of the most memorable performances of Omnibus she told of the origins of ballet and of the remarkable collaboration between the musician and the dancer. Now she reminds the spectator of how vulnerable the American theatre is in these days of rising costs and shrinking patronage.

BOX OFFICE IS NOT ENOUGH

by AGNES DE MILLE

IT IS casually supposed that the theatre, because it is generally liked and attended, must generate spontaneously from the people. Nothing could be further from the truth. The theatre has always been the child of intense patronage, first by the Church, then by kings and princes, and then by the State. And even when popular entertainment consisted mainly of wild beasts tearing people apart and the attendance far exceeded that of any arena we can fill today, the gate receipts did not begin to cover the costs. There were large items on the Imperial household accounts for catching and shipping the stars and for rounding up the straight men.

The costumes, machines, and effects which graced the later theatre were paid for by either the nobility, the wealthy guilds, or the Church, and given to the public as a free gift. The people supported these shows with delight and that is the only way they supported them.

This is contrary to all that we are now led to believe in regard to the theatre which today exists by appealing to millions; but this is historic fact. Sometimes the masses responded quickly, sometimes slowly. They applauded what they liked; and once taste was roused, agents and touts always appeared, ready to exploit enthusiasm; but the men who invested the money, and who chose the artists and determined on the project, aimed to please themselves — and were willing to pay handsomely for the pleasure of doing so. A popular paying audi-

ence is an influential part of any theatre, but never in its initial stages. A popular paying audience cannot be expected to grasp immediately what is brand-new, there being always a certain reluctance on the part of the majority to respond to anything strange. That is why the popular theatre alters slowly and why the experiments are instigated and supported by a gifted minority. Before spectators are summoned, someone with zest and courage must appreciate the opportunity; someone disinterested and incorruptible must take the risk; and that someone must not be dependent on the outcome for his bread and butter. General recognition will come eventually to what is good, but not always during the lifetime of the artist. It is, however, during the lifetime of the artist that the works must be created. And the artist needs a certain amount of looking after. He does not always get it.

Swan Lake and *Carmen* were failures at first; *Tannhäuser* was hissed off the stage; *The Afternoon of a Faun* and *The Rites of Spring* evoked a killing press. Debussy and Bizet could wait for fame. The theatre artist, however, cannot. For the actor there is no posterity; the theatre is now. And since the performer must, like other craftsmen, be furnished with working equipment and guaranteed sufficient peace of mind to keep his wits on his job, and since he further requires an audience assembled under auspicious circumstances, there must be a plan and a sponsor.

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In this country the theatre producer's or patron's function has come to be considered a form of gambling; it should in reality be nothing of the sort. A patron is before all else an amateur, and an amateur by classic definition is a lover. His activity involves taste, instinct, daring, and faith. The true amateur, like the true lover, cannot be bought or corrupted. The amateur, like the lover, asks no return but excellence and is willing to hazard everything on the mere possibility of this. His recompense is the joy of participating. Without a patron few geniuses could have survived. We owe nearly as much to the one as to the other. They stand side by side in history with the men who shaped our thinking. They are not agents; they are creators.

For the middleman who makes money off other people's passions, we have various names; in the contemporary American theatre he is called a manager. And as we are set up with neither dowers nor heritage, we cannot do without these marriage brokers. But it is never the business manager who discovers and nurtures genius.

2

THE princes of the Renaissance, the great building Popes, the monarchs of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries realized that with power went responsibility, not just to police and govern, but to furnish spiritual and emotional sureties for their people and to cherish the gifts that were so astoundingly present even amidst the poverty and restriction of their subjects. They did not rely on historic or popular sanction, but spoke out for themselves, bringing unstinted enthusiasm to contemporary projects, underwriting the talents of untried beginners; it was fourteen- and fifteen-year-old apprentices they took under their wing and to whom they gave lifelong employment.

Nor did they confine their interest to what was durable. They encouraged also many transient and evanescent delights, music and pageants, and masques, decorations for parties and mummeries.

If at first thought a mummery strikes us as frivolous, even wasteful, compared with the achievements of the Renaissance architects, let us remind ourselves that it was a paid company member of the lord chamberlain's men who wrote *Hamlet* and an actor in the king's household who wrote *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*. Mozart was an employee of the Archbishop of Salzburg, and Haydn wore servants' livery. Sometimes human breath occurs for eternity; these great hosts got their money's worth even when not buying stone and plaster.

Possessive patronage is not perhaps the best way of supporting artists, but it is one way, and a reliable one. The works were composed as fast as they could be turned out and were performed handsomely. There may have been various ignominies involved, but the artists were not forced to

waste years in waiting for attention, which is the most desperate and cruel ignominy of all.

We have men today in America as powerful and as rich as any Renaissance prince, as responsible in attitude toward public well-being, and every bit as sensitive to glory or, as we call it, public relations. But it appears to be more difficult for them to know how to channel their great resources. A few of the more enlightened give money to charities, colleges, and museums. Fewer still sponsor music. Very few indeed indulge in the profitable hobby of storing up guaranteed relics of canvas or bronze, patronizing with a fine show of artistic zeal painters long past helping, and hanging on their walls securities as negotiable as gilt-edge bonds as a warrant not only of their financial but of their intellectual status. Mainly they vacillate between supporting unprecedented kitchens and garages, personal adornment, gambling, or sports. And it is under the heading of gambling that they interest themselves in the theatre. There have been in all our history only a handful of millionaires who have supported to any reliable or effective extent theatre as a fine art. Otto Kahn put the Metropolitan Opera on its feet, Lincoln Kirstein and Edward Warburg founded the American Ballet, now called the New York City Center Ballet, Lucia Chase founded and supported for sixteen years The Ballet Theatre, Bethseba de Rothschild has endowed Martha Graham, Julius Fleischman has made substantial donations to Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. In the interests of international understanding, Blevins Davis has helped to export several first-rate groups: the *Porgy and Bess* company to Russia and Europe, *Hamlet* to Scandinavia, and The Ballet Theatre to Europe and South America. None of their large contributions meet the whole costs. But states and cities do nothing.

Were Russia or Denmark, let us say, to ask for an exchange of major ballet and opera companies, we would have nothing commensurate to send them. We have no traditional repertory theatres to compare with the superb foreign companies that have visited us recently — the London Old Vic, the Comédie Française, Jean-Louis Barrault's company, and the Azuma Kabuki troupe. The theatres we are sending abroad under ANTA are privately maintained but not adequately, and in the case of the ballet companies only at the cost of real hardship and sacrifice. They remain, however, all we have to show. The government has at last recognized the value of theatre as a propaganda weapon abroad. It has not yet come around to thinking of theatre as a cultural necessity at home.

This is regrettable, but not altogether odd. We inherited from Puritan forebears the persuasion that all arts are unnecessary and somewhat frivolous; that the theatre is, more than any other art, luxurious and morally suspect; and that of all branches of the theatre, dancing is the least worthy. Reinforc-

ing entrenched prejudice, chiefly about dancing, is robust ignorance. Most of our statesmen and many of our businessmen have never seen good dancing in their lives, and if they are not proud of the fact, at least they are content.

The men who drew up our Constitution were the Southern landed aristocrats and the Boston intellectuals, Calvinistic and caring little for any cultural expression beyond literature and architecture. Language travels fast; architecture begins to develop with the first rainstorm. So they had both, but little else. These wise and gifted gentlemen neglected to provide for a ministry of fine arts or even for a cabinet member who could supervise the cultural developments that were bound to come.

But their mistake, and it was their only serious one, has been gradually corrected. All schools and colleges are now endowed; few schools today try to subsist on tuition fees. Every city and town boasts a public library; most sizable cities have museums and art galleries, some ranking with the world's best. Roughly one hundred cities support symphony orchestras, and these are not considered an extravagance but the ornament and pride of the community. They are, however, privately, not civically, supported. Three cities, New York, San Francisco, and Chicago, maintain four large repertory opera companies. (There are listed forty-eight opera companies of minor importance and insecure status.) But for any kind of repertory theatre (outside of amateur community or small semi-professional undertakings — as, for instance, Robert Porterfield's Barter Theatre endowed by the Du Ponts) there is no help. Only the largest ballet companies receive a certain amount of private endowment, but they are compelled each year to beg for life. The contemporary theatre in all its other branches is left to fight its way through in chaos, beset on all sides by the hijacking tactics of quarreling unions. Obviously the theatre can function this way no better than any other undertaking.

3

THE Broadway theatre meets the problem by organizing one production at a time at great cost and playing it with the least change and to the exhaustion of any possible audience. If it pays off, fortunes are made, and it is on this chance that it supports itself, operating very much like a lottery. The underwriters seldom invest because of any preference in style; they lay bets and they usually do so guided by the past performances of the professionals involved and not by taste or knowledge. If the show fails, fortunes are lost. In either case, when the play closes, a piece of living theatre is doomed. The scenery and costumes are sold or burned, the company dispersed, all action — including the dances — forgotten.

Ballet companies must, of necessity, function

differently. They sustain a large repertory covering roughly a hundred years of composing in five or six different styles. (The Ballet Theatre maintains thirty ballets in its current repertory. It plays on each tour approximately twenty and these require two and a half baggage cars for scenery. It has in its sixteen years of life mounted and produced eighty-two ballets plus six pas de deux.) Obviously the amount of rehearsing involved is enormous and the schooling is lengthy. Eight years are needed to train a corps de ballet dancer, four times the period required for an aviation pilot. It takes, granting the talent, fifteen years to make a star.

Furthermore, whereas operas and symphonies have a classic repertory to draw from, finished and waiting in the public domain, ballet companies depend on human labor in all things, even for remembering and training by rote. Each company, therefore, presupposes a school and a staff of experienced *régisseurs* to protect and maintain standards. The composition of a new ballet done by unionized living bodies costs in America at least \$8000. The mounting and producing ranges from \$20,000 to \$40,000, depending upon the physical production, the copying of orchestra parts, and the rehearsals with musicians and stage crew. In contrast to our plight, the Sadler's Wells rehearsal time and new productions are paid for by the State, and the same is true of the chief ballet companies in France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, and Russia. As a result, the scope of their productions and the number of them are superior to anything we can show.

Neither opera companies nor symphony orchestras here or abroad have ever been expected to pay for themselves. But ballet companies, like legitimate plays, are expected to be self-supporting in the United States, and because of the low salaries of dancers and choreographers and the enormous popularity of the ballet (approximately three million paid admissions for dancing performances last year in the United States, approximately four and a half million regular students), they very nearly do pay for themselves. They can with effort just manage to meet running expenses. But they cannot mount new works, which with rising labor prices grow more costly each year. Each year we come face to face with the possibility of bankruptcy, because dancing is foundering in this country, not for lack of appreciation, but of financial help. The two, alas, do not spell each other.

So we are forced to ask ourselves to what purpose we struggle for the support of this special branch of art. Perhaps it would be more sensible to put our energies and wealth to some more easily maintained or profitable theatre form. What would be lost? Why, very much, I believe.

Of all the great moments we have known in the theatre, the times when our hearts have been touched and our spirits fired, how many were supplied by dancers! Recall what our theatre was like

at the turn of the century before Duncan, St. Denis, Anna Pavlova, Nijinsky, Fokine, Graham, Wigman, Markova, Humphreys, Tudor, and Ashton had been seen. Before Diaghilev and the great choreographers had impressed designers and playwrights and had commissioned scores of composers. The prevailing style in design tended to be Belasco's taste, opulent and realistic. Planned and unified productions, productions in which the scenery and costumes were designed with the thought that they were going to be seen together at the same time, and in which action and music were also considered in the scheme, came with the dancers. Color, sound, suggestion, symbolism, virtuosity in light, mobile architecture, also came with the dancers. Yes, and simplicity and above all else movement. When we think of the enormous influence of Reinhardt and Gordon Craig on American theatre, we must remember that it was an American dancer in Europe, Isadora Duncan, who transformed their ideas. Diaghilev brought color to the Parisian and Italian theatre and to England as no one before had. "Before the Russians," said an English lady, "we simply did not know color in our lives. We did not use it in our clothes, our home decorations, or in public rooms. We did not dare. Our eyes were filmed over. You have no conception what the Russians did; they gave us our eyes."

It was after Diaghilev that Granville-Barker and Gordon Craig worked. It was after him that Joseph Urban began reconditioning opera. Diaghilev brought the great painters into the theatre, Bakst, Benois, Picasso, Rouault, de Cericho, Tchelitchev, Dufy. After Diaghilev it was impossible to have a woodland glade or a palace hall painted at the local scene shop. After Duncan it was impossible to have dull realism and flat lighting from the foots. They both indicated the power of the human body and the function of costume, and they both reintroduced great music. Duncan opened the door to symphonies and their repertoire. Diaghilev commissioned new master scores. Igor Stravinsky was given to the world, it is instructive to remember, through his ballet *Fire Bird*.

4

It is clear that there has been a revolution and for fifty years the dancers have been where they always are, in the vanguard, the chief characteristic of great choreography being that it not only explores within its own medium but in others as well. The names of leading artists of all kinds will always be conspicuous on ballet programs. In the last twenty years a large number were introduced to our theatre and first found general recognition and livelihood in this country through collaboration with dancers: Samuel Barber, Leonard Bernstein, Henry Brant, Aaron Copland, Morton Gould (in his non-jazz styles), Norman dello Joio, Gian-Carlo Menotti,

Jerome Moross, Antal Dorati, Efrem Kurtz, Boris Aronson, Lucinda Ballard, Cecil Beaton, Eugene Berman, Marc Chagall, Motley, Noguchi, Irene Sharaff, and Oliver Smith.

The Ballet Theatre alone gave first effective opportunity to Leonard Bernstein, Antony Tudor, Jerome Robbins, Michael Kidd, Agnes de Mille, Zachary Solov, Nora Kaye, Alicia Alonso, and Eric Bruhn. Of these, unknown previously or at least unaccepted, three have gone on to direct Broadway plays, operas, pictures, and television. Seven have become world names.

None of these people was discovered or trained in our popular theatre or found his expression in its existing forms. Without the help of ballet companies they might never have had the chance to develop talents that have played such an important part in determining styles.

Dance theatres are run on a repertory basis and involve short works and can therefore afford a policy more adventuresome than that within the scope of any Broadway organization where a single work at a time is mounted and where funds up to \$300,000 are required for each undertaking — a situation to breed conservatism. The commercial theatre cannot and does not produce the slowly trained, the slowly matured artist.

It is in ballet nurseries and dance studios and nowhere else that great dancers and choreographers are formed. It is in the repertory theatres that great works are preserved, and preservation is vital.

For whenever a break occurs in any living art, there follow serious and destructive results, especially where the form itself depends on continuity. The theatre ceased to function for twenty years during the English Commonwealth. On reopening it at the time of the Restoration, it was found that the entire Elizabethan style of acting, and with it much insight into the tonality and texture of Elizabethan drama, had been lost forever. When Shakespeare was at last revived it was done in the technique of the French court where the exiled English nobility had been attending plays. Similarly the commedia dell'arte is gone — only hints surviving in European clowns and in the children's Guignols. If our ballet companies were to shut down for forty years, nothing of what we know as classic technique could endure. We would simply not know how to perform the steps or train for them. We would not even know what the steps actually were. If our native companies were to go out of operation for even so short a period as ten years — that is, for one generation of dancers, a single link in the chain — all the works of Martha Graham, Antony Tudor, and George Balanchine would disappear forever, there being no accurate record, and that, I submit, would be a cultural loss of very considerable dimension. For these choreographers rank with the leading dramatic creators of our time. It is conceivable that their contribution, being fresher and less deriv-

ative, represents the new voice in our theatre. If the sixteenth and seventeenth century theatre was predominantly one of language, and I believe it was, and the eighteenth and nineteenth one of music, the twentieth century theatre is indisputably a theatre of visual imagery and movement. And it is the choreographers and dancers who hold the bud and the seed in their keeping, who work at the core.

For all things flower from gesture. Before everything, before thought or speech, there must be breath. The eyes open, the head lifts, the hand is stretched out. Dance is germinal. The dancers are initiators. The theatre is admittedly the mother of the arts, but dance is the mother of the theatre.

5

CAN we be satisfied with our wasteful way of doing things? Are we not rich enough, well-fed, well-housed, and well-vehicled enough, to risk some of our fortunes on keeping intact the environment in which young talents can best develop? Must we impose conditions that no artist has ever subscribed to — namely that a work must meet a budget compounded with overhead costs, with taxes and union rates, with the fearful expenditure of rousing a corrupted and glutted public? Under our general setup, the young artist risks starvation or conformity. In art as in all human behavior, conformity is a breaking down of the will. It is, in fact, death.

The perception that recognizes the slickest in plumbing, the smoothest in car upholstery, the easiest in light switches, is not necessarily the perception that recognizes metrical rhythm or color or tonality or any of the means of evocation. It will build an icebox. It probably will not inflame the heart. It will ensure the painting of scenery as real as any background in a natural history museum. It will guarantee the exact reproduction of a violin tone so that one can have a Stradivarius wherever one likes, even traveling at seventy miles an hour. But what it plays or how it plays is not guaranteed. And as long as the theatre is linked inextricably with large-scale merchandising, all this is inevitable. But this is exactly the negation of ideas, because art is concerned not with reproducing faithfully what has been seen before, but with inventing something that has not. Art is the expression of human personality and therein lies risk, each personality being brand-new and of no sure market value.

Theatre is as direct as personality, and as expensive. It occurs whenever a living actor speaks and a living ear listens. It is found where attention is caught, where one says, "I feel," and the other replies, "I share." This has nothing to do with costs or mechanical technicalities or publicity. Theatre is beyond all these and it must not be hampered by them. And wherever enormous cost,

enormous technicalities, terror regarding popularity and conformity warp the artist's intent, it can exist only in an alloyed and weakened state. Fine work does develop in the great merchandising centers, in Hollywood and in television, but always by running a gantlet of unseemly hazards — and very, very rarely is money risked on either unknown talents or untried ideas. The current norm, the safe bet, is what is recommended.

When N.B.C. television put on the Sadler's Wells Ballet for an hour and a half sustaining show, the ballet chosen was *Sleeping Beauty*, seventy-five years old and Russian in origin. The performing company was foreign and had taken twenty years of other people's time and money to build, and the production and transportation had been paid for by the British government. The same holds true for *Peter Pan*, which had been written and produced with no help from television, but which nonetheless made history for the medium. And while it is inevitable that television and advertising will in time produce original and special art forms as the screen has done (in this respect Omnibus and Camera Three must be complimented on their daring and perspicacity), the process will be slow and wary because of the money involved. It is assumed, although tacitly, when men with big reputations let themselves be drawn into television or pictures, that their best, their first and forthright efforts, the efforts on which their reputation depends, will be reserved for other media.

Now since the living theatre is the proving ground of all theatre artists, it would seem not only logical but profitable for the business concerns who exploit the theatre's products to guarantee the source of supply by helping with the theatre's financial burdens. The Winnipeg Ballet Company is supported by the merchants of the city as well as by civic levies. It is being built by the city for national and international advertisement. It is the only company, not excepting Sadler's Wells, to boast a royal charter. For the sum expended on twelve months of television time, one of the great corporations could endow a theatre for twenty years. The sponsors would ensure world-wide and lasting publicity, public relations in the great tradition. They would achieve what amounts to true fame. We, the citizens, could have a theatre, either lyric or dramatic or both, that would match anything Europe or Russia can show — just such a theatre as we have not got. Our theatre could be what it always ideally was before, a compendium of the finest in language, music, and the visual arts; a place of reaffirmation; above all, a place for sharing. And the standards of choice would be laid down as in all other publicly cherished institutions: not by touts but by teachers and lovers. We could work in this theatre with joy and effectiveness because the fear would be lifted from our hearts — the daily, weekly, annual fear of total disinheritance.



In pursuance of the Atlantic's policy of hearing from both parties at the time of a national election, we turn first to ROBERT CUTLER, a lawyer and Chairman of Boston's Old Colony Trust Company. Mr. Cutler was Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, Chairman of the National Security Planning Board, and sat with the Operations Coordinating Board and the Council on Foreign Economic Policy during the period from January, 1953, to April, 1955. Among his many public offices, he has served as Corporation Counsel for the City of Boston; as Overseer of Harvard; as National President of the United Community Funds and Councils of America; and as Assistant to Secretary of War Stimson with the rank of Brigadier General, receiving the Distinguished Service Medal and the Legion of Merit.

I SHALL VOTE FOR EISENHOWER

by ROBERT CUTLER

1

WE HAVE *nothing to lose; we can only gain. . . . Our enemies have men who are below average. . . . Our enemies are little worms. . . . I saw them in Munich.*"

By these words Adolf Hitler, speaking to his military commanders at Berchtesgaden on August 22, 1939, made his decisive calculation that the British people as a nation lacked the spirit to fight. At that time, in Nazi Germany, a decision by the Fuehrer was final and incontrovertible. Nine days later the Nazi Wehrmacht overran Poland and the point of no return was passed.

This cruel miscalculation by one absolute ruler plunged the Earth into World War II, killed millions of people, and tore much of the world's economy to shreds.

Thus, history reminds you and me that our fate may turn not only on what we are but also on what to other eyes and ears we may appear to be.

In our modern thermonuclear age, everything that we say, everything that we do, everything that we omit to say and do, bears an enhanced significance. Today, a hostile miscalculation of our words and actions can draw over the Earth, like a pall, a new Dark Age.

I have a personal judgment of how to minimize the risk of a hostile miscalculation. What I write has no official imprimatur. I speak my own personal thoughts as one American citizen speaking to fellow Americans. Other judgments may differ. As long as they are made in search for the same objective — the security, peace, and well-being of the American people and of the world — we should be glad to know and consider them.

In writing what I think, I purposely use a broad brush. Unless one is in continuous touch with the complex, shifting sea of intelligence that comes flooding daily into Washington, he finds it impossible to deal in detail. And the solution which we are seeking will, I think, be less readily found by looking down to details than by looking up to principles.

Dispassion in our search will also make the finding easier. In the miasma of Election Year people are apt to wax pretty warm. A backward look at history sometimes serves to sober down those who think to have discovered in their time a peril which is new to the world.

As specifics for dispassion, I prescribe the re-reading of these paragraphs which were written over one hundred years ago: —

Harper's Magazine, 1854: In France, the political cauldron seethes and bubbles with uncertainty; Russia hangs as usual like a cloud . . . upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadily disturbed relations in India and China.

The Marquis de Custine, writing in 1839 a comparison between Russia and the Western World: Our newspapers warn the Russians of everything that happens and everything that is contemplated in our countries. Instead of disguising our weaknesses with prudence, we reveal them with vehemence every morning; whereas the Russians' Byzantine policy, working in the shadow, carefully conceals from us all that is thought, done and feared in their country.

IT is my own belief that the basic national security policy developed by the Eisenhower Administration shows us the road away from a risk of nuclear collision and toward a stable balance of honorable peace.

This national security policy rests upon twin pillars. *One:* the United States must have in instant readiness a military force capable, together with its allies, of effectively deterring Communist aggression. *Second,* and equally important, our national economy must be sufficiently strong and expanding to support this military strength and to aid in supporting the military strength of the Free World, as well as to counter any further spread of Communist influence. Such a national economy must derive from the play of free enterprise and not from a regimented state; in short, it must be a *civilian*, and *not* a garrison, economy.

To sustain over the long run in times of peace the necessary military capability, our economy should be safeguarded against inflation by a fiscal policy which can regularly provide for defense out of current tax receipts. Moreover, the defense burden should be supportable by taxes which do not stunt the economy's healthy growth.

To me, these aspects of the President's national security policy state the essentials. Of course, there are many other facets, such as: our continuing support and active participation in the United Nations; the complex fabric of our wide-spreading and inter-related mutual assistance treaties; the establishment of defensive military bases overseas; our vigorously enhanced programs for the defense of the continental United States; our broad measures for assistance to other nations of the Free World; our annual Federal expenditures of over \$2 billion for research and development; our advance in the use of atomic energy in peaceful, as well as military, fields. But to me, however mighty the quality and quantity of these other factors may be, they are incidents of and support the two basic concepts.

Because I praise this policy, I do not imply that it is immutable or static. Every policy decision by the President requires constant review in the light of changing times and events.

The outstanding achievement of the Eisenhower Administration has been to change the emphasis and direction of our national security policy by recognizing positively a different concept. That concept is: for the safety and survival of the Republic in the years that lie ahead, the possession of military might alone is not enough; of equal importance is the maintenance of a free and healthy civilian economy, strong enough to support the demands not only of military defense but also of industrial growth and progress.

I believe this policy to be sound. I believe this policy to be suited to the genius of a free people. I believe that this policy diminishes the risk of hostile misapprehension and miscalculation of what is

America's true intent and thus points to the road of honorable peace.

For these reasons, the Eisenhower Administration which created the emphasis and direction of this policy should be returned to office in the November elections.

By what I have written above I do not mean to imply that the great policy papers of earlier years did not refer to the desirability of a strong American economy. Of course, they did. But I am thinking here, not of references, but of emphasis and direction. Most people are glad to declare that they are against sin, that they are members of a church, that they support the local Community Fund. But it may have been your experience that the emphasis and direction put in carrying out these declarations is often a different story.

In the security policy of President Eisenhower, the economic base was conceived of as, and in practice has been, a foundation stone of the national defense.

2

IHAVE stated that a national security policy based on a strong and viable national economy is sound. Has not the application of this policy since January 20, 1953, adequately evidenced its soundness?

In the Eisenhower years, we Americans have seen the United States achieve a record total national income; a record of sustained high employment of our people; a remarkable stability in the level of the cost of living index (which rose 37.2 per cent between 1946 and 1953 under the prior Administration in contrast with 1.6 per cent in the three and a half years of the Eisenhower Administration through June, 1956).

Under the preceding Administrations of the Democratic Party, the Federal budget had been balanced only three times in twenty years. Until Fiscal Year 1956, the public debt had not been reduced since 1951. In 1956, the Eisenhower Administration brought Federal expenditures into balance with Federal income and made some reduction in the public debt, pushing back the specter of inflation.

All groups of our citizens benefit from this stability: not only those who draw fixed incomes from pensions, savings deposits, and insurance proceeds, but the school and college teacher and the wage-earner in the plant, in the office, in the mine.

The real index of prosperity is not the number of dollars in your pocket, but what you can buy with them (after deducting income and Social Security taxes). Contrast the purchasing power of the factory worker's average weekly wage under the inflationary spiral of the prior Administration and under the remarkably stable living costs of the Eisenhower years. Between 1944 and 1952 the production worker's average weekly wage almost doubled in number of dollars; but even though he

had twice as many dollars per week in 1952 as he had in 1944, his purchasing power was \$1.88 a week less. In the Eisenhower years this penalizing trend was reversed. By December, 1955 — the end of Eisenhower's third year — the purchasing power of the workingman's weekly wage had increased by \$6.19 a week over 1952. Thus, during these three years there was a clear *gain* in purchasing power, contrasted with a clear *loss* in purchasing power during the prior seven years.

The Eisenhower policy of positive and enhanced emphasis on the vitality of the national economy, an emphasis equal to that upon military defense, is no longer derided, as it was at first, as "trickle-down." The flow of strength through the national economy has become a Niagara of confidence. A climate has been created and exists today in the United States which is favorable to the vitality and expansion of private enterprise. There is general confidence in the air, among consumers and businessmen and among workers and investors. Confidence in the future is the prime stimulant to civilian business, and civilian business is the great employer of our citizens.

A collapse in America's business system, so ardently anticipated by the Soviets, would have been for Moscow a major victory, possibly a victory that might have overcome the Free World. For the economies of the Free World countries are related necessarily and closely to the economy of the United States. But the collapse never came. The prosperous, upthrusting vitality of United States enterprise has generated a strength and a confidence in other peoples.

The soundness of the Eisenhower security policy has been demonstrated by its results both at home and abroad.

3

I HAVE stated that a national security policy that is rooted in a strong and growing *civilian* economy is suited to the genius of a free people.

By this statement I mean that, in striving to preserve our freedom as a democratic people by a defensive military program supported by heavy annual expenditures, we must be careful not to lose that freedom. In our concern for our safety, we must not change our desirable democracy into a garrison state — regimented, controlled, and made over into the image of the tyranny we seek to escape. The magic of our productivity would then be supplanted by economic mediocrity.

When the present Administration took office in January, 1953, the dark menace of Communism loomed in the Free World sky. It was plain that to meet so formidable a threat, without the scourge of general war, would require a long-term effort. The United States debt was then at record heights and headed higher. The Federal Government was operating in Fiscal Year 1953 at a deficit of \$9.4

billion, and the operating deficit for Fiscal Year 1954 — based on programs of the prior Administration — was estimated to reach \$9.9 billion. And an elaborate top-level study had just been completed by the outgoing Administration, which recommended that urgent consideration be given to enlarged national security expenditures, over and above what would be required in subsequent Fiscal Years by already approved programs.

It took courage and a deeply felt conviction to move against this violent running tide, to diminish governmental restraints and controls, to free natural incentives and forces, and to shift from the improvisation of crisis and "crash" to the solidity of a "long-haul" program.

I have never thought that this kind of thing was "putting the dollar sign on defense." Nor do I think so today. The Eisenhower philosophy sought to put people to work; sought an expanding production; sought a stable living cost. It sought to move people out of government work into civilian jobs producing goods for the consuming public. These were goals consonant with freedom for the individual and with subordination of the state.

Some will no doubt say that the performance has been less perfect than the intent. But the performance has been good enough to show that free enterprise, rightly set free, is a better way for the American people than any deal by Government.

I have stated that the national security policy which I have described points to the road of honorable peace and to minimizing the risk of hostile misapprehension and miscalculation.

It seeks to build our military power on such a basis that the American people can and will be able to carry it for the *long* haul. It does not feed on "crash" or crisis, but on the far look ahead.

The Eisenhower policy is not directed toward a fixed D-Day. A security policy that strives for superior strength on a certain day necessarily tends to brush aside, as a less important consideration, the swift transitions of modern technology. Yet complex weapons and machines take so many months — even years — to design and produce that, if they are ordered in too great a quantity at one time, they may be obsolete before all can be delivered. A penalty of "crash" is obsolescence.

Furthermore, the attainment of a fixed goal date for maximum defense carries an inevitable and dangerous consequence: where do we go from here? Such a security policy carries the torch of war in its hand.

The Eisenhower policy is the converse of this dangerous fixed D-Day approach. It aims at continuing improvement and continuing readiness of forces and thus seeks to avoid those peaks and valleys of armed strength which conduce to war.

Because of this policy's "de-hotting" approach, it tends to disarm hostile miscalculation.

There are some at home who mistake "de-hotting" for penury or incapacity or weakness. These will include the special pleaders in the arsenal of war: those who want to restore 500,000 men to the Army; those who seek more funds than can be now effectively put to work for long-range missiles; those who demand more wings *now* for the Air Force. If Congress should give heed to each of these voices crying at its ear, America could easily appear to a suspicious far-off chancellery to be not the Goddess of Liberty but the Goddess of War.

Beware also of the boy-in-the-candy-store approach to the purchase of armaments. Military hardware is attractive and persuasive. Each Service has an eloquent proponent. And so it should, for the task of a Service is to be always alert and capable of achieving victory. But the boy who buys "one of each" before he leaves the store is going to have an economic bellyache by nightfall.

Turn for a moment to the air power of the United States. We are now spending on air power, including the Air Force and that one-half of the Navy-Marine Corps budget which is wholly for air power, some \$21 billion a year. Under a policy designed to preserve the world at peace, in time of peace, is this large sum enough?

Some able and devoted men are asserting that the United States should spend at least a billion more a year on air power. Whether this view is right or wrong is not susceptible of finite answer. At bottom, America has a judgment to make. That judgment does not turn only on whether the United States can profitably spend right now a billion more a year on aircraft and, if it can, on whether we should spend it on other types of aircraft or on more of the same type (which may soon be obsolete and require replacement by more advanced designs).

These questions, indeed, are very practical and worth while. But beyond them lies the great imponderable. To what extent, as we increase the race in armament designed for attack upon a far-distant land, do we "hot-up" the fears and risks of miscalculation by those who can absolutely sway the actions of that land? May not America risk the security of our homeland as much by overbuilding as by underbuilding our armed power? Do not mistake me. I believe a strong man armed is safe in his house. In the time to come we Americans must be strong. I do not advocate weak-sisterliness, appeasement, neutralism, or blind acceptance of Soviet words that have no valid counterpart in deeds.

But the urgent need to be militarily strong does not at all imply a security policy for *war*. The policy of the Eisenhower Administration is one for peace and *not* for war. It eschews weakness on the one hand and "preventive war" on the other. It is a policy of keeping up our fighting strength in the air, at sea, on the land. It undertakes to dedicate a balanced and effective segment of resources each year for all aspects of national defense in order to

keep that strength up, constantly changing and being renewed.

Such a national security policy does not accept any such concepts as these:—

1. That when and if the Soviets might surpass us in some element of military power, they will certainly attack us.

2. That possession by the Kremlin of the Intercontinental Ballistic Missile will mean that the Free World can no longer defend itself; that the ICBM is the "ultimate weapon."

3. That in order to survive, America must vastly increase its annual national defense expenditures over the present levels.

4. That World War III is inevitable.

The Eisenhower security policy, as I understand it, rejects these concepts as untenable because they look only to general war.

I happen to believe that the Communist leaders do not intend to wage a shooting war against the Free World as long as the Free World stays strong. It is reasonable to suppose that they think the subtler ways of subversion, neutralization, deception, and economic penetration are cheaper, and that, if these subtler ways take longer, they leave for Communism a far more desirable prize than a land ravaged by a shooting war. If this supposition is correct, then the United States' concern for a free and peaceful world must be broader than the maintenance of military might to deter armed Communist aggression. The United States must also be genuinely concerned in political and economic coöperation with the other nations of the Free World, in order to counter the Kremlin's non-aggressive steps to spread further the ideas and the influence of Communism.

4

WHO can be *sure* of the real intentions of the Russian leaders? Appalling though general thermonuclear war may be, it is credible to suppose that there *are* rulers in the world today who still consider aggressive war on a grand scale to be an instrument of national policy for attaining national objectives—rulers who might, and could, launch "preventive" nuclear war as a tactic of their supposed national defense.

We Americans can be sure that the United States under Eisenhower will *never* provoke or initiate an aggressive nuclear war. Waging a "preventive" war with nuclear weapons is not a possible alternative in the national policy of this Administration.

For the *aggressor* in nuclear attack, whatever might be the outcome of his ghastly act, would bear upon him forever, in the resulting twilight of the world, the brand of Cain—the burden of a punishment greater than man could endure and live with.

Yet the risk remains that the tenacious men in the Kremlin—who mean to dominate free men

just as strongly as we mean to keep them free — may someday misapprehend what we Americans *really* do mean.

I do not think that the Russians are apprehensive for *today*, when they know we have a Chief Executive who is temperate and ardently devoting his great talents to bringing the world into an equilibrium of honorable peace. But they are apprehensive of the morrow. Tomorrow is going to see an increase in military might and thermonuclear destructive capabilities. It seems to me inevitable that they must be thinking to themselves: what, in *that* time, would happen to the Soviet Republics and their millions of people if the United States should be dominated by a War Party?

On such a line of thinking, what calculation will the men of the Kremlin be making of America's possible course of action in the future? If in our highest councils in America our thoughts and our talk should come to dwell *more* and *more* upon armament and military alignment and fears of war, will the Kremlin calculate that America intends to launch, or may be frightened into launching, an attack upon the Soviet people — and, so miscalculating, decide to strike America first?

Dreadful miscalculations have been made before. Witness the miscalculation which Hitler made in 1939 of the British people.

The more the world "hots-up," the closer it moves toward the risk of a mistake which, this time, can never be corrected.

The security policy which President Eisenhower has developed and the steps which he has caused to be taken in carrying it out, the relative moderation of the policy's offensive accent and the policy's bearing-down emphasis on America's national economic strength, have tended to show clearly to the world that Uncle Sam is not the warmonger that the Communists once loudly claimed.

The world has seen this Administration, since Eisenhower took office, reduce its men under arms by over 20 per cent (some 700,000 men). It has seen our nation working toward a balance of forces and defensive armament that a free people is capable of sustaining and of affording to sustain over as long a peacetime period as the need continues for great military defense endeavors. Following the end of hostilities in Korea, it has seen the United States withdrawing its armed forces from the Far East.

In the long years ahead and under suitable circumstances, there may be further reduction in the number of our men standing under arms. As we progress with our defense, we can hope to substitute new weapons, mobility, speed, and modern means of delivering firepower, for men taken away from their homes and their constructive civilian labors.

One doubts if the peace of the world will be promoted in the long run by Uncle Sam, like a solitary Atlas, bearing forever all burdens of Free World

security. The United States has provided substantial assistance to Free World nations in order that each shall in its own right become capable of coping with local insurrection, civil disturbance, and "little wars." As these friendly powers grow stronger, each will tend to assume with its own national forces the responsibility for its own indigenous security and its own national defense.

As a plain matter of fact, the United States and its Free World allies cannot match with their relatively lesser populations the manpower resources of the totalitarian powers. Nonetheless, we can be sufficiently strong with mobile and elite forces, more centrally based, and with advanced skills and advanced weaponry. And in the years ahead such a course can encourage balance on the world stage and lessen the risk of a bipolarized collision.

This kind of national security policy intrinsically demonstrates that it is *not* fixed on constant alarms and fears of war. It is a policy that has a different approach, a different attitude, a different quality. Pulsing through it, and its administration, is the unshakable determination of the President to find for peoples everywhere the equilibrium of honorable peace. And it is this unshakable determination, so luminously apparent in him, that the world has learned to trust as the real thing.

James Scott Reston of the *New York Times* in describing Candidate Eisenhower just before the 1952 Republican Convention in Chicago made an appraisal that is hard to forget. He wrote that the General had a particular quality which might be the best thing for America at that time: he was a *good* man. His quality of goodness was genuine, with no shoddy in it.

Today, in 1956, the peoples of the world have learned that this quality of good is an integral part of Eisenhower; it is not a coat he puts on and takes off. From this fundamental of his character flows a spontaneous, radiant expectancy that things can and will turn out for the better. This attitude of mind is instinctive and affords to him a resource of strength in adversity, a calm confidence which in my long association with him was evidenced day in and day out. He brings to every undertaking the belief and conviction that free men can *and will* work out together a future that will not be futile or degrading, but a future that will be good.

It is this quality of spirit that has given to President Eisenhower, more than any other man I have known, conviction and assurance and capacity to make great command decisions. He has faith, and that faith sets him free.

The affection, the respect, and the confidence which world peoples have for President Eisenhower is a great asset of our country. The United States should use this asset to the full.

For these reasons, I shall vote to retain Dwight D. Eisenhower as President of the United States.



Author and journalist, GERALD W. JOHNSON is a Southern Democrat who made his start in North Carolina and who has lived happily in Baltimore ever since the Sunpapers called him to their editorial staff in 1926. He has worked and written with Frank R. Kent, H. L. Mencken, and Hamilton Owens, friends all; he has expressed his admiration for Andrew Jackson and Woodrow Wilson in lively biographies; and he has spoken his hopes for, and his belief in, this country in such books as Liberal's Progress, This American People, and Pattern for Liberty.

WHY THE DEMOCRATS SHOULD WIN

by GERALD W. JOHNSON

1

IF THE Democrats win in November they will owe the victory less to their own skillful politics than to a double misconception on the part of their opponents — the President's misconception of the nature of his office, and his party's misconception of the state of the world.

This is not a spectacular issue, but it is the real one, for with the thoughtful minority of independents it is operating to the advantage of the Democrats, and it may swing enough votes to tell the tale. Of course campaign orators, especially the small fry, will prefer to concentrate on more dramatic but less significant matters, such as President Eisenhower's complaisance toward McCarthyism until it began to be politically unprofitable, his toleration of Mr. Nixon's vicious style of campaigning, the contrast between Mr. Truman's abrupt dismissal of Caudle and President Eisenhower's politeness toward no less than five of his men who were also guilty of using public office for private profit, the scandalous Dixon-Yates contract, and the President's frequent ignorance of what his subordinates were doing, coupled with his innocent surprise that he should be expected to know.

But these are effects, some direct and some indirect, of a single cause more important than any of them, since it is an attribute of the man himself. Mr. Eisenhower came to the Presidency not only without experience in American politics, but with forty years' training in a system antithetical to American politics. His basic error, to which most of his errors in detail can be traced, arose from that. It was an attempt to substitute the system with which he was familiar for the one that the experience of a century and a half had established; and his persistent blindness to the failure of that effort is a great argument against his continuance in office.

The military staff system, perfectly adapted to

the needs of a commander accountable only to the President, is unworkable in the office of the chief executive, accountable to the people. The trouble with it is that in delegating authority it dissipates responsibility. In a military system this imbalance is rectified by two factors: in the first place, while a subordinate commander may be, and should be, given authority to use his own judgment in local situations, if he directly defies the orders of the high command he can be shot, and he knows it; in the second place, every officer on a military staff is aware that his own chances of distinction and promotion are bound up with the success of the Old Man, for nobody holds in high regard the staff of a beaten general.

By contrast the civilian subordinates of a civilian President can be disciplined only to the extent that public opinion will approve; and it is often the case that the advancement of a subordinate depends not on the success but on the failure of the Old Man, thereby demonstrating how much better the subordinate is. That is why John Adams was constantly betrayed, and why Lincoln would have been betrayed if Chase and Stanton had been able to manage it. President Eisenhower has not been deliberately betrayed by any member of his Cabinet, but he has had to let out three of the ten: Durkin because he frankly disagreed with the President's policy, Hobby because she seemed never to have grasped it, and McKay, ostensibly to beat Morse, but really, as many believe, because he had made hash of conservation. A casualty rate of 30 per cent is no testimonial to the efficacy of the staff system as applied to the Cabinet.

It is true that in his first Administration Truman also lost three members of his Cabinet *vi et armis* or, if you see it that way, *honoris causa*. But they were Byrnes, Ickes, and Wallace, none of his choos-

ing, all inherited from Roosevelt. Of Truman's own first choices, Vinson and Clark went to the Supreme Court and Anderson to the Senate before the first term was out; but these shifts were rewards, not penalties, and the rest stayed in line. The old system obviously worked better for Truman than the new has for Eisenhower.

The real evidence of the failure of the staff system, however, is the loss, not of Cabinet members, but of all sense of direction in the government as a whole. What candid man can seriously maintain that he knows which way we have been heading since 1953? A billion-dollar profit in 1955 is proof enough that this Administration has been good for General Motors, but a two-billion-dollar drop in farm income in Eisenhower's first two years does not indicate that it has been good for Piers Plowman. The highest national income in history is fine, but the highest national debt in history is not so good, especially since there has been no war to account for it, and the highest cost of living in history is definitely bad.

2

WHEN it comes to matters not measurable statistically, the confusion is even worse. The most ironical claim that has been advanced for this Administration is that it has pursued a middle-of-the-road policy. If there is any place where we have not been for any measurable duration it is the middle of the road; on the contrary, we have been weaving wildly from side to side in the most astounding imitation of drunken driving ever staged by a great nation. It has been slightly steadier since the Democrats recaptured control of Congress in 1954, but even so we have the President saying one day that neutralism may sometimes be a very good thing, and three days later we have the Secretary of State calling it "immoral." Nor is that the limit; the Secretary of State seems incapable of being consistent even with himself. When the Suez Canal affair broke we had Mr. Dulles one week counseling the British and French to be calm, and the next week counseling the Arabs to be alarmed. He who can trace any definite policy in that must be a soothsayer indeed.

The one personal, albeit momentary, triumph that the President has achieved came when he went to Geneva and so confused the Russians that for an instant they seemed positively amiable. That was perhaps even more remarkable than his success in confusing the Americans, although it didn't last as long. However, it should not be forgotten that the Geneva visit was not his own idea; at first he was against going, and was pushed into it by Senator George, a Southern Democrat.

The explanation of this erratic course is not far to seek. It is not that the Republican leadership is either wicked or half-witted; it is simply that it

is Republican and in power at a time when Republicanism is hopelessly inadequate to the needs of the day.

The party under its various names — Federalist, Whig, Republican — is, and has always been essentially conservative, which is to say its fear of losing what we have is dominant over its hope of gaining something better. There are times when this attitude is reasonable enough, but there are other times when it is not consonant with the trend of events and therefore is utterly unreasonable. At present the trend of events, not in this country alone, but throughout the world, runs directly contrary to the Republican practice of playing one's cards close to the vest. Hence Republicans do not understand and, to the extent that they remain Republican, cannot understand the world around them.

Some have modified their Republicanism. When the bipartisan foreign policy was established a segment of the party, typified by Senator Vandenberg, deserted the historical position of the party, typified by the Senator Lodge of Wilson's time, and moved toward the Democratic position. But to this day a considerable segment does not realize that this move was not apostasy, but merely an acceptance of obvious facts. Thus it has been impossible for anyone, even as popular a leader as President Eisenhower, to bring the whole party abreast of the modern world.

In this particular President Eisenhower is far in advance of his party for the sufficient reason that he had seen with his own eyes what was happening. After his two years at SHAPE, Senator Knowland and Senator Jenner could not instruct him on the condition of Europe. He knew by experience that the bipartisan policy was aimed in the right direction and he has clung to it to the extent that his party would permit.

But on domestic policy he had no such certain knowledge, which has made his leadership wavering and uncertain. It is probable that he remains as scornful of Henry Wallace's doctrine that this is the Century of the Common Man as his fellow Republicans were of Wallace's dictum that we must have sixty million jobs to keep our economy booming. Yet Wallace was right both times. We have now more than sixty million jobs, and it is clear that if the number falls much below that figure our boom will bust; and this is emphatically the Century of the Common Man.

What discredited Wallace was not any inaccuracy in his predictions of events, but his genius for getting the facts perfectly straight and then drawing the wrong inference. As a prophet, he is first-rate, but as a logician he is terrible. In the matter of the Century of the Common Man, for instance, he announced its advent with unfeigned satisfaction, whereas it is not necessarily satisfactory at all. Not Wallace but his critics construed the phrase to mean the Century of the Communist Man; yet

while the critics may have been disingenuous, they had a point. It could be just that.

In fact, it could be a number of other unpleasant things, for the indisputable truth is that the common man is on the loose to an extent unparalleled in history, and getting him subdued again is a task for archangels, not politicians. What chance is there of reducing the common Russian to serfdom again, or resubjecting the common Chinese to the old-style war-lords? In midsummer Europe stood aghast at the prospect of having to subdue the common Egyptian, and the common Dutchman can no longer be persuaded to hold down the common Indonesian.

Even in London, that last, strongest bastion of social distinctions, there are marvels to behold.

Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,

finds himself walking in procession with, or perhaps yielding precedence to, Sir Jockey and Sir Football-player. Did plain Mr. Marciano owe allegiance to the saltired banner, he might be Sir Rocky by now.

If you seek analogous phenomena in this country, take a look at Big Labor. When Walter Reuther speaks, Big Business listens with an attention it once reserved for Andrew Mellon. No politician in Washington closes his door to the representatives of the Farm Bureau, the Farmers Union, and the Grange. As the political conventions assembled, that commonest of common men, the American Negro, stood as an apparition scaring the pants off both parties. The Governor of North Carolina might well alter his classic observation to the Governor of South Carolina into "It's a long time between lynchings."

The causes of this upsurge are many and complex, but certainly two of the most important are irreversible processes. They are the spread of literacy, releasing the mind, and the growth of mechanization, releasing the body by making it possible to feed the world without condemning the common man for life to brutalizing labor that extinguishes the spark of ambition. The common man is not yet free; he — and the uncommon man, too — will not be free until he accepts Acton's definition of liberty as freedom to do what one's conscience says is right. But the common man is loose, and loose he will remain for the predictable future.

This could be a long advance toward genuine freedom. Mr. Wallace thinks it is, and rejoices; but his inference is not necessarily correct. It could be a step toward Communism or, what is even worse, toward anarchy. The Century of the Common Man will be a century of enlightenment only if the common man is offered and accepts wise leadership. Note the word; it is "leadership," not "command," or even "guidance." The common man will not convert his present emancipation into real liberty by reliance on either a dictator or a

tutor, yet he will not gain freedom soon, if at all, without the counsel of competent advisers. And he will deem no adviser competent save one whose attitude toward him is that of sympathetic friendship.

He who could name those competent advisers without hesitation or reservation would be the prince of politicians, and he is not among those present. The best we can manage is a more or less informed guess, taking into consideration on the one hand the obvious requirements of the situation, and on the other the known attitudes and aptitudes of the aspirants.

3

THE world situation today is extremely fluid and seems likely to remain so for several years to come. The balance of political-military power is precarious; a relatively small weight shifted to either side could tip the scales. The ancient moralities exist unchanged in themselves, but their moorings are no longer certain. For example, since his emancipation from British rule a Hindu questions the absolute value of truth no more than he did before, but is Mr. Dulles telling the truth, or Mr. Bulganin? The Hindu is not sure. The economy of the world is in a state of indescribable confusion; there is no longer a medium of exchange universally valid or even as nearly so as Victoria's pound sterling, so trade is half-stifled. Even the free exchange of ideas is forbidden, so science languishes.

To deal successfully with a situation of this kind the obvious requirements include intellectual alertness, adaptability, and resourcefulness. Change is a condition of life at all times, of course, but at this particular time change is rapid and radical beyond all precedent, and great mental agility is definitely necessary to cope with it.

As between the major American parties, there is no question, in my mind, of which comes closer to meeting the requirements of the situation. I am far from rating Mr. Truman with the authors of *The Federalist* as a political philosopher; but it is a fact of record that the organization he led — and which was, to do him justice, largely his own creation — met four unprecedented threats with four unprecedented defenses, and every one of them worked. The Greek-Turkish crisis was countered with the Truman Doctrine, the economic chaos of Europe with the Marshall Plan, the political pressure with the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, the military pressure with a coalition of fifteen nations in Korea.

For determining our future course, the success of these measures is less significant than their resourcefulness. The fact that in those years each hitherto unheard-of peril was promptly met with a hitherto unheard-of safety device affords hope that the same political organization will remain

capable of meeting new perils with new resources in the future as in the past.

In the three years that have elapsed since this party was dismissed from office the threats have continued, but not the success with which they were met. When Indonesia boiled over, Mr. Dulles could offer nothing new, but had to fall back on a sort of replica of NATO and it didn't work. When Algeria boiled over, he could think of nothing at all to do except wring his hands. When Suez boiled over last summer, he could think of nothing except to cry out against the horrors of war.

This is not conclusive evidence that Mr. Dulles is less intelligent than his predecessor, Mr. Acheson. The conditions under which the two men worked were basically different. One had behind him a party that from its beginning had risen to greatness only when it accepted change cheerfully and adapted itself to the current of events readily and confidently. The other had behind him a party that has been at its best only when it sturdily resisted change and beat down innovators. This is all very well when innovation is nothing more than the wild dreams of fanatics; but when a new world is in the making it is fatal.

It is hard to understand how any rational man can doubt that a new world is in the making at this moment. We ourselves are largely responsible. Of the seven empires that have been overthrown since the beginning of the century — Imperial Germany, Nazi Germany, Fascist Italy, Austria, Turkey, Japan, and Czarist Russia — we struck at six and struck heavily. Only Czardom was destroyed without our help.

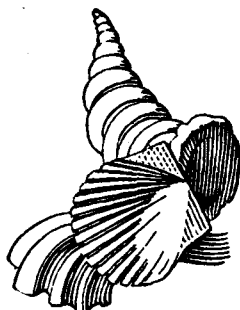
The political vacuum left by this devastation had to be filled, and it is being filled, not by new emperors, but by the common man. An odd kind of Caesar he may be, but there he is, loose and on the rampage, and his favor means empery. The nation that secures his confidence may not extend its political boundaries by one foot, but it will gain moral

hegemony over a large part of the globe. That hegemony will be more effective than armies and fleets in enabling the nation exercising it not only to restore political, social, and economic order, but also to "proclaim liberty throughout the land unto all the inhabitants thereof."

This is the most tremendous stake for which the nations have gambled since history began; but the winner will not be one whose most ardent wish is to be out of the game, and who throws in his hand if he holds anything less than a royal flush. The United States will not gain leadership of the modern world by dreaming of restoring the days when good Cal Coolidge ruled the land, when a dollar was a dollar, when labor was submissive, when the Negro knew his place, and when men of substance could conduct their affairs without taking into account the wishes and preferences of the rabble that never met a payroll in their lives.

Those days are gone forever. Lamenting will not bring them back, but idle tears may easily blind our eyes to the opportunities — new and strange, but brilliant — that the new day offers. In this situation the great merit of the Democratic Party is that it never cries over spilt milk. To claim more, to hold up the party as the complete satisfaction of the heart's desire, would be fatuous. If it wins in November we have no guarantee that it will succeed during the next four years, and none but an irresponsible campaign orator would offer such a guarantee.

But the light of the past shows us reason to believe that if it wins, its chance of great achievement is better than the chance of its opponent. It is not because Democrats are superior in wisdom and virtue to Republicans; it is because the history of their party has demonstrated that they are superior in ingenuity, resourcefulness, and mental agility. They should win because those are precisely the qualities most desperately needed in the world of today.





An Atlantic Story



Poet and short-story writer, JAMES STILL has done much of his creative writing in that remote, picturesque stronghold, the Kentucky mountains. For years he was the librarian of the Hindman Settlement School at the forks of Troublesome Creek, and he has been the laureate of the mountaineers. In 1940 he shared honors with Thomas Wolfe in the Southern Authors' Award, for his novel *River of Earth*. Since then he has received a Guggenheim fellowship and an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, and his short stories have been reprinted in *The Best American Short Stories of 1946, 1950, and 1952*.

THE BURNING OF THE WATERS

by JAMES STILL

WE MOVED from Tullock's lumber camp to Tight Hollow on a day in March when the sky was as gray as a war penny and wind whistled the creek roads. Father had got himself appointed caretaker of a tract of timber at the far side of the county, his wages free rent. We were to live in the one-room bunkhouse of an abandoned stave mill.

Father rode in the cab with Cass Tullock, and every jolt made him chuckle. He laughed at Cass's complaint of the chugholes. He teased him for holding us up a day in the belief we might change our minds. Beside them huddled Mother, the baby on her lap, her face dolesome. Holly and Dan and I sat on top of the load and when a gust blew my hat away I only grinned, for Father had promised us squirrel caps. Holly was as set against moving as Mother. She hugged her cob dolls and pouted.

The tract lay beyond Marlett and Rough Break, and beyond Kilgore where the settlements ended — eleven thousand acres as virgin as upon the first day of the world. Father had learned of it while prospecting timber for Cass and resolved to move there. To live without work was his dream. Game would provide meat, sugar trees our sweetening; garden sass and corn thrive in dirt black as a shovel. Herbs and pelts would furnish ready cash.

Father had thrown over his job, bought steel traps and gun shells and provisions, including a hundred-pound sack of pinto beans. He had used the last dime without getting the new shoes he needed. He told us, "Tight Hollow is a mite

narrow but that's to our benefit. Cold blasts can't punish in winter, summers the sun won't tarry long enough overhead to sting. We can sit on our hands and rear back on our thumbs."

Once Father made up his mind, arguing was futile. Still Mother had spent her opinion. "Foot-gear doesn't grow on bushes to my knowledge," she said.

"You tickle me," Father had chuckled. "Why, ginseng roots alone fetch thirteen dollars a pound and seneca and golden seal pay well. Mink hides bring twenty dollars, muskrat up to five. Aye, we can buy shoes by the rack. We'll get along and hardly pop a sweat."

"Whoever heard of a feller opening his hand and a living falling in?" Mother asked bitterly. "My reckoning, you'll have to strike more lieks than you're expecting."

Mother's want of faith amused Father. "I'll do a few dabs of work," he granted. "But mostly I'll stay home and grow up with my children. Kilgore post office will be the farthest I'll travel, and there to ship herbs and hides and rake in the money." He poked his arms at the baby, saying, "Me and this chub will end the biggest buddies ever was."

The baby strained toward Father, but Dan edged between them. Dan was four.

Mother inquired, "What of a school? Is one within walking distance?"

Holly puffed her cheeks and grumbled, "I'd bet it's a jillion miles to a neighbor's house."

"Schools are everywhere nowadays," Father said,

his face clouding. "Everywhere." He was never much for jawing.

"Bet you could look your eyeballs out," Holly said, "and see nary a body."

Annoyed, Father explained, "A family lives on Grassy Creek, several miles this side. Close enough, to my fancy. Too many trampers kill a wild place."

"Tullock's Camp is no paradise," Mother said, "but we have friendly neighbors and a school. Here we know the whereabouts of our next meal."

Father wagged his head in irritation. He declared, "I'll locate a school by the July term, fear you not." And passing on he said, "Any morning I can spring out of bed and slay a mess of squirrels. We'll eat squirrel gravy that won't quit. Of the furs we'll pattern caps for these young'uns, leaving the tails for handles."

"Humph," said Holly. "I'll not be caught wearing a varmint's skin."

Mother would not be denied. "Surely you asked the Grassy folks the nearest school?"

Father's neck reddened. "I told them we'd move the first Thursday in March," he spoke sharply. "They acted dumfounded and the man said, 'Ah!' and his woman mumbled, 'Well! well!' The whole of the conversation."

"They don't sound neighborly," Mother said.

"Now, no," agreed Holly.

"Upon my word and honor!" Father chuffed. "They're good people. Just not talky." And on his own behalf, "Let a man mention the opportunity of a lifetime and the women start picking it to pieces. They'd fault heaven."

Mother had sighed, knowing she would have to allow Father to whip himself. She asked, "When you've learned we can't live like foxes will you bow to the truth? Or will you hang on till we starve out?"

Of a sudden Father slapped his leg so hard he startled the baby and made Dan jump. "Women aim to have their way," he blurted. "One fashion or another they'll get it. They'll burn the waters of the creek, if that's what it takes. They'll up-end creation."

"Men can be pretty hardheaded," Mother had said.

2

DAYLIGHT was perishing when we turned into Tight Hollow. The road was barely a trace. The tie rods dragged and Cass groaned; Cass groaned and Father chuckled. The ridges broke the wind, though we could hear it hooting in the lofty woods. Three quarters of a mile along the branch the stave mill and bunkhouse came to view, and, unaccountably, a smoke rose from the bunkhouse chimney. The door hung ajar, and as we drew up we saw fire smoldering on the hearth.

Nobody stirred for a moment. We could not think how this might be. Father called a hey-o

and got no reply. Then he and Cass strode to the door. They found the building empty — empty save for a row of kegs and an alder broom. They stood wondering.

Cass said, "By the size of the log butts I judge the fire was built yesterday."

"Appears a passing hunter slept here last night," Father guessed, "and sort of fanned out the gom."

We unloaded the truck in haste, Cass being anxious to start home. Dan and I kept at Father's heels and Holly tended the baby and her dolls, the while peering uneasily over her shoulder. Our belongings seemed few in the lengthy room, and despite lamp and firelight the corners were gloomy.

At leaving, Cass counseled Father, "When you stump playing wild man hie back to civilization. Good sawsmiths are scarce." And he twitted, "Don't stay till Old Jack Somebody carries you off plumb. He's the gent, my opinion, who lit your fire."

"I pity you working fellers," Father countered. "You'll slave, you'll flounder, you'll wear your fingers to nubs for what Providence offers as a bounty."

"You heard me," Cass said, and drove away.

The bunkhouse had no flue to accommodate the stovepipe, and Mother cooked supper on coals raked onto the hearth. The bread baked in a skillet was round as a grindstone. Though we ate little, Father advised, "Save space for a stout breakfast. Come daybreak I'll be gathering in the squirrels."

Dan and Holly and I pushed aside our plates. We gazed at the moss of soot riding the chimney-back, the fire built by we knew not whom. We missed the sighing of the sawmill boilers; we longed for the camp. Mother said nothing and Father fell silent. Presently Father yawned and said, "Let's fly up if I'm to rise early."

Lying big-eyed in the dark I heard Father say to Mother, "That fire puzzles me tee-totally. Had we come yesterday as I planned I'd know the mister to thank."

"You're taking it as seriously as the young'uns," Mother answered. "I believe to my heart you're scary."

"Not as much as a man I've been told of," Father jested. "He makes his woman sleep on the outer side of the bed, he's so fearful."

When I waked the next morning Mother was nursing the baby by the hearth and Holly was warming her dolls. Dan waddled in a great pair of boots he had found in a keg. The wind had quieted, the weather grown bitter. The cracks invited freezing air. Father was expected at any moment and a skillet of grease simmered in readiness for the squirrels.

We waited the morning through. Toward ten o'clock we opened the door and looked up-creek and down, seeing by broad day how prisoned was Tight Hollow. The ridges crowded close; a body

had to tilt head to see the sky. At eleven, after the sun had finally topped the hills, Mother made hobby bread and fried salt meat. Bending over the hearth, she cast baleful glances at her idle stove. Father arrived past one and he came empty-handed and grinning sheepishly.

"You're in good season for dinner," Mother said.

Father's jaws flushed. "Game won't stir in such weather," he declared. "It'd freeze the clapper in a cowbell." Thawing his icy hands and feet he said, "Just you wait till spring opens. I'll get up with the squirrels. I'll pack 'em in."

3

THE cold held. The ground was iron and spears of ice the size of a leg hung from the cliffs. Drafty as a basket the bunkhouse was, and we turned like flutter-mills before the fire. We slept under a burden of quilts. And how homesick we children were for the song of the saws, the whistle blowing noon! We yearned for our playfellows. Holly sulked. She sat by the hearth and attended her dolls. She didn't eat enough to do a flaxbird.

Father set up his trap line along the branch and then started a search for sugar trees and game. Straightway he had to yield in one particular. There was scarcely a hard maple on the tract. "Sweetening rots teeth anyhow," he told us. "What sugar we need we can buy later." Hunting and trapping kept him gone daylight to dark and he explained, "It takes hustling at the outset. But after things get rolling, Granny Nature will pull the main haul. I'll have my barrel full of resting."

When Father caught nothing in his traps two weeks running he made excuse, "You can't fool a mink or muskrat the first crack. The newness will have to wear off the iron." And for all of his hunting, my head went begging a cap. Rabbits alone stirred. Tight Hollow turned out pesky with rabbits. "It's the weather that has the squirrels holed," he said. "It would bluff doorknobs."

"Maybe there's a lack of mast trees too," Mother said. "Critters have sense enough to dwell where there's a living to be got. More than can be said for some people I know."

Holly said, "I bet it's warm at the camp."

"It's blizzardy the hills over," Father chuffed edgily. "I don't recollect the beat."

Mother said, "Not a marvel the hollow is cold as a froe, having sunlight just three hours a day. For all the world like living in a barrel."

"At Tullock's Camp," Holly said, "you could see the sunball any old time."

"And the houses were weather-boarded," Mother joined in. "And my cookstove didn't sit like a picture."

"Now, yes," chimed Holly.

Father squirmed. "Have a grain of patience," he ordered. And to stop the talk he said, "Fetch

the baby to me. I want to start buddying with the little master."

During March Dan and I nearly drove Mother distracted. We made the bunkhouse thunder; we went clumping in the castaway boots. The stave mill beckoned but the air was too keen, and we dared not venture much beyond the threshold. Often we peered through cracks to see if Old Jack Somebody were about, and at night I tied my big toe to Dan's so should either of us be snatched in sleep the other would wake.

In a month we used more than half of the corn meal and most of the lard. The salt meat shrank. The potatoes left were spared for seed. When the coffee gave out Father posed, "Now, what would Old Dan'l Boone have done in such a pickle?" He bade Mother roast pintos and brew them. But he couldn't help twisting his mouth every swallow. Rabbits and beans we had in plenty and Father assured, "They'll feed us till the garden sass crosses the table." Holly grew thin as a sawhorse. She claimed beans stuck in her throat, professed to despise rabbit. She lived on broth.

The traps stayed empty and Father said, "Fooling a mink is ticklish business. The idea is to rid the suspicion and set a strong temptation." He baited with meat skins, rancid grease, and rabbit ears; he boiled the traps, smoked them, even buried them awhile. "I'll pinch toes yet," he vowed, "doubt you not."

"The shape your feet are in," Mother remarked, "the quicker the better."

"We're not entirely beholden to pelts," Father hedged. "Even if I had the bad luck to catch nothing the herbs are ahead of us—ginseng at thirteen dollars a pound."

"I doubt your shoes will hold out to tread grass," said Mother.

Coming in with naught to show was awkward for Father and he teased or complained to cover his embarrassment. One day he saw me wearing a stocking cap Mother had made and he laughed fit to choke. He warned, "Shun wood choppers, little man, or your noggin might be mistaken for a knot on a log." Again, spying Holly stitching a tiny garment, he appealed to Mother, "Upon my deed! Eleven years old and pranking with dolls. I recollect when girls her age were fair on to becoming young women."

"Away from other girls," Mother asked, "how can she occupy herself?"

"Stir about," said Father, "not mope."

Holly said, "I'm scared to go outside. Every night I hear a booger."

"So that's it," Father scoffed.

"The plime-blank truth, now."

Mother abetted Holly, "Something waked me an evening or so ago. A rambling noise, a walking sound."

"My opinion," Father said, "you heard a tree

frog, or a hooty-owl. Leave it to women to build a haystack of a straw."

Mother saw my mouth gape and Dan's eyes round. Without more ado she changed the subject. She prompted Father, "Why don't you go visit the Grassy Creek people? Let them know we're here, and begin to act neighbors."

"They knew we were coming," Father reminded. And he said, "When I have hides for Kilgore post office I might speak howdy in passing."

"The fashion varmints are shying your traps," Mother said. "That'll be domesday."

Father looked scalded. He eyed the door as if on the verge of stalking out. He said, "Stuff your ears nights, you two, and you'll sleep better."

4

THE cold slackened early in April. It rained a week. The spears of ice along the cliffs plunged to earth and the branch flooded. The waters covered the stave mill, lapped under the bunkhouse floor, filled the hollow wall to wall. They swept away Father's traps. When the skies cleared, the solitary trap he found near the mouth of the hollow he left lying.

"Never you fret," Father promised Mother, 'herbs will provide. I've heard speak of families of ginseng diggers roaming the hills, free as the birds. They made a life of it."

"I'd put small dependence in such tales," Mother said.

The woods hurried into leaf. The cucumber trees broke blossoms the size of plates. Dogwood and service whitened the ridges, and wheedle-dees called in the laurel. And one morning Mother showed Father strange tracks by the door. Father stood in the tracks and they were much larger than his shoes. His shoes had lasted by dint of regular mending. He wagged his head. He could only droll, "It would profit any jasper wearing leather to steer clear of me. I'm apt to compel a trade."

"My judgment," Mother said, "we're wanted begone. They're out to be rid of us. They'll hound us off the tract."

"I'm the appointed caretaker of this scope of land," Father replied testily, "and I'll not leave till I get my ready on."

Wild greens spelled the pintos and rabbit. We ate branch lettuce and ragged breeches and bird's-toe and swamp mustard. And again the beans and rabbit when the plants toughened. By late April the salt meat was down to rind, the meal sack more poke than bread, the lard scanty. Father hewed out a garden patch and then left the seeding and tilling to Mother. He took up ginseng hunting altogether. He came in too weary to pick at us and he rarely saw the baby awake. Dan began to look askance at him. As for his shoes, he was patching the patches.

Dan and I gradually forgot Old Jack. We waded in the branch and played at the stave mill. We pretended to work for Cass Tullock, feeding mock logs to saws, buzzing to match steel eating timber. And we chased cowbirds and rabbits in the garden. Rich as the land was, the seeds sprouted tardily, for the sun warmed the valley floor only at the height of the day. Mother fixed a scarecrow and dressed it in Father's clothes. We would hold the baby high and say, "Yonder's Pap! Pap-o!" The baby would stare as at a stranger.

Father happened upon the first ginseng in May and bore it home proudly. We crowded to see it — even Holly. Three of the roots were forked and wrinkled, with arms and legs and a knot of a head. One had the shape of a spindle. Tired though he was, Father boasted, "The easiest licks a man ever struck. Four digs, four roots."

"Dried they'll weigh like cork," Mother pronounced; and she asked, "Why didn't you hit more taps, make the tramping worth the leather?"

His ears reddening, Father stammered, "The stalks are barely breaking dirt. Hold your horses. You can't push nature."

Mother said, "I believe to my soul your skull is as hard as a ball-peen hammer."

Father glanced about for the baby, thinking to skip an argument. The baby was asleep. He complained, "Is the chub going to slumber its life away?" He eyed Dan leaning against Mother and said, "That kid used to be a daddy's boy, used to keep my knees rubbed sore." And he took a square look at Holly and inquired, "What ails her? I want to know. She's bony as a garfish."

"You're the shikepoke," Mother replied. "You've walked yourself to a blade." And she said, "Did you come home early as at Tullock's Camp you'd find the baby wide-eyed."

Holly snatched the ginseng and fondled it. "Gee-o," she breathed in delight.

Father caught the baby awake the day he got up with the squirrels. He arrived in midafternoon swinging two critters by their tails, and he came grinning in spite of having found no ginseng. He crowed, "We'll allow the beans and bunnies a vacation. We'll feast on squirrel gravy." He jiggled them to make the baby flick its eyes. After skinning the squirrels, he stretched the hides across boards and hung them to cure.

The gravy turned out weak and tasteless. Lacking flour and milk there was no help for it. Yet Father smacked his lips. He offered the baby a spoonful and it shrank away. He ladled Dan a serving and Dan refused it. Tempting Holly he urged, "Try a sop and mind you don't swallow your tongue." Holly wrinkled her nose. "Take nourishment, my lady," he cajoled, "or you'll fair disappear."

"Humph," Holly scoffed, leaving the table.

Father's patience shortened. "Can't you make

the young'un eat?" he demanded of Mother. "She's wasting to a skeleton."

"We'll all lose flesh directly," Mother said.

Holly said, "Was I at Tullock's Camp I'd eat a bushel."

Father opened his mouth to speak but caught himself. He couldn't outtalk the both. He gritted his teeth and hushed.

When ginseng proved scarce and golden seal and seneca thinly scattered, Father dug five-cent dock and twenty-cent wild ginger. He dug cohosh and crane's-bill and bluing weed and snakeroot. He worked like a whitehead. Mornings he left so early he carried a lantern to light his path and he returned after we children had dozed off. Still the bulk of the herbs drying on the hearth hardly seemed to increase from day to day. Again Mother reported strange tracks but Father shrugged. "It's not the footprints that plague me," he said, "it's the puzzle."

The garden failed. The corn dwarfed in the shade, the tomatoes blighted. The potato vines were pale as though grown under thatch. We ate the last of the bread and then we knew beans and rabbit plain. Father hammered together box traps and baited for groundhogs. A covey of whitebacks sprung the stick triggers and we had a supper of them. Dry eating they made, aye-o! The groundhogs were too wise.

Awaking one evening as Father trudged in, I heard Mother say direfully, "We'll have to flee this hollow, no two ways talking. They'll halt at nothing to be rid of us."

"What now?" Father asked wearily.

"Next they'll burn us out," Mother said, displaying a bunch of charred sticks. "Under the house I found these. By a mercy the fire perished before the planks took spark."

"May have been there twenty years," Father discounted. "Who knows how long?"

"Fresh as yesterday," Mother insisted. "Smell of them."

"To my thinking," Father ridiculed, "scorched sticks and big tracks are awful weak antics. The pranks of some witty, some dumbhead."

"We can't risk guessing," Mother begged. "For the sake of the children —"

"Women can read a message in a chicken feather," Father declared. "They can spin riddles of rocks. For my part, I have to see something I can understand. A knife brandished, say. Or a gun pointing in my direction."

Mother threw up her hands. "You're as stubborn as Old Billy Devil!" she cried.

Father yawned. He was too exhausted to wrangle.

The day came when Father's shoes wore out completely. He hobbled home at dusk and told Mother, "Roust the old boots. My shoes have done all they came here to do."

"They'll swallow your feet," Mother objected. "They'll punish." She was close to tears.

"It's a force-put," Father said. "I'll have to use the pair do they cost me a yard of skin."

Reluctantly Mother brought the boots and Father stuffed the toes with rags and drew them on. They were sizes too large and rattled as he walked. Noticing how gravely we children watched, he pranced to get a rise out of us. Our faces remained solemn.

"I'll suffer these till I can arrange otherwise," he said, "and that I aim to do shortly. I'll fetch the herbs to the Kilgore post office tomorrow."

"They may bring in enough to shod you," Mother said, "if you'll trade with a cheap-John." She dabbed her eyes. "A season's work not worth a good pair of shoes!"

His face reddening, Father began sorting the herbs. But he couldn't find the ginseng. He searched the fireplace, the floor. He looked here and yon. He scattered the heaps. Then he spied Holly's dolls. The forked ginseng roots were clothed in tiny breeches, the spindle-shaped tricked in wee skirts. They were dressed like people. "Upon my deed!" he sputtered.

Father paced the bunkhouse, the boots creaking. He glared at Holly and she threw her neck haughtily. He neared Dan and Dan sheltered behind Mother. He reached to gather up the baby and it primped its face to cry. "Upon my word and deed and honor!" he blurted ill-humoredly and grabbed his hat and the lantern. "Even the Grassy folks wouldn't plumb cold-shoulder me. I'm of a notion to spend a night with them." He was across the threshold before Mother could speak to halt him.

5

FATHER was gone two days and Mother was distraught. She scrubbed the bunkhouse end to end; she mended garments and sewed on buttons; she slew every weed in the puny garden. And there being nothing more to do she gathered up the squirrel skins and patterned caps.

The afternoon of the second day she told us, "I'm going down-creek a spell. Keep the baby company and don't set foot outside." Taking Father's gun she latched the door behind her. We watched through cracks and saw her enter the garden and strip the scarecrow; we saw her march toward the mouth of the creek, gun in hand, garments balled under an arm. She returned presently, silent and empty-handed, and she sat idle until she saw Father coming.

Father arrived wearing new shoes and chuckling. I ran to meet him, the tail of my fur cap flying, and he had to chortle a while ere he could go another step. He chirruped, "Stay out of trees, mister boy, or you may be shot for a squirrel." But it wasn't my cap that had set him laughing. Upon seeing

Mother he drew his jaws straight. He wore a dry countenance though his eyes were bright.

Mother gazed at Father's shoes. "What word of the Grassy people?" she asked coolly.

"They're in health," Father replied, hard put to master his lips. He had to keep talking to manage it. "And from them I got answers to a couple of long-hanging questions. I learned the nearest schoolhouse; I know who kindled our fireplace."

Dan, hiding behind Mother, thrust his head into sight. Holly let her dolls rest, listening.

"Kilgore has the closest school," Father said. "A mite farther than I'd counted on. As for the fire, why, the Grassy feller made it to welcome us the day he expected us to move here. But he's not the Mischief who planted tracks and pitched burned sticks under the house. Nor the one who waylaid me at the mouth of the hollow while ago."

Mother cast down her eyes.

Father went on, struggling against merriment,

"A good thing I made a deal with Cass Tullock to haul our plunder back to the camp. Aye, a piece of luck he advanced money for shoes and I had proper footgear to run in when I blundered into the ambush." He began to chuckle.

Mother lowered her head.

Swallowing, trying to contain his joy, Father said, "Coming into the hollow I spied a gun barrel pointing across a log at me — a gun plime-blank like my own. Behind was a bush of a somebody rigged in my old coat and plug hat. Gee-o, I traveled!" His tongue balled, cutting short his revelations. His face tore up.

Mother raised her chin. Her eyes were damp, yet she was smiling. "If you'd stop carrying on," she said, "you could tell us how soon to expect Cass."

A gale of laughter broke in Father's throat. He threshed the air. He fought for breath. "I can't," he gasped. "You've tickled me."



CHILDREN OF LIGHT

by ROBERT HUFF

THOSE children who were born with coats of light,
Who glistened like bright crystals in a tide,
They have all died by fire. It is night

Now, inland, time to eat and rest. The flight
You fear is waiting where you hide
Those children who were born with coats of light —

The shapes of them, that is, the burned out, white
Ghosts of your childhood gods, your startled pride;
They have all died by fire. It is night,

The game has ended. Note your falling kite:
How terrifying now the earthward glide.
Those children who were born with coats of light

Haul at the string until it's out of sight,
But you can sense the splinters at your side.
They have all died by fire. It is night

Now. Dream of water; dream of height.
That fear is nothing, nothing there inside.
Those children who were born with coats of light,
They have all died by fire. It is night.



"The economic and social structure of the country," writes SUMNER H. SLICHTER, one of our leading economists and the Lamont University Professor at Harvard, "has undergone a near revolution." In the article which follows, Mr. Slichter documents beyond question the powerful expansion of the American middle class; he explains why this has come about; and he shows that the voice of the middle class is the voice which is now demanding moderation in both political parties.

THE GROWTH OF MODERATION

by SUMNER H. SLICHTER

THE demand for moderation that all observers note as a growing characteristic of American politics is not merely attributable to current prosperity. Behind this demand are impressive changes in American economic and social conditions that have escaped general attention because they have been occurring so gradually. In the last forty or fifty years, however, these changes have produced a near revolution in the economic and social structure of the country.

Three principal long-run developments account for the slowly growing demand for moderate policies:

1. The traditional middle-class occupations have been growing faster than other kinds of jobs.

2. The composition of the middle class and the economic connections of its members have changed. As a result, the attitudes of members of the middle class toward economic issues have changed.

3. Great changes have occurred in the distribution of family incomes, enabling a considerable proportion of wage earners to adopt pretty much the same standard of consumption as professional and technical workers and as many administrators.

It is evident from these changes that the evolution of American society has followed a course very different from that frequently predicted a generation or so ago. At that time it was widely believed that technological change, the rise of big business, and the struggles between the classes would slowly wipe out the middle class. It was also widely predicted that, as the United States became older and more industrialized, class lines would sharpen and conflict between the classes would become more severe. But class lines have been becoming more and more blurred, and the demand for moderation in public policies appears to be coming from all groups in the community.

Let us see how the changes in economic and social conditions that have stimulated the demand

for moderation have come about, and then let us consider briefly the broad implications of these changes — not only their effect upon politics but also their effect upon the economy and upon the culture of the country.

The growth of middle-class occupations

The traditional middle-class occupations are those of self-employed business owners (farmers, shopkeepers), professional and technical workers (some self-employed and others employees of business concerns and the government), salespeople, and clerical workers. In 1910 the workers in these occupations constituted 39.6 per cent of employed persons; in April, 1956, they formed 45.8 per cent — in spite of a big drop in the number of self-employed farmers from 17.3 per cent of employed persons in 1910 to 6.1 per cent in April, 1956. In the borderland between the traditional middle class and the laboring class are the skilled craftsmen. If these are counted in the middle class, the middle-class workers constituted 51.3 per cent of the labor force in 1910 and 59.1 per cent in April, 1956.

Behind the growth of middle-class employments lie changes in methods of business management, changes in technology, and changes in the kinds of goods and services demanded by consumers. About fifty years ago American business concerns began to discover the uses of staff executives. These are experts in various fields, such as engineering, accounting, marketing, personnel, industrial medicine, public relations, who advise the line or operating executives in making decisions and who, in some cases, help line executives carry out policies. There has been an enormous growth in these occupations and in the clerical workers to help the staff officers. For example, about the year 1900 business began to discover that record-keeping pays. At that time there was no cost accounting in Amer-

ican industry — indeed, very little accounting of any kind. The entire country had only 250 C.P.A.'s; today there are over 40,000. Other kinds of staff experts, such as time-study men, market analysts, personnel men, industrial physicians and nurses, who were virtually unknown fifty years ago, are today numbered by the thousands. Engineers, who were fairly well established in industry by 1900, have increased twenty times in the last half century — from 41,000 in 1900 to about 850,000 today. The latest development has been the addition of industrial research departments which employ over 200,000 research scientists and technologists and which industry is expanding just as rapidly as the colleges and universities can turn out trained men.

Technological change is another influence that has increased the relative importance of the middle class. Not only has it increased the demand for engineers, chemists, physicists, time-study men, and other technical and semi-technical workers, but cheap mobile power, made possible by the gas engine and the diesel, has drastically cut the demand for wielders of picks and shovels and for unskilled farm laborers. As a result, the number of common laborers has dropped from 8.9 million in 1910 to 5.9 million in April, 1956, and from one fourth of the employed persons to one eleventh.

Finally, rising family incomes have helped the middle class to grow because they have increased the number of families that can afford the services of professional workers — teachers of all kinds, doctors, dentists, writers, and entertainers.

From business owner to employee

During the last forty years the proportion of the middle class who are self-employed (farmers, business owners, independent professional workers) has dropped and the proportion who are employees has risen. Naturally employees, even well-paid employees, tend to see many matters from the point of view of the employee rather than from the viewpoint of the business owner or of top management. Thus far middle-class workers who are employees have shown only limited interest in unionism, but airplane pilots, actors, train dispatchers, and yardmasters are well organized, and there is some unionism among engineers doing routine work, and among teachers, draftsmen, journalists, salespeople, and office workers.

Part of the change in attitudes among middle-class workers comes from changes in their economic connections. The proportion of them who are employed by business is diminishing. Most teachers work for the government, and so do an increasing proportion of administrators, engineers, accountants, lawyers, and scientists. These employees are concerned with serving the public rather than with helping enterprises make money, and in some cases they are concerned with regulating private industry.

Still others are trade-union officers or employees and represent the interests of wage earners in dealing with business. Since the middle class is increasingly composed of employees rather than of self-employed persons, and since a growing minority of the middle class do not work for business enterprises, it is not surprising that the interests of business owners carry less and less weight in the thinking of the middle class.

The sense of belonging

The narrowing of the differences in incomes during recent years has been almost sensational. Between 1935-36 and 1950 the average income among the one fifth of the families at the bottom of the income scale gained 78 per cent in purchasing power but the average income of the 5 per cent of the families at the top of the income scale gained only 17 per cent in purchasing power.

Two influences have been mainly responsible for cutting the differences in family incomes. One has been the strong ambition of people to improve their lot. This ambition, together with the availability of free or almost-free public education, has greatly increased the reluctance of many persons to accept unskilled jobs and has increased the number of persons qualified for skilled or technical jobs. As a result, the wages of unskilled workers have risen faster than the wages of skilled and professional employees — in spite of the fact that industry has less and less need for common labor and more and more need for skilled and technical workers.

The second influence narrowing the differences in family incomes has been the entrance of women (particularly wives) into industry. In 1940, one out of eight married women worked in industry; at present the ratio is about one out of four or less. Married women are most likely to work when the income of the husband is low. Among non-farm families in which the husband earned \$3000 a year or less, the proportion of wives in the labor force was about twice as large as among the families in which the husband earned \$5000 a year or more. Most of the family incomes of \$6000 to \$10,000 are made possible because the wife works — for in two out of three such families the wife is a wage earner.

Because the gap between the wages of the unskilled and those of skilled and technical workers is narrower than formerly, and since one out of four wives is a wage earner, the nature of the husband's occupation no longer determines family income. For example, one out of five families of skilled craftsmen has an income of more than \$7000 a year. But among professional and technical workers the proportion is one out of six, and among sales and clerical workers, only one out of seven. About 72 per cent of the families of managers and non-farm business proprietors have incomes of less than \$7000. Hence one out of five skilled craftsmen and their families are able to live better than more

than seven out of ten managers and business owners. In such a society class lines naturally become quite blurred. Many a wage earner has just as much cause to worry about how government spending affects his income tax as does the typical manager, doctor, or lawyer.

It is not surprising that skilled or semi-skilled workers, whose children go to high school or college, who own homes, drive cars, have television sets, and who in general live as well as a large proportion of lawyers, doctors, salesmen, foremen, and teachers, do not think of themselves as belonging to a class apart. They feel very much members of the community and are inclined to adopt pretty much the same variety of viewpoints on most public issues (money for schools, higher taxes on gasoline, stricter zoning laws, foreign aid, publicly-owned water power, defense spending, general tax cuts, help for agriculture) as other members of the community.

Middle-of-the-road voters

It is becoming clearer every day that these economic and social changes are strengthening the demand for middle-of-the-road policies, and the most astute present and recent leaders of both parties — President Eisenhower, Adlai Stevenson, Lyndon Johnson, Thomas Dewey — have been quick to note it. The movement toward moderation during recent years has come from both the right and the left. Much of the middle class has moved from a position of great conservatism to a middle-of-the-road position. Since many middle-class workers are employees and are also identified with management, their views of issues reflect a mixture of the employee viewpoint and the management viewpoint. Wage earners, too, have been moving toward a middle-of-the-road position — the result of their increasing ability to live in the same way as other parts of the community.

The shift toward the middle of the road is reflected, on the one hand, in the success of the Republicans in increasing their share of the labor vote as the party has become more liberal and, on the other hand, in the success of the Democrats in holding a good part of the managerial and professional vote acquired during the depression of the thirties, as these groups have gradually become less business-minded. In 1952 the Republican and Democratic parties each had a large part of the vote of the skilled and semi-skilled workers — 45 per cent for Eisenhower, 52 per cent for Stevenson, and 3 per cent for other candidates. The proportion of trade unionists preferring Republican presidential candidates increased from 20 per cent in 1936 to 39 per cent in 1952 and to 56 per cent in May, 1956. On the other hand, in 1952, 32 per cent of the professional and managerial workers, traditionally a conservative group, preferred Stevenson and 2 per cent preferred minor candidates.

The result of these two movements from the

right and the left toward the center has been a demand for the welfare state, but for a rather mild form of welfare state. Most people wish the government to give help to various groups in the country — considerable protection to employees and to farmers against economic hazards, considerable help to small business, retired persons, disabled workers, and fatherless children. But there is no strong demand for drastic changes in economic institutions or policies — for radical changes in the control of industry or in the relations between government and industry. If either party were to offer an extreme program, it would quickly find itself with only a handful of supporters. There is nothing for the two parties to do except to compete for the votes of the moderates.

A more rapidly growing economy

The economic and social changes of the last generation have had profound effects, not only upon politics but also upon the economy of the country, and they raise important questions for the future of American culture. The principal effect upon the economy has been to make consumers play a more active role in determining the demand for goods, and thus to make the economy more dynamic. Competition in consumption has always been keen in the United States, but it has been made keener in recent years by the rise of low incomes relative to large incomes and by the consequent weakening of class lines. The growing competitiveness of consumption is clearly shown by the rapid growth of consumer credit. One of the great uses of consumer credit is to enable families to buy things that their neighbors do not yet possess. Another use is to enable families to keep up with their neighbors by buying without further delay things that their neighbors already have.

Keen competition in consumption helps the economy grow since it causes demand to expand ahead of personal incomes. Obviously such an economy grows more readily than one in which the volume of consumption is almost completely determined by the size of personal incomes. Many economists have seriously underestimated the capacity of the American economy to grow because they have believed that consumers play only a passive role in determining the demand for goods — merely spending their incomes rather than initiating increases in demand more or less independently of changes in their incomes.

Challenging cultural issues

The recent economic and social changes in the United States also raise very fundamental questions about the future of our civilization. Many people of high ideals are concerned lest a philosophy of moderation interfere with the ability of a country to improve the condition of its people. Is a country that loves moderation, that wishes to enjoy its

prosperity, that strives for peace of mind, capable of having the aspirations and the ambitions and the determination that great advances in civilization require? These advances demand strong dissatisfaction with some aspects of things as they are and strong resolution to change those conditions. Will the habit of being moderate prevent the people from adopting high ambitions and developing a stubborn determination to achieve them?

I suspect that a spirit of moderation is usually favorable to progress. So far, the greatest obstacle to progress has not been disagreement about objectives or ideals, but division among the supporters of widely accepted ideals as to how best to achieve them. Time and again noble causes have been discredited because their supporters have insisted on moving ahead rapidly with untried methods. Willingness to proceed slowly step by step and to experiment on a small scale with ways and means (a spirit of moderation) would have produced more progress.

As for the danger that a spirit of moderation will

weaken our ambitions and aspirations, protection will come from the growing influence of science upon men's thinking. Science is a spur to progress because it forces new responsibilities upon us. It does this because it gives us far more control over our environment than any previous age has possessed. Incomplete as our control still is, it is sufficient to rob us of the comfortable excuse that we might as well ignore a condition or a problem because, as men used to think, not much can be done about it anyway. Today, for the first time in history, men must face the fact that they have the capacity, if they have the will, to do something about most problems that confront them. With science forcing new problems on our attention and showing us that we can probably do something about them, we are well protected from the danger that a spirit of moderation will prevent the community from seeing the faults in existing institutions and from entertaining strong ambitions to make the world a better place.



COUNTRY AUCTION

by GEORGE F. DELL

Now shall be sold the hoardings of the heart,
 Debris from all the years of gain and loss,
 Possessions somehow secret and apart
 From the mob's fury, as it tramps across
 Peonies, bleedingheart, and pansy bed,
 Tracking the blatant fool in checkered vest
 Who holds each item high above his head
 While he chants nickels like a man possessed.
 Stoneware, old silver, floral lamp globes, Spode,
 A roll of chickenwire, crocks and jars,
 A hoe hand-worn, a shawl, toys children rode,
 Embroidery, brown books, a train of cars —
 Piece after piece life shatters on the lawn
 The dead no longer come to walk upon.



An Atlantic Story



A Londoner who cherishes every vestige of the cockney, WOLF MANKOWITZ graduated from Cambridge University and now divides his time between authoritative studies of the Portland vase, humorous articles for Punch, and fiction. His two novels, Make Me an Offer and A Kid for Two Farthings, were made into films, and his latest book, Old Soldiers Never Die, has just been published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint.

TOO MUCH MAN

by WOLF MANKOWITZ

LENNY runs this salt-beef bar "The Roll-Mop" near Windmill Street. Whenever I am round that area I drop in for lunch whatever time of day, because Lenny is a fellow who carries a good twenty stone. This makes me feel like Gary Cooper. I am also highly partial to salt beef.

The Roll-Mop does great business because the truth about selling people food is you should look like you enjoy it yourself and want them to get the same fun out of life. This Lenny does with his big fresh fat face, in which the eyes, nose, and mouth are set with a strong delicacy as tasteful as his menu. Sometimes there are ten of us pretty fat men with a lickerish tooth for delicatessen in The Roll-Mop at the same time. But believe me, though we are packed tighter than roll-mops in a bottle we are all feeling very slim because there is Lenny bigger than any of us and proud of it.

"Have another lutka," he philosophizes, "try the strudel. Take another vienna. Don't worry — how many times do you live anyway? And if it knocks five years off your life, so you will drop dead with a good flavor in your hollow tooth." This spiel helps morale and it doesn't do business any harm either.

And that's how it was, a long delightful gorge without conscience — till the rot set in. The rot was called Renée and she was in the front row of the show round the corner.

Of course, The Roll-Mop was headquarters for a lot of the girls from the different theatrical productions which are such a colorful feature in the Shaftesbury Avenue vicinity. But though Lenny was prone to a laugh and a joke and maybe even a slap now and then here and there, the rot itself had never before set in to his slightly enlarged heart-works.

I first saw Renée on a Tuesday morning about eleven when, happening to pass that way, I dropped into The Roll-Mop for an early lunch. The bar was empty except for good old Lenny talking with (and this was unusual) sad brown eyes and a serious worried expression on his usually joyous chops to this strawberry blonde, or maybe the color her hair was dyed is called pink champagne. She stood a bit less than average height but with a more than average build on all sides and with big eyes and, it goes without saying, longer than average legs. What you might call a pocket Venus if you can afford to carry such things in your pocket.

"But why not, Renée?" Lenny was saying as I came in. "We can have a marvelous time. It's a first-rate occasion and the eats will also be first-rate, not to mention the band, which is a specialist in South American." He swayed his hips a little, clicking his teeth and flicking his fingers gaily.

"I can't," said Renée, looking embarrassed at me. "Serve the gentleman," she continued as Lenny's face collapsed into depression. "I have to pop now for rehearsal."

As she popped, both Lenny and I watched her.

"Seems a nice class of girl, Lenny," I said.

"She's real class, Wolfie," he sighed. "What can I give you, Wolfie — the usual?"

He sliced me the usual, sighing. He sighed as he put mustard on it, and as he slipped a pickled cucumber onto the plate sighed yet again.

"Business so bad, Lenny?" I asked him.

"What's business against a happy life?"

"I thought you was married," I replied through a mouthful of the best salt beef in Soho.

"Me? Never," he said, "and it looks like I never will." Then, with tears in his eyes he told me.

"The truth is," he said, carving off a little slice of beef and popping it into his mouth sadly, "the truth is, the weight is an embarrassing thing for her. I read somewhere a famous writer says inside every fat man is a thin man screaming to get free. First time in my life, Wolfie, I can hear him screaming."

I finished my sandwich but the second half didn't have the taste — not with Lenny mooning around. How can you enjoy delicatessen served by a love-sick salt-beef slicer? I wasn't the only one. Within the next few weeks The Roll-Mop's business dropped off. Fat men like me just don't enjoy the disapproval of eating that radiated from Lenny like heat waves off freshly cooked pastrami. Also Lenny was getting the sagging look of an empty salami skin that tells you a man is murdering his gluttonous metabolism by enforced starvation. No more the big fat smile of encouragement as he cut your sandwich. As for lukas — they were right off the menu.

"You look like you're wasting to death," I said to him one afternoon as I chewed a late lunch more out of nostalgia than enjoyment.

"I'm down to eighteen stone," he replied, a sad pride lighting his sallow features. "Renée says if I take off another few stone maybe she will reconsider things. The weight was an embarrassing thing to her."

"You already told me," I reminded him. "I think you are up the pole to throw away your business and your substance for a doll-face who makes such demands. There is nothing in history that says a fat man can't be a husband."

"I am now trying the banana and milk diet," he replied. "Next month I go on to a vegetable juice torture which is guaranteed to produce startling losses. Tonight Renée has consented to come to the pictures with me, so I'm making progress."

This progress Lenny finally completed after working through a raw potato diet, an all-meat regime, a fortnight session devoted exclusively to acid fruit, and a five-day stint on nothing but glucose. He was a pasty miserable fifteen stone when he told me that he was going to close the shop for a month's holiday at what is laughingly called a "health hydro."

"How's Renée?" I asked.

"Life is very difficult," he replied. "Now she says I am not jolly like I used to be — a thing which she always very much appreciated in me. What can I do? I'm slim but I don't feel jolly. Thank God Renée gets on with my mother. That at least is something to be thankful for."

"Have a nice holiday," I replied.

Lenny told me that at that hydro they gave him the works with massage and sunray and infrared and ultraviolet and various other rays which are hardly on the market yet. Also with vitamins, enzymes, and gland extracts. Also massage, body-building, muscle development, and fresh air — not

to mention a special juice from pressed mangold-wurzels which is the richest drink in something or other ever discovered.

"Give me the address," I asked Lenny, because he looked in great shape when he got back, especially since his suits didn't look like tents any more. Even his personality was changed. He had a feeling about him like he was studying in his own mind the real meaning of life and was about to come to such a miserable answer you wanted to hug him to cheer him up. Not me, that is. I thought it was all a tragedy for the salt-beef business. But Renée, she was always in there hugging him. "Didn't I tell him he could change himself?" she chortled.

Needless to say they got married, although I don't know which health hydro the honeymoon was spent in because frankly the whole affair disgusted me slightly. I hate to see a fellow's nature put upon by a pocket Venus of whatever size. There are other salt-beef bars in Soho, so I went to them.

One lunchtime I was in the vicinity of Lenny's place, so I thought for old time's sake — why not? I looked in. I say look — but it was more like a squint, the place was so packed with fat men all knocking back salt-beef sandwiches by the gross. Surprised, I pushed my way through to the bar.

"Wolfie," greeted Lenny as he handed plates past a buxom pretty brunette who looked after the cash register. "Where you been? The usual? Go on — enjoy yourself. How long have you got to live anyway?"

"You put on weight, Lenny," I said, because there he was back with more or less the same twenty stone he had before the rot set in.

"Listen," he said, "is it a better thing to be a bit on the plump side and contented or to have a figure and cry like Johnnie Ray the whole time?"

"Johnnie Ray?" said the buxom brunette. "I'll say. With that miserable look he couldn't keep the girls away." She punched the cash register steadily as she talked. "But a couple of months' real eating got him back to normal," she continued smugly.

"She took me to every delicatessen in town. And eat — I had to eat my best to keep up with her," added Lenny. "You know my wife Renée of course." He introduced me to the brunette.

"Didn't you used to be blonde?" I asked.

She shook her dark curls. Already she was getting the dew-lapped look of the constant-eater-between-meals. "Blonde is not really suitable for the eating business," she explained. "Lenny, dolly, you want more butter on your bagel?"

"You see," Lenny explained out of the side of his full mouth, "now we are married the weight is no longer embarrassing to her." He patted his enormous stomach. "What do we always say, Renée?"

She stretched out her hand and also patted. "What we always say is," she said, "if you got the right man, how can you have too much?"



Author of ABC for Book-Collectors and Taste and Technique in Book-Collecting, and co-author of the book which uncovered the forgeries of Thomas J. Wise, JOHN CARTER has spent most of his working life expediting the flow of European rarities to the United States. He reports that with the return of prosperity to Europe, connoisseurs there are scouting the American market for works of art as eagerly as Americans the European market. Mr. Carter is associated with Sotheby's, the Bond Street auction house.

THE PENDULUM OF TASTE

by JOHN CARTER

1

THE edition of Baedeker's *Italy* which served admirably to guide my wife's and my own exploratory footsteps on our first visit to Rome, ten years ago, was dated 1909. Artistic comment in Baedeker has always been both sparing and reserved; but while selection more subtly conveys his judgment of what the tourist should admire, such comment as there is represents, one supposes, the orthodox taste of the day. We rapidly learned to make a beeline for any building described as "florid" or "extravagant," "defaced by a pretentious façade of later date," or having "a grotesque spiral tower," or the like, with the reasonable certainty of finding a handsome bit of baroque by Borromini or Maderna or even Bernini. But if the difference in the eye of the beholder between those who were weaned on Ruskin and those who swear by Geoffrey Scott and *The Architecture of Humanism* is by now taken for granted, the pendulum is already beginning to swing back. Leaving aside Le Corbusier and Gropius and other such striplings, I imagine that any undergraduate with intellectual aspirations today thinks it smarter (with Professor Henry-Russell Hitchcock and John Betjeman) to admire St. Pancras than St. Paul's.

The swing of this particular pendulum could be paralleled in most of the other departments of connoisseurship. Caravaggio and Tiepolo, Greco and Goya, now sit on the pedestals reserved by our fathers for staid masters. *Otello* is preferred to *Il Trovatore*. Donne and Hopkins, Leopardi and T. S. Eliot, wear the laurels denied to laureates. Yet when the question is not what a man reads or looks admiringly at, but what he spends money on as a collector, other factors enter in to complicate the parabola: national and regional movements of taste, refinements of technique, modifications in acquisitive policies, and also those economic influ-

ences wielded by the unsentimental hand of the tax collector or the currency controllers. And after all, in the fine arts it is the acquisitions of today which influence the public taste of tomorrow.

It is a curious reflection that whereas French taste is normally of an ironclad insularity — a French bibliophile disdains any but French morocco binding, and *édition originale* does not mean "first edition," but the first authorized edition published in France — yet many of the pioneer appreciators, and buyers, of the Impressionists and Post-Impressionists were not French collectors but Germans and Russians, followed by Americans. Today, and indeed for a decade or two, the average millionaire (to use an old-fashioned word) who buys pictures buys Cézanne and later painters, not "old masters" and English eighteenth-century portraits as his father and grandfather would have.

Prices for these modern masters are no more fantastic, perhaps, than those paid in the artists' lifetime for Leightons, Landseers, and Alma-Tademas, but they are still fantastic. And what is more, they are truly international. Whereas a fine Rembrandt or Gainsborough would fetch more in London today than in New York, and a fine Vermeer more in New York than in Geneva, a fine Renoir would probably sell equally high in Paris, New York, or London — and would very likely fetch up in Brazil anyway.

The influence of the tax collector is unevenly distributed. In France the traditional disinclination to pay taxes at all provides a motive, over and above any distrust of the franc, for putting one's money into objects. In England you can get a waiver of death-duties on certain categories of precious things if the Treasury accepts them as being of national importance (duty is payable retrospectively if they are subsequently sold to anyone not a public institution).

In the United States, the richer you are the more of the appraised cost of giving a First Folio to your alma mater can be written off against your income tax; and this civilized approximation to allowing you to pay your taxes according to your own taste also gives you the feeling that a man can after all serve both God and Mammon. Yet the very wide and annually increasing use of this facility is having a profound effect (possibly not visualized by the Internal Revenue) on the whole texture of American — indeed, of international — connoisseurship. Pictures that go into public galleries, antiques that go into museums, books that go into institutional libraries, with very rare exceptions never come out again; and as one of the most famous of American bibliophiles said half a century ago, "If the great libraries of the past had not been sold, where would I have found my books?" Institutional absorption makes heavy erosions every year into the topsoil from which private collectors draw their sustenance; and among the many fears which beset the world of connoisseurship, the fear that the private collector will be starved out if this goes on is not the idlest.

The fact that American institutional intake probably exceeds that of the rest of the world put together perhaps gives the United States a special responsibility in this respect. But only the chauvinists abroad take a narrow view of the tremendous effort made by Americans during the last hundred years to make up for so many centuries of European head start.

The success of that effort has had two quite separate effects — one in Europe (and Asia and Africa), the other in the United States itself. To take the latter first: thanks to the energy and expenditure of the American successors to those English milords of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries who brought the treasures of the Continent back from their grand tours, the United States has for some time been able to look any other country square in the eye in most fields of connoisseurship, and down its nose in several. Results — a slight relaxation of pressure, and a much sharpened realization of the value, beauty, importance, and interest of domestic products of the past. Connecticut Chippendale is today quite as eagerly sought after as real Chippendale; and for every bibliophile who collects first editions of English poetry there are five addicted to Western Americana, while Edgar Allan Poe is more expensive, page for page, than Dante Alighieri — even if Ryder does not yet come as high as Monet. This powerful movement of taste seems, if a foreigner may say so, wholly admirable and long overdue.

The other effect I mentioned is Europe's attempt to lock the stable door before the last of the horses have got away. Most of the countries of the Continent have for decades placed bans of one kind or another on the export of works of art, et cetera, deemed to be of national importance — a phrase

susceptible of many interpretations by even the best-intentioned and most reasonable judges (who have not always been on the bench). Britain followed suit, with a thoroughly huggermugger procedure from 1940 to 1952, now superseded by a carefully considered and, on the whole, liberal set of regulations, the initial wrinkles in which one hopes will be ironed out in time. No doubt there has been a certain amount of smuggling; there are plenty of ill-substantiated stories of reframed Botticellis being painted over with jolly family groups, and of French dealers getting bits of old carving certified as unexportable treasures in order to double the export price. But despite loopholes and errors of official judgment, the net effect of all this has been to reduce to a trickle the westward passage of fine art objects of really world-shaking importance to the exporting country.

You may want some particular object desperately and have the money to pay for it. But if the owner is in Italy or Spain he may be forbidden to sell, or if he is in Illinois he may see no point in paying capital gains tax on what he can give away at 15 cents on the dollar. If you happened to be an Englishman you would have suffered until quite recently a further and much more serious restriction. You could not pay for a purchase in any department of the fine arts from any foreign country without a license, and no licenses were given for countries (for example, the United States) which were blessed with what British exchange control experts call a hard currency — that is, one which they were short of.

There had, it is true, been earlier relaxations for the purchase of single volumes, sent by post — a concession to dons and engineers needing the tools of their trades, framed by Board of Trade officials blissfully unaware that a romanesque binding bought by a Londoner at the Wilmerding sale in New York in 1951 (a single volume, sent by post) might cost \$16,000. But since December, 1954, Englishmen are free to buy a Leonardo in Lichtenstein or Kansas City, a *Constance Missal* in Zurich or New York, if they can find one — and can pry it loose — and have the purchase price.

2

BUT surely, most people would say, the traffic is all one way — westwards? Surely prices are higher in New York than in London, Paris, or Geneva? What objects of art or *vertu* would a Londoner or a Lyonnais be buying in Boston or Chicago? And they would be wrong.

Fine English portraits, for example — by Reynolds or Romney, Hoppner, Raeburn, or Lawrence — were very fashionable in the United States in the early decades of this century. Soaring prices coaxed hundreds of them off the walls of stately homes and across the Atlantic. But they took a

terrible beating in the post-1929 slump; and even those American collectors who are unfashionable enough to want them today feel safer buying them in London, where American owners who want to dispose of them can get, if not 1920's prices, at least much better prices than they would locally, for they would be selling in a market where such pictures have never gone wholly out of fashion.

Similarly, French furniture, vigorously collected around 1900 by sophisticated Americans, is now superseded in the taste of their successors; yet superior signed pieces are still bringing huge prices from rich Continental connoisseurs. American collectors used to buy a great deal of fine French, Dutch, German, and Scandinavian silver; not so today, nor much English either, except signed pieces by Paul de Lamerie or Hester Bateman. But a new generation of European collectors will give high prices for it in London.

Again, serious collectors of Chinese porcelain in Europe today outnumber their American counterparts by three or four to one — with the obvious effect on prices: witness the success of the sale in London of such collections as that of Arnold Schoenlicht of New York. As for European porcelain, I am told that, since the war, porcelain of certain colors, in particular blue, has for some mysterious reason become almost unsalable in New York, so that fine blue Sèvres or Worcester does much better in London. And tapestry: between 1880 and 1930 many a square mile of it (good, bad, and indifferent) crossed the Atlantic to decorate the mansions of Bellevue Avenue, Oyster Bay, Lake Forest, and The Peninsula. Today's apartments haven't the necessary wall space, whereas the European market has proved in recent years both strong and steady. It is the same story with bracket clocks, sporting prints, and a dozen other more specialized departments of connoisseurship.

The pendulum, in fact, is always swinging, but it does not swing uniformly in all places; and while under normal conditions of free (or comparatively free) international trade the various markets are acutely sensitive to each other, European currency restrictions have for fifteen years kept a barrier offshore — a barrier just as effective but twice as frustrating for being made of glass, so that bargains in New York, due to variations of taste and demand, could until recently be seen in London but could not be snapped up.

This prolonged and cumulative disequilibrium, most unhealthy in an essentially international market, has had its effects in the wholesale area as well as on individuals in Britain. Not only were private collectors prevented from any substantial purchases overseas, but the London auction rooms and the innumerable dealers who depend on them were condemned to living entirely off domestic consignments, with potentially serious damage to the city's traditionally pre-eminent position as an entrepôt of the fine art trades. For while London prices in most categories have maintained a level not only more stable but also actually higher than elsewhere, foreign *owners* were effectively discouraged from taking advantage of these favorable conditions (and the much lower commission charged by the London auction houses) by being unable to have the proceeds of sale remitted in their own currency. To take two examples from the field I know best, the famous Wilmerding library and the French library formed by Cortlandt Bishop — both of an international character temporarily more in demand in Europe than in the U.S.A. — had to be sold in New York, in 1948 and 1950–51 respectively, because the proceeds were required in dollars; yet a preponderant majority of the finest things in both sales were bought by Continental dealers or on Continental commission. Mahomet had to come to the mountain; and while this may be good theology, it is not good business.

Today, however, American owners are no longer penalized by British regulations in this particular respect. Although most of them do not realize it yet, and Europe has been so strictly cocooned in currency restrictions for so long that distrust of punctual dollar remittances is understandably widespread, they can now sell as well as buy in London if they wish. If they want to know *how* European collectors manage quite often to outbid the numerous Americans who habitually place commissions in the London auction rooms, they must ask an economist. If they merely want to know *whether* this is so, they need only look at the records of the past few years.

It would be too much to suggest that the westward course of empire has reversed itself or is ever likely to; but with European connoisseurship in full flood again, a modest reflux is natural as well as healthy. If they ask *why*, the answer is simple: the pendulum of taste is once more swinging freely.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Following his graduation from high school, LOWELL D. BLANTON served four years in the Navy as a radio operator. During World War II he was control tower operator with the Army Air Force, first on American fields and then in the Southwest Pacific. This prepared him for employment with the Civil Aeronautics Administration, and since the war he has worked at control towers in Illinois, North Dakota, Michigan, Texas, Idaho, and Alaska. He also holds a commercial pilot's certificate. With this background, he turns to fiction.

THE LONG NIGHT

by LOWELL D. BLANTON

THE evening watch on May 30 was routine at the beginning. When I took the duty in the airways station at 4 P.M., low stratus clouds had followed a warm front up the Mississippi Valley and were spreading out over the Central States. With the clouds came trouble on the airways as ceiling and visibility lowered steadily in the thick smoke and haze trapped beneath the clouds. The forecaster's prediction that fog would mix with the smoke and haze before midnight was not surprising, for I was well acquainted with the vagaries of springtime in northern Illinois.

The air traffic battle had started earlier in the day and intensified steadily as the weather worsened, and by nightfall the airways were in a state of controlled chaos. Surely, I thought, this is going to be no night for the uncertain — only the professionals will be out tonight. I couldn't have been more wrong.

Came the night and the stillness, as the gray, opaque canopy of clouds and darkness closed in about me. Amid the hiss and hum of the radios, the clatter of teletypes, and the raucous voice of pilots as they radioed their endless reports and requests for help and service, I paused to contemplate this paradox — this stillness. A quiet bedlam.

I thought of the strangers overhead in and above the clouds; wondered if they, too, felt the hush as the long night began; wondered if they, with the throb of engines and harsh rasp of many voices in their ears, could feel the stillness. Strangers. Voices. The strangers and I.

The strangers were many now and increasing with each passing minute. The air was alive with

their chatter, as they were stacked — two miles high — over Chicago, Milwaukee, South Bend. "Million-miler" veterans, checking weather and charts, planning. Sipping coffee as they orbited, weighing the odds through cigarette smoke.

Voices: Weather, please. A lower altitude, please. Sorry, no altitudes available. Request clearance. Request you expedite. Sorry, unable account traffic. It seemed my life had been but a long series of short conversations with people I had never met before and would never meet again.

An hour. Two hours. Many hours passed, and traffic slowed as the more prudent hesitated to involve themselves in the seemingly endless procedure of stacking and unstacking over the big terminals. I watched the second hand of the electric wall clock move steadily past the vertical.

Time: 9 P.M.

I brushed lunch crumbs from the operating desk and crossed the room to pour coffee.

Loud and clear it came then, another voice from out of the night. Loud and clear and urgent. I stopped pouring and went to the microphone.

"Rockford," the voice said, "this is Beechcraft Bonanza N91457. I've been homing on your range and apparently my ADF isn't working right. I think I'm badly lost." Quickly I checked my overflights file and his flight plan wasn't there. Another stranger. I began a routine lost-plane interrogation.

He had departed Indianapolis on a direct flight to Minneapolis, using his Automatic Direction Finder for navigation, changing from one airways range station to another as he progressed. Throughout the flight he had made no attempt to check the

ADF against the range courses, or by visual navigation. He had put blind faith in some electronic tubes, and blindly he had wandered about.

I said, "What was your last known position?"

He hesitated, trying to remember. "I guess the last time I positively knew where I was, was when I departed Indianapolis."

"At what time was that?"

"About five thirty, maybe five forty-five."

"Please verify that time. That would be more than three hours en route. You should be well out of my range."

"Yes, that's correct. I've been lost for over an hour, circling, trying to make the ADF work and looking for Rockford."

Yes, that's correct! He had burned an hour's precious fuel, aimlessly circling, while playing with an instrument he knew nothing about, looking for something that wasn't there!

Before asking, I knew the answer to my next question. "Four five seven, what is your remaining fuel supply?"

"Forty-five minutes. An hour, maybe."

I glanced at the clock. I would give him forty-five and pray for an hour. An hour — maybe; an hour to find him, bring him in, get him on the ground.

I said, "The Rockford weather is solid overcast at six hundred, visibility one mile in smoke and haze. Do you see any towns, rivers, highways that you can identify?"

"No," he said, "I can't see a thing but clouds. I'm on top."

My mouth was suddenly dry. Fumbling for a cigarette, I forced my voice into a calm, almost bored monotone.

"Did you say you were on top?"

"That's right. On top of a solid layer. Have been for a long time."

"At what altitude?"

"I'm at five thousand, indicated; about a thousand above the clouds."

Yes, I had heard him correctly. He was on top of solid clouds and they were about twenty-seven hundred feet thick. They were solid clouds, thick and solid, with no breaks, no holes, no thin spots. I knew that, for I had been checking and broadcasting weather for two hundred miles in all directions for five hours. Yet I had to hear it from him.

I pressed the switch. "Are there any breaks in the overcast?" I asked. "Have you seen any holes, any thin spots in your area at all?"

"No. It's a solid layer."

"Are you an instrument pilot?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean — are you a qualified instrument pilot? Do you have instrument training?"

"No. No, I've never been on instruments in my life. I'm just lost!"

Almost soothingly I said, "How did you get on top?"

That helped some and he said, "It was almost clear when I left Indianapolis. I climbed straight out to five thousand and later, while fooling with the ADF, I found myself on top. It just happened."

"Are you familiar with range orientation?"

"No. I don't know anything about that, either. I'm just a businessman with a new airplane. I know only enough about the radio to tune in the stations. I know I'm lost, though, and need help! These gas tanks aren't getting any fuller."

"I understand," I said.

I understood, but *he* didn't. He understood just one thing: he was lost and wanted help. I could understand that, too. It's hard for a desperate man to think ahead, to figure the angles, to recognize and understand the real problem. To me the problem was clear — so clear and so real that cold chills caressed my spine. And the dampness beginning under my shirt was cold and clammy.

2

IT WOULD have felt good to blame the poor bumbling fool in the Bonanza and scream back at him that nobody forced him to get into an airplane he hardly knew how to fly, and take off on a long night cross-country in weather suitable only for experienced professionals. But there was no time for hindsight. Hardly time for hopes.

For a few seconds I stared at the black microphone. Then I said, "Before I try a fix on you, I want you to realize what the situation is. I'm sure I can find you. I'm reasonably sure I can get you over the airport before you are out of fuel. I am not sure, though, that we can get you on the ground. Do you understand?"

"No," he said, and his voice was getting short and tight again. "No, I don't understand. I'm lost, and I'm about out of gas, and I don't understand why we're wasting time talking about it! You get me over an airport; then we'll worry about getting on the ground!"

"All right," I said, and now it was my turn to let the raw nerves show. "But you'll understand this: it's my job to help find you; it's my job to help you find the airport; and I'll do everything I can to help you get on the ground. I've done a little flying myself, but I'm no instrument pilot. But this I do know: flying that airplane through those clouds will be the hardest thing you've ever done in your life. Do you understand that?"

"Okay! I understand. What are we going to do?"

"We are going to orient you by radio and bring you in over the Rockford airport. I will tell you what must be done, but the decision to do or not to do it is entirely yours. I can't fly your airplane for you."

"I understand."

The time was 9:07 P.M.

With the private-line telephone I set up an alert of all facilities within a hundred miles. The Chicago Control Center agreed to clear all altitudes in the area below six thousand feet.

Taking the portable microphone, I walked to the large wall chart. There I hesitated a moment. The man in the lost Bonanza was an utter stranger to me; yet in the few rushing minutes just past, I knew him. He had recently acquired a Bonanza for business travel, as many companies frequently do. With the airplane, he had received flight instruction, the bare minimum to obtain a private license. In his eagerness to use his new-found skill, he had flown to Indianapolis, a long, hard cross-country under the best of conditions. The decision to make the return trip at night, in poor weather, was the decision of ignorance and inexperience.

Yes, he was a fool and one of many, but there was no pleasure in knowing that he now realized it as I desperately searched for a method of saving his life.

3

AGAIN I pressed the mike button. Knowing the orientation procedure I would use was basic to my job; I could do it in my sleep. But should I do it now? How could that help him? I could find him, bring him home — then what?

Wouldn't it be best to try to get him down beneath the clouds, then orient him? But what about his fuel? Even if I were able, by some miracle, to bring him through the clouds, would there be sufficient fuel to bring him home? Must I even bring him home at all? Why not use the necessary fuel to descend him through the clouds, then use what remained for a controlled forced landing? A forced landing on a highway or an open field, even at night, wasn't necessarily fatal.

The possibility of his finding a break in the clouds while flying the orientation was always present. That would solve the problem. I would hope — and pray very hard! — for that. In the meantime I had to act; I had to make a decision and stick to it. In my mind was the pounding belief that the one important thing was to get that Bonanza nearer to me, to find it, bring it home, bring it close to me so that I could exert some will over it. I knew I would lose everything — the airplane, the pilot, even lose radio contact — if I let him get down in those clouds at low altitude at any distance from me. I wanted him very close when the showdown came.

Speaking slowly and distinctly, I said, "Now, I want you to listen very closely to my range signal. Put everything else out of your mind. Listen, and describe exactly what you hear."

He described the code for a strong N-quadrant signal. Both my N-quadrants were very wide, about 135 degrees each. He could be anywhere.

"Now tune to Madison, Wisconsin, range," I

said, "and again describe the signal." I gave him the proper frequency.

He said Madison was barely readable but described a very weak A-quadrant signal, almost an on-course. Next Peoria. Then Chicago. He came through without a bobble, and I knew now I had him fixed. At least I was quite sure of his direction from me. I lit a cigarette.

Now we were ready for the check procedure.

I said, "I want you to take up a northeast heading now, and turn your volume down as low as you possibly can and still receive my range signal. At the very moment you detect a change in signal strength, either higher or lower, advise me."

"All right, I'll do my best —" With that his voice nearly broke, and it seemed that I knew about how he felt. "My gauges indicate empty tanks," he said. "There's some left I know, but I have no idea how much. Do you know where I am?"

Right then I wanted more than anything else to hang up the mike and turn off the radio. I blinked and forced the tightness from my throat.

"I'm quite sure of your direction from me," I said, "and I believe I know how far within, say, twenty miles. If what you have told me is true, I estimate you have thirty minutes' fuel remaining. I believe your gauges are indicating normally."

He said, "Don't want you to think I'm ungrateful . . . realize you . . . can't afford mistakes . . ." A short burst of electrical interference blocked the radio momentarily. "But I can't last much longer." He came in loud and clear again. "Not trying to hurry you, but the gauges say empty and my son is getting sick!"

For a moment I was completely paralyzed. I wanted to scream at him! You didn't say anything about having your son aboard! Now you say he's getting sick! How old is he? Oh, goddamn you!

I returned to the desk, sat down, and dragged the heavy desk mike to me.

"How many passengers do you have aboard?" I asked.

"Just my son."

"Is the air rough? Is there turbulence? You said your son's getting sick —"

"No, no turb . . . no, the air is smooth. It's not the air . . . the boy's just a young fellow . . . getting scared . . . making him sick."

"You should now be approaching my west course," I said, "close in to the station. Will you please listen carefully and describe any change in your signal."

Silence.

Then, "The signal is much louder now, and I'm getting more of a continuous tone in my headphones, although I can still hear that other signal."

"All right! That's fine! That's good! Now listen carefully: turn your volume down a little more, and when you no longer hear that other signal, and when the continuous tone is loud and clear,

and when you hear nothing but that continuous tone — at that time I want you to turn right to a heading of nine three degrees magnetic. Is that clear?"

"I . . . I think so . . ."

I stormed at him. "Don't you understand? When you hear nothing but a tone, when there's nothing but a loud buzz in your ears, I want you to turn right to ninety-three degrees on your compass! Do you understand me?"

"Yes, I understand. Turn right to ninety . . . to nine three degrees on the compass when I hear a loud tone. Is that —?"

"That is correct!"

Immediately he said, "The tone is strong now. I don't hear the other signal . . . nothing but the tone. Shall I —?"

"Yes! Turn right. Turn to nine three degrees and advise."

"Advise?"

"Advise when on course! When on nine three degrees! Advise!"

"Roger. Advise when on . . . I'm on course now, on ninety three —"

"All right!"

The time was 9:40 P.M.

I hesitated, thinking for a moment; feeling sick and ashamed for allowing myself the luxury of anger and frustration.

Again I glanced at the clock — 9:40:20. I had wasted twenty seconds! But I hadn't, really. He was on schedule, approaching the range now. I was sure of that.

Take a break! Calm down. He'll be here any minute. Getting yourself all worked up won't make that airplane fly any faster.

Calmer now, I took up the mike. "You are approaching the range now," I said, "almost over the station. The range is about two miles from where I'm sitting. The signal you hear will continue to increase in volume until you cross the range. At that time it will fade out quickly — for a moment you may hear nothing. Then it will increase again rapidly. Now, at the very instant your signal fades, I want you to make an immediate left turn to a heading of four five degrees magnetic; take that heading and advise. Understand?"

"I understand."

I was still on the phone, alerting local police and fire departments, when he came back to me. Shouting this time.

"Rockford!" he yelled, almost blocking his transmitter with the volume. "Rockford! I'm over the range and starting a turn. It's just like you said!"

For the moment at least, I was happy with him. "Roger!" I said. "Come left to four five. Straight and level. Hold it until I tell you different. I'll call you back."

I dashed out of the communications room, through the airport office, onto the parking ramp.

Trying to still my pounding heart, I listened to the southwest, toward the range station. It came to me then, clearly — the steady, rising hum of a well-tuned Bonanza. I turned and raced back to the operating desk.

I snapped a glance at the clock — 9:46 P.M.

Please! Please! Please!

Grabbing the mike, I said much too loudly, "Four five seven, you are now over the airport! I hear you clearly. Start a three-sixty turn immediately and orbit in your present area."

"Beginning a three-sixty . . ." A pause. Then, the quiet frenzy of final desperation harsh and rasping in his voice, he said, "For God's sake, tell me what to do! This engine is ready to quit!"

4

THROUGHOUT the whole affair my mind had been fixed on a single thought — a good, steady, full-scale power approach: nose up — a little; flaps down — just enough; power on — exactly right. My mind had kept saying that was the ticket, the only answer. With a good, steady airplane, no turbulence to speak of, well trimmed and hands off, he just might make it — maybe. But at this point I wasn't sure.

Now it came to me that if he could pull his power, slow her down, trim her slow and steady, a touch of flaps — that would be the answer. That might do it. And then he would have gas enough for a pull-up in case he missed his approach or goofed it up in the clouds. Might even get back on top for another try. I mashed the button. "You are now circling the airport," I said. "I can hear you from inside the station. There isn't time to talk this thing out, there just isn't time!"

A sudden thought hit me. Good God! why hadn't I . . .

I said, "Do you happen to have chutes — parachutes — on board?"

"No! No para —"

"All right! We'll have to do it this way. Now . . . listen to what I say. You don't have to talk — just listen! Come around to a due-west heading, due west. As you do, start slowing her down. Slow her down and trim her up for a power approach — a normal power approach. Do you understand? Bring her around, headed west, power on. Slow her down — flaps down to approach position. Trim her up. Make her steady! Advise when you are headed west and slowed down."

I waited. Ten seconds . . . twenty . . . thirty!

Well, goddamn it, man, what are you waiting for? Can't you even fly the —?

The speaker came to life. "Rockford, I . . . I'm on two seventy now . . . slowing down . . . I don't know, I just don't —"

Slowly, very hard and precise, I said, "I know you don't know. All we can do is try."

"I understand! I'm down to eighty now, flaps down and power on."

"Roger! Continue trimming her. Trim her down good. Adjust your power and trim until she's descending at a steady five hundred per minute — five hundred per minute. Trim her good — do you understand? Trim her so good she'll let down at five hundred per minute — hands off. Do you get that — hands off?"

"I understand —"

Too many things kept popping up — things I should have thought of before; things that were no longer important. One thought, though, was paramount: somehow I had to make him realize, had to force him to keep his hands off the controls once he entered those clouds! If only I could be sitting behind him!

I looked at the mike. "Now, four five seven," I said, "you are going to bring her around very slowly and precisely to an east heading. Let her continue descending at five hundred per. Just bring her around slowly to the east, recover, then — take your hands off the controls! When you are eastbound, hands off. She will descend slowly into the clouds. You let her do that. Leave her alone! After you are in the clouds, do not touch her. Do not touch the controls!"

I paused to let that sink in. To think.

Then I said, "In the clouds everything will change for you. You will think the airplane is all wrong, that it is doing everything it should not do. If you leave it alone it will start a slow spiral to the left, but I don't think it will be enough to do any harm until you have broken out. Whatever it does, you will think it's going to the right, or up, or down — even spinning. It won't be doing any of those things unless you make it do them. Don't touch it! . . . Are you eastbound?"

"I'm eastbound, yes —"

"Good! Now — take your hands off those controls!"

My eyes went to the clock. I watched the long, narrow hand tick off each death-slow second. Time. Time. The hand was on its second trip around when it happened.

"Rockford! Rockford!" He was screaming now,

his voice high-pitched, raw with hysteria. "It's turning, Rockford! Turning! Airspeed's high . . . going higher!"

"Get — off — those — controls!" I shouted at him. "Take your hands off that wheel! Get off! Get off! Cut that throttle! Do you hear me? Cut that throttle! Throttle! Throttle!"

Silence.

Then, "I've got the throttle closed . . . she's slowing down fast! I can't see! I can't —"

I broke in hard. "She's going to stall! Stall! Throttle! Give her throttle! Slowly, very slowly, give her throttle! Try to control the airspeed with your throttle! Just the throttle! Keep your hands off — except the throttle! She'll climb out if you keep your hands off her."

Thirty seconds. A minute.

Then it was very quiet. So quiet I could hear him sigh as he said, "I'm back on top now."

I sighed too.

Blankly I stared at the microphone, afraid to think, afraid to say the things I knew I must say. Again I looked at the clock; quickly looked away.

Speaking rapidly but determined to make it as firm and easy as I knew how, I said, "Maybe we have time for one more try. Let's try it with power off this time. You may lose your engine before —"

He broke in then, and for the first time there was no hint of urgency or emotion in his voice. No panic, no fear.

"It's no use," he said. "It's just no use. I can't do it. I was fine until we entered those clouds. I couldn't sit there and do nothing . . . I just couldn't! I know I can't do it again."

If I could only force him to! I said, "Listen, there's time —"

"That's it, Rockford. The engine just quit."

I grabbed the mike close to me. "You can still —"

Again he interrupted. "Forget it! You're wasting your time." A long, painful pause. Then, "I just want to say . . ."

Slowly I stood up and snapped off the receiver.

I stared at the silent speaker, suddenly aware of the stillness in the room. The teleprinters, too, had stopped for a moment and I was alone again.





For ten weeks last year LELAND HAZARD, Vice President and General Counsel of the Pittsburgh Plate Glass Company, traveled in Formosa, the Philippines, Australia, and Malaya under the State Department's International Educational Exchange Service. His assignment came as a result of his activity in the redevelopment of the heart of Pittsburgh. He traveled 40,000 miles and spoke to groups large and small about labor relations, industrial management, educational television, and civic betterment. Here is his report.

PERSON-TO-PERSON

Ambassadors for the USIS

by LELAND HAZARD

1

THE United States government has been spending about \$20 million a year for the lend-leasing and reverse lend-leasing of people. In the fiscal year 1954 almost six thousand persons were involved — students, teachers, lecturers, research scholars, foreign leaders, and specialists. Nearly four thousand people from other countries were guests of the United States. They came to study, teach, do research, gain practical experience, and observe American life in cities and towns in all of our forty-eight states. Americans in about half that number were sent abroad. The purpose of this program, authorized by Congress principally in the Smith-Mundt and Fulbright Acts, is to put America's best foot forward. With what success, we do not yet know.

Russia is trying a similar program. Our government estimates that in the year 1953 exchange visitors to the U.S.S.R. numbered ten thousand, and this seems to be part of a massive Russian effort for the capture of men's minds. Perhaps both the American and Russian governments believe there is truth in the saying attributed to the late Will Rogers: "I never disliked a man after I met him."

My own project involved more than 40,000 miles of overseas and internal air travel and forty principal speaking engagements, all on a rather tight schedule. These exchanges of people are not striped-pants diplomacy. One simply says what he knows about his subject and answers questions. In the hot, moist air of the Philippines and Malaya I often went without coat or tie, and in the Philippines I adopted for social occasions the Filipino barong Tagalog — a shirt of sheer material, ramie or piña cloth, worn outside the trousers with the collar open for "black tie" and buttoned for "tails." The shirt has white or gray embroidery on the

front and sleeves, and the undershirt must have quarter sleeves. Of course I am indebted to my wife for insisting that I replace the American jacket with this sensible Filipino garment, popularized by President Magsaysay. She liked the embroidery, and the Filipino men liked me for wearing it.

An exchanged person does not know in advance what his schedule will be. When he arrives, the United States Information Service informs him, and sometimes the information is a bit sketchy. My first appointment in Manila was listed as a luncheon with "some labor leaders." On arrival I found the Joint Committee of the Philippine Congress, the Department of Labor, and the Industrial Court all assembled, with the Secretary of Labor presiding — about a hundred people.

There is a good deal of residual paternalism in Filipino labor relations; and when I spoke of the importance of strong unions, saying that weak unions are often irresponsible, the discussion period waxed lively. The Secretary of Labor was delighted and his ideological foes were somewhat confounded, but I was doing no more than describing the philosophy which had worked for me in America.

Asians are full of secret admiration for American "success," as they call it. But they don't like to be told about it in a didactic fashion. Who does? Yet they baited me. "What advice have you for us, Mr. Hazard?" the news reporters or questioners in public meetings would ask, referring to this or that problem. "None," I would say. "I have come here to talk about some of our problems in America and how we try to solve them. Your problems are probably different and I hope to learn about some of them."

Often I would be invited to informal discussions

with management or labor groups. At one plant near Cebu in the Philippines, top management was installing an executive job evaluation plan, and things were hot with the heat which always attends a rearrangement and redefinition of executive functions. My cue in this meeting of some forty supervisors was to listen while they worked off their aggressions.

The meetings are arranged in various ways. In Formosa the Association for the United Nations and the Rotary Clubs provided several of my meetings; in the Philippines the Jaycees provided the schedule; in Australia, the Australian Management Society; in Malaya my hosts were often the managements of the rubber and tin operations. But back of every arrangement was the United States Information Service, the USIS.

I found the people in this service, which operates under State Department foreign policy directives, almost always alert, hard-working, and competent. I did not find them living plush lives. Quite the reverse: their offices are usually in rented buildings of local design and construction; their transportation is a jeep wagon or some other wagon. It is no exaggeration to say that those who man the USIS are as dedicated in their way as were our early missionaries. Many of them have learned or are learning the language of the country where they are stationed — no small achievement. In the Philippines, for example, the indigenous language is broken into many tongues. Our foreign service officers and representatives are engaged in labors which no cruise-ship passenger would ever suspect, however much he girdled the globe. They know that there is no substitute for mutually respectful human relations rapport.

2

PEOPLE say at home, "What do they think about Communism in Malaya or Singapore or Bangkok — out there?" The plain answer is that millions of Asians at best are neutral. At home in our comfortable, prosperous U.S.A., Communism is an unclean thing — a leprosy which in our opinion threatens the globe. This is not the attitude of Southeast Asia. One has to be there to get the feel of it.

Imagine yourself in Southeast Asia. You are a little farmer on the edge of the jungle in Malaya; or perhaps a Chinese shopkeeper in Singapore, your shop front open to the hot, humid street, your little stock of roots or herbs or fruit or tins exposed to the dust or quickly covered with tattered canvas for protection from the sudden rains. Your cooking, eating, and sleeping are done there — no drive to a cool suburb at the end of the day's work. There are millions like you. America tells you about democracy and freedom and about the evils of Communism. You listen. It sounds all right, but

you've got a wife and kids and your little business or your little farm.

You're not accustomed to voting. Nothing in your experience is so clean-cut as the difference between a Republican and a Democrat in America. You've heard more bullets than you've seen ballots in your lifetime. What you want to know is who is going to write the rules under which you have to carry on your struggle for survival next month or next year.

Continue the fantasy. You are a Chinese youth. You live in Malaya or Singapore, but you came there, or your father and mother came there — as our colonists came to America — for better opportunities or for a new life. Therefore you are of vigorous and aggressive stock. You have kept your loyalty to the homeland and to the Chinese culture. There are sixteen million like you — "Overseas Chinese" — and you are influential in the Far East.

Your homeland was invaded by the Japanese; its principal cities were occupied. Then your homeland suffered under Chiang Kai-shek — inflation and corruption on top of droughts and famine. Death has been close to you, or close to someone who belongs to you, always.

Then the Communists took your homeland and suddenly the whole world paid attention to China. Congressmen and Senators in the United States debated over whose fault it was. Britain recognized your homeland. The United States did not. Your land became the subject of discussion, motions, and parliamentary procedures in the United Nations. Your homeland went to war with the United States and the United Nations in Korea, and Chinese troops fought the great powers to a standstill in Korea. (Make no mistake about it — we suffered loss of prestige in the outcome of the Korean episode.) You begin to conclude that your ancient China is at long last a great power and it all seems to have happened under the Communists.

The Communists ask you to come from Malaya, Singapore, Indonesia, or Thailand — they offer free education. You have no way of knowing how good the promises are. You want to escape from the endless round of work, from the seeming vicious circle of your life. You identify yourself in your dreams with the power your homeland seems to have attained under the Communists — and you go.

In Singapore I read an account of a Chinese father literally snatching his daughter from the gangplank of a ship bound for Red China. In Kuala Lumpur, as my wife and I sat on the wide veranda in the tropical night, the British Adviser told us of eleven Chinese boys and girls who had left the city that day for Red China. In Taipei, the capital of Free China on Formosa, officials estimated that ten thousand Overseas Chinese youths had voluntarily entered Red China in the preceding year.

But Dorothy Whipple, the USIS Cultural Affairs

Officer on Formosa, told me that Free China makes great efforts to dissuade its people from entering Red China for education, and, she believes, with some success. She said that the number of Overseas Chinese coming to Formosa for education is increasing. Although the Communists capitalize on the hunger and the yearning of many in the Far East, some of Asia is not in distress and has an objective interest in American ways. Formosa, for example, is not hungry and certainly is politically friendly to the United States.

The capital, Taipei, now also the capital of Free China, lies in the north. In the south is Kaohsiung, an important port and industrial city. There I was taken by the director of USIS to speak at a Rotary luncheon. My audience, although it filled the seats provided, was a scant twenty-five. After a night on the train the rather bleak room, the tiny group, the strange faces, the sense of unfamiliarity, left me most uncertain. Should I stick to my subject, the story of Pittsburgh's redevelopment — we had torn down many buildings better than any I had seen in Kaohsiung — or should I improvise some innocuous pleasantries?

Fortune guided me. I told the story much as I had told it in Detroit, St. Louis, or Boston, and left without the ringing applause so dear to a speaker's heart. Within the year the USIS had its reward and I my lesson. Harold McConeghey, the devoted, Chinese-speaking USIS director at Kaohsiung, wrote me that the "city officials of Kaohsiung, the directors of the industrial water system, and the Chinese Navy have created an area-wide water authority . . . to rationalize and greatly improve water service to the Navy, the industries, and the city of Kaohsiung." He added, "It was the continuing interest in the idea of an 'authority' which you introduced when you spoke before the Rotary Club of Kaohsiung that led to this development." I shudder to remember how close I came to talking down to that little audience.

3

THE program of the United States Information Service, although standard in some respects — a library, documentary films, a place for meetings and discussions — necessarily varies from place to place. It counts for its success not only upon the formal meetings but also upon the informal exchanges and the continuing relationships. In Kuala Lumpur my wife and I were invited to a meeting of the Arts Council. I was asked to speak on how money is raised for the arts in the United States. After explaining how we divide up the cards and beg money from each other for the arts, I closed by saying that the arts will always be relatively poor as they were in Samuel Johnson's time and as they are now, no less in the United States than elsewhere. Then I took out two memberships

in the Arts Council and made a contribution to the Piano Fund.

From Kuala Lumpur a British business manager still writes me news of his project to launch cocoa production on a commercial scale in some part of the four fifths of Malaya which is still jungle. I did not succeed in securing a subscription to the capital required for this venture, but on last report my friend had raised all the money in England. The payrolls created by this private enterprise project in Malaya will be worth a great many speeches on democracy and freedom.

In Australia the hotels are not good. There is scarcely a hotel in which the service is equal to that of a second- or third-rate hotel in the United States or in Europe. I always frankly mentioned this fact in small groups of businessmen with whom I was invited to discuss management problems. Some months after my return I had a cablegram asking that I arrange appointments for an Australian builder with American hotel architects and managements. When the representative of the contracting firm arrived, I found that he had not known that we have in the United States a famous school which devotes itself exclusively to the techniques of hotel management.

As part of the USIS program, we maintain on the coast of the Philippines looking toward Asia the most powerful radio station in the world, from which we broadcast daily in English, Amoy, Mandarin, Cantonese, Thai, Vietnamese, and Burmese; a short-wave transmitter carries the same languages and, in addition, Russian, Indonesian, Korean, and Japanese. We hope that the words fall on receptive ears. We do not know.

Some say we should fight Communism with capital investments and technology and engineering, with hydroelectric projects and electrification of the villages, and so we aid a little in that. Some say we should do it with labor relations, and so our embassies have labor attachés, and in some places there are projects to teach American concepts of labor-management relations. Some say we should do it with health services, as many frustrated missionaries concluded many years ago. (Often the only hospital, or the best hospital, is of missionary origin.) Some say we must talk more about freedom and not so much about democracy. Some say that we should build roads, so that the Filipinos or the Malays can trade internally with each other; others, that we should frame our foreign trade policies to buy more of their products and thus relieve the ever-present dollar shortages of our allies. Many panaceas are proposed, but the plain truth is that we have no sure conviction of what to carry abroad. While we are coming to that assurance, a little good-natured visiting by ordinary Americans, modest and earnest about what they know and eager to learn from the black and the brown, will do some good. "I never disliked a man after I met him."



A State-of-Mainer, MARY ELLEN CHASE began her teaching of English at Smith College with the resolve that someday she would write stories about her beloved state. The Atlantic published the first of them; then came her novel Mary Peters, which earned her a national reputation. The link that bound Northampton to her home in the Maine uplands was the old Boston and Maine Railroad, a road whose special brand of courtesy she never forgot.

COURTESY ON WHEELS

by MARY ELLEN CHASE

I CAN'T see that the companionable atmosphere of the Boston and Maine Railroad has changed much over the forty years I have known it, in spite of its diesel engines and its occasional new steel coaches with adjustable seats. Only last winter, traveling from Northampton to Boston for sixteen consecutive weeks, I was again made aware of its personal concern for its passengers. The ticket office in Northampton being closed one Sunday morning, I was obliged to buy my ticket on the train. The conductor, due to leave the train at Greenfield, routed me to Bellows Falls instead of to Boston, perhaps cherishing a subconscious longing for Vermont. But when I anxiously presented my invalid transportation slip to the conductor on the Greenfield-Boston run, he was not in the least disturbed. "I'll just write a note on the back to the fellow who relieves me at Fitchburg," he said. "It won't make a bit of difference, so rest quiet in your mind." And one morning last February, when travel was light between Boston and Greenfield, the conductor and trainman together skillfully repaired the handle of my suitcase, which had completely given way. They both proudly pronounced it a good job when they tenderly helped me off at Greenfield. It still works admirably.

I often, at odd moments, review the pleasant experiences, persons, and thoughts which the Boston and Maine has afforded me. Once some twenty years ago on the Boston run, we halted in the middle of a daisy field in the vicinity of South Deerfield. There being no station visible, I mildly wondered at our reason for stopping until I saw a young woman running toward the train from a nearby farmhouse and much encumbered by bags and parcels. These she hurriedly gave over to the good-natured conductor while she said with winning confidence: "Now I'll just get the baby. I won't be a moment."

During the years when I was a graduate student at a Middle Western university, I always contrived on my annual journeys homeward to Maine, my native state, to take the Boston and Maine train which left Boston for Portland daily at 5 P.M. I did this solely because I could not bear to miss an old Negro porter who manned the one parlor car on the run. Like all graduate students I was always in financial as well as intellectual straits, and I could not afford the parlor car beyond Portland. Once there, I moved to the day coach of the Maine Central, which at Portland takes over from the Boston and Maine and wanders on toward Bangor and points down East.

This old porter, who was worth any monetary sacrifice, was for many years during the first decades of the present century in charge of the parlor car. He was very black with a gentle, thoughtful face beneath snow-white hair. Just before we reached Portland, he performed his daily act, inimitable and unchanged. First, he walked to the front of his car, where he stood for a few moments facing us all. Then, very slowly, with his arms outstretched, he paced its length, reciting lines, clearly of his own composition, with infinite grace and charm: —

"Ladies and gentlemen, take care!
Have you left
Your shoes, overshoes, or rubbers,
Your books, newspapers, or magazines,
Your umbrellas or your parasols,
Your eatables or your drinkables,
Or any other ac'-cessories whatsoever?"

Time and change have, in fact, made relatively few inroads upon the Boston and Maine, at least in terms of its own distinctive personality. I am always comfortably certain even today that I shall not only be thoughtfully cared for, but that among my fellow passengers I shall meet someone

worthy of note or even of grateful memory. Two summers ago this faith was immeasurably strengthened by a somewhat odd conversation which I enjoyed with a man who boarded the train at a New Hampshire town, en route for Waterville, Maine.

The day coaches now on this Boston and Maine-Maine Central run are quite sumptuous affairs, each possessing a smoking compartment at the rear end. I was having a cigarette as the sole occupant of this compartment when I was joined by a middle-aged, unshaven, and distinctly untidy individual in blue denim overalls, who was clearly suffering from an advanced case of asthma. He had no discernible luggage except for a dirty canvas bag, which was obviously filled with books and which he deposited carefully on the floor beside him. His coughing, wheezing, and strangling were so alarming that I inquired compassionately about his condition. He was only too glad of sympathy.

"The only thing to do with a case like mine," he said, "is just a bullet in my head."

I demurred politely over such summary treatment.

"Incurable," he continued between wheezes. "Not a chance. Fact is, I'm just out of a hospital. I owe those nuns there twenty-one dollars for three days of nothin'. They'll get their money someday, for I'm an honest man, but not now. The choice was between them and Gibbon's *Decline and Fall*, and I chose Gibbon. He's there in that bag. I spied him in a junk shop on my way to the hospital. All the time I was there I was itchin' for him, so I picked him up on my way to the train. You a reading person yourself?"

I admitted my own enthusiasm for Gibbon, noting with relief that his wheezing now seemed distinctly on the mend.

"Some folks lean to Macaulay," he said. "I've read both, but Gibbon's got more scope to my mind. I'm a locomotive engineer by trade, but a book collector on the side. 'There is no frigate like a book to take us lands away,' as the poet says. Or 'Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold.' Take your pick. Which is *your* favorite?"

I was saved from this somehow embarrassing choice by the entrance of the conductor, who glanced at the book collector's dog-eared railway pass and then commented on his asthma.

"Seem less wheezy today, Bill," he said. "Hear you been in hospital?"

"Nothin' doin' there," Bill said. "Cash thrown away. My medicine's in that bag. Books."

"Not in my line," the conductor said and went on toward another car.

"I surmise you're a teacher," Bill said after some moments of silence during which his asthma was steadily disappearing. "That right?"

"That's right," I said.

"Well, the difference between us is that you

live with books and I catch 'em as catch can; but there's worse fates than mine. I'm known on this railroad as a readin' man and as a prime cook. You cook yourself, maybe?"

I said cooking happened to be a passion of mine.

"Good," Bill said. "There's always a bond between them that cook right, as there is between them that read books. Now just how do you dish up a rabbit?"

This unexpected question had the sinister effect of throwing me into a minor panic, for I am one of those who would not eat rabbit except in the extremities of starvation. To cook one would be unthinkable. My reply, therefore, was hesitant.

"Simmer, I suppose, slowly — with dumplings at the end," I ventured.

The scorn which greeted my words was withering.

"Nothin' could be worse," he said. "I say nothin', and I mean nothin'. Precisely nothin' comes from a stewed rabbit. There's just one way to cook a rabbit. Learn it, and you've got a dish fit for any Nero.

"Get your beans on hand on Friday night. Parboil 'em. Get your pinch of mustard, salt, and a cup of thick New Orleans molasses ready. Half a small onion grated don't hurt a mite. Before you put your beans in the pot — and I mean a good old brown piece of crockery, mind you — cram your well-dressed rabbit down in the bottom. Then cover him with your beans and fixin's and the least dight of water, and chuck him in the oven.

"Unless you can't help yourself, don't go in for gas or electrics. They kill flavor. There's nothin' like an iron cookstove and a slow wood fire. Pack her full of hard stuff, beech and maple. Get her going brisk, close her up tight, and go to bed. In the mornin' there'll be a smell in that kitchen to set your nose twitchin'. Bake him good and slow all day Saturday. At suppertime ladle out your beans for Sunday. They'll keep. What you want is that rabbit. If you've got a friend you want to show off to, ask him in. As for me, I generally read over my rabbit."

By the time he had finished his recipe, his asthma had vanished. I left him to his Gibbon and scored up yet another debt to the Boston and Maine.

I'm regretfully certain that it doesn't now stop at farmhouses and wait for babies and that its old porter has long since gone, though never into oblivion for those who heard his work of art. I hope that Bill cooks his rabbit on his weekends off from his engine and enjoys his Gibbon whether or not he has ever paid the nuns. But that genial good manners still distinguish the ways of my favorite railroad I realized only a few days ago, again on the Boston and Portland run. For when the conductor entered our day coach to collect our fares, he removed his blue cap with a flourish and said: "Good afternoon, folks. A pleasant journey! May I see your tickets, please?"



"An age cannot respond deeply to a poet," writes ALFRED HARBAGE, "un-

less it responds to what that poet stands for. He cannot flourish upon aesthetic and intellectual appeal alone."
Professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania and at Columbia, now teaching at Harvard, Dr. Harbage is troubled about the failure of our generation and of Americans especially to rediscover Shakespeare. Shakespeare does well among the Zulus, the Russians, the Czechoslovakians, the Uzbeks, but only a handful of Americans sit through a Shakespearean performance with true relish.

THE SHAKESPEARE BOOM?

by ALFRED HARBAGE

1

WE HAVE been hearing lately of a Shakespeare boom, and it is natural to wonder why. True the plays are being translated into Zulu and making a hit among the kraals. They are doing well in Turkestan, as newly rendered into Uzbek. *Othello* has appeared in forty-seven Russian theaters in the past two years, and five Shakespearean comedies have run simultaneously in the theaters of Prague. But in these same years there have been no productions on Broadway. What boom? Where?

We have "off-Broadway Shakespeare" — marked, like the vanguard quarterlies, with a very large spirit of experiment but a very small clientele. We hear of plans to film all thirty-seven plays in color, but the films already made are not risked in the "neighborhood" theaters. Radio and television are such voracious consumers of material that the wonder is not that they turn to Shakespeare, but that they do so so infrequently and with such an air of reckless temerity.

Our summer festivals are splendid, an honor to their sponsors and the brave pilgrims who seek them out, but it must be remembered that they have come into existence as a result of the almost total disappearance of Shakespeare from the regular stage, and their audience is microscopic. In 1955 the combined admissions at Stratford, Canada, Stratford, Connecticut, Ashland, Oregon, San Diego, California, Yellow Springs, Ohio, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, were 286,000. More admissions are necessary to make a single Broadway musical an authentic hit, or a single low-budget movie a merely minor failure; yet, to woo even this many, twenty-two Shakespearean plays were offered to the nation.

Perhaps the sensation of a boom is conveyed by the frequency with which we hear Shakespeare's name, usually in connection with efforts to prove it fraudulent by X-raying spurious portraits or open-

ing irrelevant tombs. This, alas, is no sign of vitality. Since quackery feeds upon ignorance and apathy, it is rather a sign of recession.

This is the topic I wish to discuss — the symptomatic character of the "authorship controversy," and the standing of Shakespeare in the first half of the twentieth century as compared with his standing in the first half of the nineteenth century.

In the stacks of any large university library will be found a whole section devoted to books and periodicals proving that Shakespeare was Bacon, Raleigh, Dyer, Rutland, Derby, Oxford, and so on endlessly. In the line of duty I have read more of this material than I like to recall, and I have noticed an interesting thing about it. The writers never say anything witty or wise about the plays themselves, whoever the supposed author. They often link together the commoner words of encomia, but they never achieve criticism, and it soon becomes evident that to their peculiar insight the plays are transparent as cryptograms or allegories but impenetrable as works of art.

Perhaps this is to be expected. These writers have never been persons of literary or scholarly attainment, but eccentrics of the most familiar type — pathetic victims of the *idée fixe*, or wealthy old gentlemen safely indulging a latent hunger to be "radical" about something. Only a few have had a lust for the limelight. More typical is the mild recluse, tirelessly assembling misinformation in a spirit of happy confusion. Their "block" (in respect to the plays as art) is significant only as it is reflected among their converts.

The most famous convert of the Baconian stage of the "controversy" was Mark Twain. He is often quoted as saying that the plays were not written by William Shakespeare but by another author of the same name, but he was actually a fanatic Baconian who in his later years became livid if Shakespeare was even mentioned. The germ of this obsession,

one may guess from the parodic Shakespeare allusions in his works, was Mark Twain's suspicion that the plays themselves were fake — like King Arthur's court and the bulk of English culture and tradition.

One may put it this way: To claim the plays for another is often a childlike act of appropriation, almost like claiming them as one's own; but to accept such a claim is often a childish act of hostility, resulting from their proving beyond the range of one's understanding or sympathy. The most notable exception to this rule is presented by Sigmund Freud, who discussed several of the plays with appreciation and acumen, yet plumped for Oxford as the author before he died. I have no explanation unless it be the "credulity" which his biographer Ernest Jones lists as one of the three marks of his genius.

The discoverers of the "real Shakespeare" and their professed converts are few in comparison with the throngs of the uncommitted — the *neutralists* — and it is the mental processes of these that offer the most depressing food for thought. I rarely attend a social function without being asked to explain, in a few well-chosen words, who really did write the plays, with Shakespeare himself admitted as a possibility. The questioner is never a reader of the plays, yet is always elated by his question — as indicative of his concern for the higher things of life. It was once said, of the students studying Greek in an English public school, that they did not learn Greek but acquired a firm conviction that there was such a language. An equal accomplishment cannot be claimed for the millions of Americans who have "studied" Shakespeare in school and college. Little seems to have remained with most of them except his name. This exercises a fascination that is clearly recognized in journalistic circles.

The most recent of the anti-Shakespearean theories won notice in magazines as various as *Coronet* and *Columbia*, *Esquire* and the *Saturday Evening Post*. Its progress was reported in small local newspapers and in *Life* and *Time*. The exemplary *New York Times* deemed it news that was fit to print on no less than twelve occasions, once on the front page. I myself was nearly catapulted into fame when I violated a principle by writing a comment on the theory. In the following months I was asked to expand my remarks in a book (once), in magazine articles (twice), on television (twice), on radio (four times), and in lectures (nine times). In declining these golden offers, I several times suggested, experimentally, that I might supply a few remarks on the plays as literature. The proposal was met with the chill reception which its irrelevance deserved.

The general indifference to the writings of Shakespeare is often blamed, when admitted, upon the high school teachers — as if these writings were a dose that should be more skillfully administered. Actually there would be even fewer lovers of Shake-

speare were he not required reading in the schools. To be loved a person must at least be met. There are, of course, true lovers of Shakespeare in America — an intransigent corps distinguished by lack of interest in the "authorship" controversy. For the habitual reader of his plays, Shakespeare is a reality, and the relevant facts have been remembered or learned.

But the well-informed seem to be an ineffectual minority. Many Americans can name the inspired amateur responsible for whatever new authorship theory is current, but few can name the greatest Shakespearean scholar of the twentieth century. This was Edmund K. Chambers. Since professors are accused of having a proprietary attitude toward the bard, a "vested interest," I am glad to report that Chambers never held an academic post. He was a British civil servant who spent the spare hours of a long lifetime in analyzing and ordering the complex record of the Medieval and Renaissance stage, and of Shakespeare and his contemporaries. His paleological, linguistic, and critical equipment, as well as his unswerving intellectual honesty, was superb. When he died in January, 1954, he left behind a whole shelf of matchless reference works, but about *this* amateur not one of the journals I have mentioned published even an obituary note.

2

SO MUCH for this melancholy business — I turn now to what it means. Shakespeare is a reality to only a small fraction of even the most literate sector of the American public for one very simple reason: a poet is a reality to a people only when he is clearing its vision, moving its heart, and shaping its dreams. Shakespeare was this kind of reality to both England and America in the early and middle nineteenth century. It is impossible to imagine what Scott, Coleridge, and Keats would have been without him. Their language reveals complete absorption of his idiom, their thought full acceptance of his values, and their fictions constant reflection of his images. They are the kind of storyteller, sage, and singer naturally produced in an age of Shakespearean devotion, and what is true of them is true of many of their English contemporaries.

Shakespeare was equally meaningful to America. That the Bible and Shakespeare reached the frontier along with the rifle and the ax is more than a pious fancy. His plays were the staple of our eastern theaters and were played more often than any others on the stagecoach circuits of the Rockies. A writer belongs to a people only if his works are known to a people, not to their leaders alone. On the Jersey cape where I spend my summers, old diaries record the activities of Shakespeare reading clubs in what was then an isolated community of farmers and fishermen. In claiming its cultural heritage, it was only being typical.

Often the minor writers of a period supply the easiest clue to its literary loyalties because in them "influences" are less disguised. Turn, for instance, to one of the popular tales of the eighteen-forties, W. Gilmore Simms' "Those Old Lunes, or Which was the Madman?" It is about comical high jinks on the Mississippi border, such as might be treated now as a pulp "Western," but its title is followed by a quotation from *Hamlet*, and its first two sentences lift two phrases from the play. When the narrator describes his twin sweethearts, "one or other of whom still usurped the place of a bright particular star in my most capacious fancy," the style almost becomes blank verse. And observe: "still usurped" is *Shakespearean* for "always occupied," "bright particular star" comes directly from *All's Well That Ends Well*, and "most capacious fancy" is the distillation of a speech upon the imagination of lovers spoken by the Duke in *Twelfth Night*. There is so much Shakespeare that there is little Simms, yet nothing resembling plagiarism. The writer is simply using the language that he and his readers loved.

But, one may say, this absorption of the Shakespearean idiom is impossible among modern American writers because they no longer write like Simms — thank God! True enough; they no longer write like Simms, or like Keats either. The way they write may be better, but the point is that it is different, and different in a symptomatic way. To readers who have come to regard the style of Hemingway as the norm of emotional discourse, the rhythmic trope must seem unfunctional, and Shakespeare as well as Simms must seem distressingly "flowery."

We may agree that the old style was not only different from ours but often bad — especially among the nineteenth-century dramatists, who truly kept "Shakespearing too long" — and yet concede that it reflected love. The question is whether any age, specifically our own, can love what it disdains to imitate, either well or badly, and whether radically new ways of writing do not signal radically new ways of feeling.

On my desk is a publisher's prospectus of a college anthology designed for courses in English literature. Instead of short selections by many authors, it offers long selections by a few of the "most representative." The twentieth century is represented only by Shaw, Joyce, and Eliot. While I am dissatisfied with this choice, I am unable to suggest any "more representative." The three authors represent, if not the best literature of the twentieth century, at least its best efforts to liquidate the literature of the nineteenth century — and, incidentally, the hold of Shakespeare.

There are Shakespearean reminiscences in all three, but not in the assimilated form of those in Scott, Coleridge, Keats, and their American contemporaries. They are now self-conscious and usu-

ally parodic. It has been found that Joyce knew little of Shakespeare at first hand, although he knew the commentary of Lee, Brandes, and Harris, who were scarcely the ideal guides. Shaw knew Shakespeare well, as, of course, does Eliot. Eliot admires Shakespeare but does not seem to like him very much. Joyce's capacity for admiration and liking was fully exercised by the works of Joyce. Shaw liked Shakespeare, after his fashion, but was vociferous in his lack of admiration. Now it is commonly recognized that Shaw's forte was less originality than impudence. He was a sturdy pioneer of well-blazed trails, with a genius for saying strikingly what others were secretly prepared to think.

I come now to the heart of the matter. An age cannot respond deeply to a poet, masterful though he be, unless it responds to what that poet stands for. He cannot flourish upon aesthetic and intellectual appeal alone. Readers may be able to understand his works and even appreciate them, yet still be unable to experience them. They can be experienced only if their ethical and emotional postulates are in large measure accepted. Indeed, mere acceptance is not enough; these postulates must be greeted with relish. The poet's prestige is one thing, his true currency another, and the latter depends upon what may be called *the currency of answering sentiments*.

As a simple example, the lovely lines of Sonnet CXVI,

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come,

can be *understood* by any educated reader, and *appreciated* by any student of metrics and imagery, but they are most likely to be *experienced* by a generation that can sing, without embarrassment,

But my darling you will be, will be
Ever young and fair to me.

Call the song a weed and the sonnet a flower, still both flourish in the same soil and both will die in a soil that nourishes only cacti.

3

WHEN I mentioned a moment ago the Shakespearean images in nineteenth-century literature, I was not referring to imagery but to themes, situations, and characters. One finds, for instance, the "Cordelia image" — in Jeannie Deans, Little Nell, and a host of similar characters. One fails to find this image in contemporary literature, and the reason is obvious. What old Lear demands of his daughter is nothing to what Shakespeare demands of that daughter. Lear wants her to say she loves him; Shakespeare wants her *really* to love him — deeply, selflessly, compassionately. Such filial love is out of fashion, indeed is viewed as none too wholesome. Audiences cannot experience a play if

they must *try* to sympathize with its heroine, try *not* to sympathize with her sisters — when everyone knows that an old man in the house is a nuisance, a demanding old man a pernicious nuisance.

The heirs of a poet's sentiments, in any particular generation, are not necessarily the heirs of his blood and language. *King Lear* in Yiddish seems comical only to those who have not attended a performance. In this immigrant milieu where patriarchal traditions are remembered, and where family love and loyalty have held a hostile world at bay, the play regains its life. Real tears make it really beautiful. In contrast I recall a young lady whose ancestors "came out" to these colonies almost in Shakespeare's own time, and who told me she could not report on the play because she found it primitive and disgusting. She was damask-cheeked and golden — indeed might have been well cast as Cordelia — but she spoke of the play with a hatred that left me really scared.

Works of art can be appreciated in parts, but cannot be experienced and loved in parts. Modern critics tend to speak of "levels of meaning" in Shakespeare — one message for the simple-minded conveyed by plot and characters, another for the intelligent conveyed by the imagistic underscoring. This criticism seems sometimes intent upon reshaping the plays to modern taste, and reminds one of post-primitive exegetics struggling with the Christian texts about rich men entering heaven. Any deduction that Shakespeare may seem to make from his central theme is seized upon as eagerly as "Render unto Caesar. . . ." But this won't quite do. The central theme counts, not only the subtle deductions; and the plot and characters, not only the verbal technique. To love a literary artist, an age must love those elements in his work that can survive the hazards of translation.

A few years ago I attended the Birthday festivities in Stratford-upon-Avon. Several hundred foreign nations were represented in the diplomatic corps that pays yearly tribute at Shakespeare's grave in Holy Trinity Church. Ambassador Malik, in proffering his huge wreath, proudly informed the Lady Mayor that one million copies of Shakespeare's works had sold in his nation the preceding year. This may have been a round Soviet number; still, the current devotion to Shakespeare among Russian readers and playgoers is a proved and amazing fact. Perhaps it is explained by what several of our correspondents have called the "Victorian" quality of the artistic sensibility among the Russian rank and file; perhaps these are naïve enough to take Shakespeare upon "a primary level."

I mentioned earlier the Shakespeare boom in Prague. It is thus explained by Otakar Vočadlo: "He is on the side of moral laws. . . . These plays teach us to accept without despair and rebellion the temporary triumph of evil. They strengthen our faith in the ultimate victory of eternal values."

The words echo strangely the praises of Shakespeare by the great liberal of nineteenth-century Italy, Giuseppe Mazzini — "be my tomb thy stepping-stone." I mentioned also the boom in Zululand. It is explained thus by a South African correspondent: "The plays were performed by a specially trained cast of over thirty players, including teachers, students, clerks and social workers; and they claim that the folklore of their people abounds in the moral virtues of courage and loyalty, and some of the evils that are depicted in Shakespeare's plays." These are quaint ways of looking at art, but they are auspicious ways. Shakespeare should continue to do well among the Zulus — an honest, generous, and noble race.

4

BUT what of our own society and this matter of moral *laws*? What if Shakespeare's virtues are not our virtues, his evils not our evils, except in some transvaluated and abstract sense? The trouble is that dramatic poetry is not abstract. In Shakespeare, men sometimes express the wish to die when their liege lords, friends, or masters die, as in the case of Falconbridge, Horatio, Kent, and Eros. What are our audiences to make of this? Must they predicate some sinister sexual attachment? What of Shakespeare's whole treatment of sex? his consistent and passionate endorsement of chastity? Chastity in his society was admired even by those who failed to practice it; in ours the reverse seems true, with the possible result that purity has become less gratifying and impurity less exhilarating.

What of Shakespeare's conception of personal and family honor? Hamlet's emotion, says Mr. Eliot, is "inexpressible, because it is in excess of the facts as they appear." As they appear, that is, to the more subtle of twentieth-century minds: since the o'er-hasty marriage of one's mother to the murderer of one's father is a mere trifle, Hamlet's emotion must be Oedipal. What of Shakespeare's whole basic emphasis upon human dignity, upon order and degree, upon obligation to others rather than "living one's own life"? It is not modish.

I am not implying that our society is morally inferior to that of the sixteenth or nineteenth century — I do not believe it is — but only that it lacks the kind of moral enthusiasm that Shakespeare's kind of drama assumes. Courage, loyalty, and patriotism, like the seven cardinal virtues, may be viewed as very estimable, yet something of a bore. So also may heroic action and romantic love, at least among the more literate sectors. Those retaining a taste for such things, and for "conventional" morality, are unable or unwilling to take them on Shakespeare's complex terms, and seek them in radio, television, and films. Fortunately for our society, they are there to be found.

Whether my explanation is valid or no, there is

little evidence abroad of a general familiarity with Shakespeare's life and works. Recently I conferred with two directors of a national cultural program, a man and a woman, both highly intelligent and both graduates of a famous university where they had "studied" Shakespeare. Presently came the inevitable question: "Of course I am not a Baconian, or anything like that, but how do we *know* that the Shakespeare of uncouth, illiterate Stratford was the Shakespeare who wrote the plays?" I pointed out that the last will and testament signed on each page by this Shakespeare of Stratford leaves bequests to John Hemming and Henry Condell, his fellow actors, who in turn signed the dedication to his collected plays; and that the prefatory matter to this collection mentions Shakespeare's "Stratford monument." Already erected within seven years of his death, this monument may still be seen, and with even a "little Latin" its uncouth, illiterate inscription may still be translated — "In judgment a Nestor, in intellect a Socrates, in art a Vergil: The earth covers him, the people mourn him, Olympus has him." They looked at me round-eyed, as if this were the kind of thing only a deep scholar would know. When the conversation turned to the plays themselves, both confessed their "ignorance," and I regret to report that it was the *mot juste*. The average French clerk knowing as little of the works of Molière, or the average German postman as little of those of Goethe, would have felt disgraced.

This is not the first time that Shakespeare has passed through a wintry season, or one that seems so to an unreconstructed romantic like myself. At the turn of the seventeenth century an old-fashioned playgoer at Drury Lane recorded his distress that the audience chatted of "indifferent matters" while Desdemona lay dying. The plays survived, indeed bloomed more vigorously for having lain in fallow ground for a while. There is no ethical obligation for our age to be interested in Shakespeare. But there is an ethical obligation to acknowledge the lack of interest.

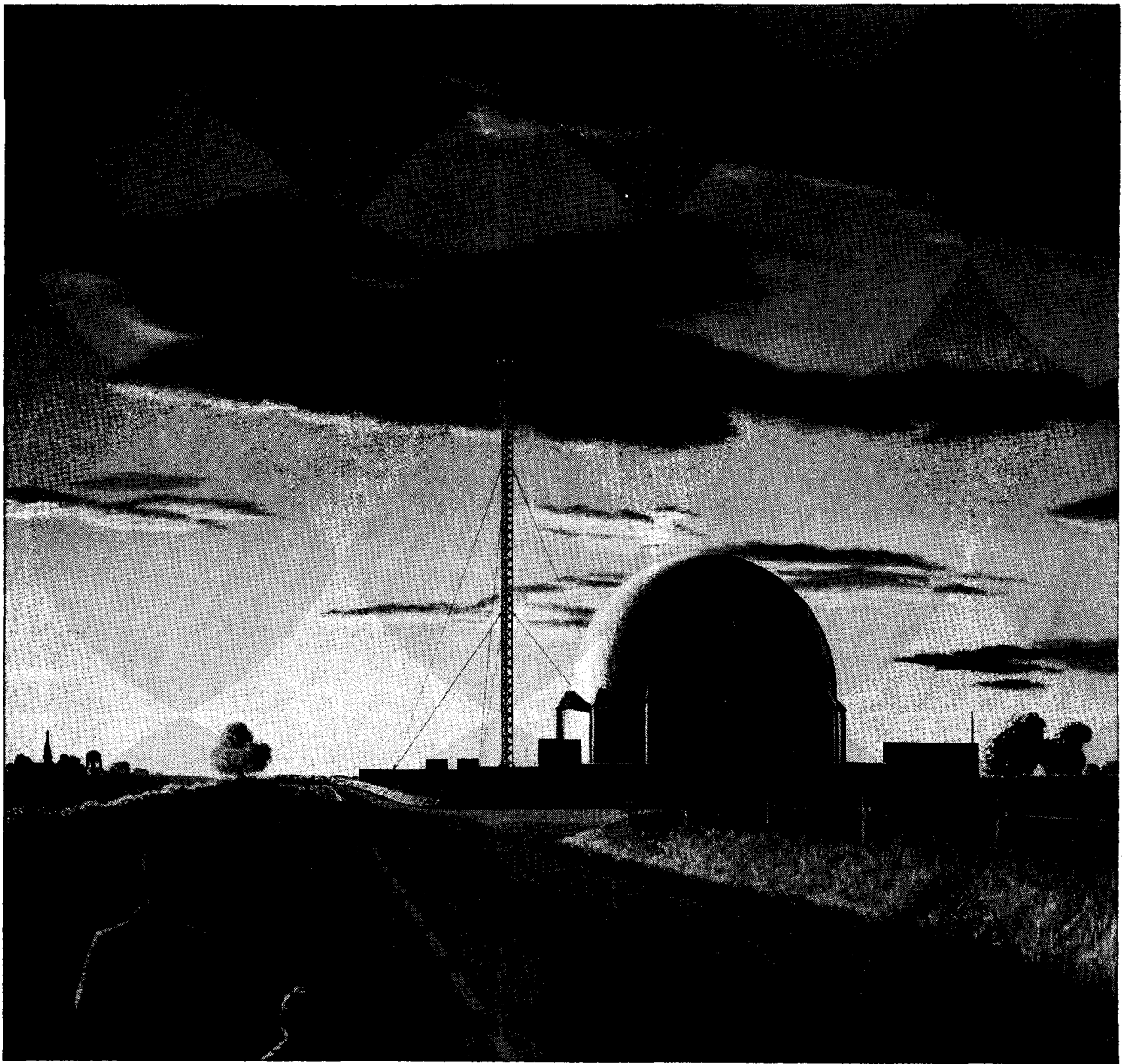
We shall know that a boom has arrived when

Shakespeare's plays are more frequently and faithfully performed — performed as they are, and not dressed up and altered in emphasis as a sop to modern taste. This means that the potential audience will have grown much larger and more exacting than it now is; it will be comparable to the audience that makes possible our many fine symphony orchestras. We shall know that a boom has arrived when people cease gossiping about the author and start talking about his plays, comparing their favorite passages as was once the amiable custom.

The most hopeful sign I see is among university undergraduates. These are more interested in Shakespeare than in my day. It is not only that larger numbers are enrolling in Shakespeare courses, but that they seem slightly more tolerant of romantic, heroic, and moral sentiment. A few years ago they quickened to attention only if one discussed the density of the feral imagery in *Lear*, II, the aptness of the ithyphallic trimeters in *Macbeth*, I, iii, the deft use of amphibology in *Othello*, III, i, 23, and similar weighty matters. In a technological age these seemed decently technological. Now the students will occasionally settle for a concord of sweet sounds and an eternal verity. Or perhaps I am only dreaming.

I am not dreaming when I say that the students at the university where I teach produced last year five Shakespearean plays on their own initiative, and their fellow students paid money to see them. In my own undergraduate days, campus dramatics were limited almost exclusively to the delicious drollery of the hairy-legged chorus and, among the eggheads, experiments with the German expressionists. One splinter organization, of which I was a member, did play Shakespeare, but this was considered affected, and there were no undergraduates in our audience. In fact our audience, as I recall, consisted solely of relatives of the cast. It is different now, and the revival may be coming after all. It will augur well for Shakespeare when the young in years become again the young in heart.





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widely discussed are Kingsley Amis, John Wain, and Wolf Mankowitz, and there is every expectation that their work will find increasing favor on this side of the Atlantic. Playwright and producer, novelist and film writer, Wolf Mankowitz came down from Cambridge and controlled a lion's share of the Wedgwood market in London before his thirtieth birthday. Where he turns for his source material, and with what seasoning he writes, are explained in this appraisal of his work by JOHN METCALF, dramatic critic of the London Sunday Times.

WOLF MANKOWITZ

by JOHN METCALF

1

WOLF MANKOWITZ's latest book, *Old Soldiers Never Die*, finally establishes him as something more, considerably more, than a facile genre writer with promise. In it, his steadily widening powers of character construction are superbly displayed — and displayed without recourse to semi-autobiographical background. Here, too, the central Mankowitz theme — the struggle of the individual to survive in a corrupt, petty society — is stated with a sharp-edged wholeness that has only been hinted at heretofore.

It's a theme that got its first tentative airing in *Make Me an Offer*, a short novel based on Mankowitz's experience in the antique business (he started in a small way seven years ago and now owns the biggest Wedgwood shop in London). Charlie, the likable but not overscrupulous hero, contains strong elements of self-identification. He's short of money; his shop is doing none too well; he hears that some fine Wedgwood is going cheap at a break-up sale in the country; as the various characters converge on the sale, Charlie has already made a deal or two on the side. And when he finds the Wedgwood is faked he's delighted to be paid to stay out of the bidding. Mooching round the grounds he encounters a mysterious girl; and in the lodge to which she invites him he stumbles onto a fabulous green Wedgwood vase, the green Portland he's been looking for all his life. With his last money he buys it — to dream over, to love. Charlie, who exists in a world of dealers, is more than just a dealer. Although he participates in the corruption of that world there's a protective innocence in him, and a romantic streak that makes the beauty of the Portland vase not something to set up his faltering business with but something to hallow his shabby, business-ridden life.

In *A Kid for Two Farthings* the symbolism is subtler and more pervasive. Joe is six; he lives in Fashion Street in London's East End. It's a mean,

scraping world to live in; but one day Joe finds a unicorn, and as Mr. Kandinsky, the trouser-maker in the basement, has always told him, a unicorn has the power to make wishes come true. So of course, as in all fairy tales (and *A Kid for Two Farthings* is a fairy tale with gallows humor), lives are changed: Mr. Kandinsky gets a new press; Hammer Schmule — his body-building assistant — gets a partnership; Sonia of Gay-day Blouses gets Schmule. In the end Joe loses his magical kid but Mr. Kandinsky translates the loss for him: —

"What's this?" he said. He bent down and picked up something. It was a gleaming golden sovereign. He handed it to Joe.

"What is it?" asked Joe.

"Come inside, Joe," Mr. Kandinsky said. "I will tell you."

"He's gone," Joe said, the tears still there.

"Come inside," said Mr. Kandinsky, and he put his arm round Joe's shoulder.

"You know what this is, Joe?" he asked, giving him the sovereign. "This is a golden sovereign. And what has happened is plain as my nose. You could see yourself that unicorn didn't do so well in Fashion Street, ailing the whole time, no interest, miserable the whole day. So you know what he's done? He's gone back to Africa like you said he should. But just to show it's nothing personal, he left this golden sovereign on account of that magic horn worth five thousand pound."

"Ten thousand," said Joe.

"Ten thousand pound I mean," continued Mr. Kandinsky. "Meanwhile, keep this for luck."

"He won't come back," Joe said.

"Maybe not," Mr. Kandinsky replied. "Unicorns can't grow in Fashion Street, but boys have to."

A Kid for Two Farthings was kept free from whimsy and wateriness by dialogue like this; by a clean treatment of childhood; by an ascetic control of the (potentially dangerous) central symbol, which was never allowed to become coy or cloying;

and by a refusal to contrive a happy ending (Joe and his mother are still without news of his father).

But in *Laugh Till You Cry* irony replaced the freshness and tenderness which were uppermost in the second novel. A brash salesman of the Rantz Joke Company is shipwrecked on a desert island. With help from his sample box he becomes the king of a tribe whose economic practices bear a chillingly comic resemblance to the financial mores of civilization. Their lives are controlled by purchase magic; and it's only when the salesman has "bought" everyone on the island and driven them into exile that he starts to wonder what buying is all about. He has discovered that smartness and cunning lead to power; now he finds that power leads to isolation.

Again, the individual has done battle with a cruel and worn-out society; he has, on the surface, won; but in the end he knows he must come to terms with it. And it is a somewhat vague paradise that Ronald Rantz finally drags himself humbly back to, a world of anarchical perfection, a dream society of peace and equality and kindness which Mankowitz conjures solemnly with whenever he becomes (as he does rarely) explicitly positive. The understatement of happiness that is set in the balance here against the chilly cynicism of the rest of the book makes *Laugh Till You Cry* the least satisfying of the novels. It was all a very good idea, one feels, but it didn't come off. Nevertheless, it is useful in demonstrating the qualities that Mankowitz admires in character and in relationships — qualities that are implicit in the rest of his writing, and that he sees society increasingly destroying.

2

IN HIS latest — and quite outstanding — novel, these qualities belong, in a splendidly bashed-in and flyblown way, to the Old Cock. *Old Soldiers Never Die* is again more concerned with character than with plot. Its central figure is an old soldier (of the First World War) who has found a cushy billet as a garbage-dump watchman. His sidekick — the Laurel-Sancho-Panza to his Quixote-Hardy — is Arp, bomb-shocked into dumbness during the last war, who gets his name from the initials (Air Raid Precautions) on his frayed Civil Defence battle-dress blouse. The lean-to that the Old Cock and his chum have built for themselves is part of a disused film studio; and the plot is tickled along by the irruption into their idyllic little world of a down-at-heel film company, complete with ulcered producer, blowzy star, and as ripe and juicy a canteen manageress, Mrs. Goffin — referred to by the Old Cock with elephantine courtliness as La Goffin — as ever wore frilly crepe de Chine.

The villain of the piece is the Council inspector Bates, a spiritual sergeant-major, who is intent on ousting the pair from their job (the garbage dump

is full anyway and they are already emptying it a little every night) and the Old Cock from the favors of Mrs. Goffin, whose sculptural proportions and steak and kidney pudding are the flesh of contention.

Just as in *A Kid for Two Farthings* (where the kid's death represents a return from a softening dream to reality) and in *Laugh Till You Cry*, society triumphs in the end — society in the shape of Bates and bowler-hatted Council officials who come to evict the Old Cock from his shack. But here Mankowitz states quite magnificently his own answer to the grim pettiness of our times: dressed in a suit of secondhand armor and mounted on a cart horse the Old Cock makes a last, heroic charge at the ranks of bureaucracy: —

"Up with the drawbridge," he shouted. "Pull the bloody bed-irons away, Arp, you daft-haporth. Heave away."

Arp heaved at the barricade but the old horse, over-excited by all the coming and going and feeling frisky for the first time since the brewery made him redundant, started to lurch forward.

"Here we go!" shouted the Old Cock levelling his wooden paling. "Up Fred Karno! Come and get it, you poxy dirty huns. No more trench war! Stop me and buy one! Here I come, you lousy whoresons!" He pressed his boots to the flanks of his mount and jangled down upon them.

"You'll pay for it!" shouted the cheated union cheat just before the Old Cock caught him a four-penny one right up the backside.

"I always have," the Old Cock shouted back. "I always have paid for me pleasure and I always bloody well will," he yelled as he knocked the helmet off one purple bobby. "So long as he's got a hole in his backside the working man always pays," he shouted, pushing the other dog in uniform into the ditch before galloping off across the allotments after the receding figure of yellow-livered Bates, on whose body every hair was on end, soaked with cowardly sweat and lit up like candles to show him and all such pea-hearted officials the road to buggery, the lousy rotten man-eating bowler-hatted tiger-mice.

After making sure the enemy was routed Arp got a pail of water and washed out his smalls. As he spread them on the barbed wire to dry in the sun he watched the Old Cock totter back on his puffed and spavined mount. He was singing hoarsely, "My old man's a dustman." In his head Arp sang proudly back, "He fought in the battle of Mons."

The Old Cock is one of the most remarkable characters in modern English fiction. He is in direct descent from Falstaff, Uncle Toby, Sam Weller's coachman father; recently, few even partly successful attempts have been made to continue this line. Eric Linklater's Flanders (in *Juan in China*) was one; and so was Joyce Cary's Gully Jimpson (in *The Horse's Mouth*). Mankowitz has succeeded with the Old Cock largely because the language that he uses is right in every sense; also because his reactions are honest and true. Mankowitz is unique

in his ability to reproduce on the page the feel and movement of cockney; he has been sensible and courageous enough not to bowdlerize it out of recognition.

The thought and speech rhythms of the Old Cock are not just accurate either; there's a gutsy lilt, a bony beauty to them, the kind of flying freedom that Dylan Thomas got into the Welsh talk in some of his prose pieces (particularly *Adventures in the Skin Trade*) and that Joyce, of course, achieved in *Dubliners* and parts of *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*. This is a living language, as far removed from the stage cockney of Noel Coward or the literary cockney of Richard Llewellyn (in *None but the Lonely Heart*) or the early Somerset Maugham as Balham is from the Bahamas.

There is no doubt that some of the singing liveliness in the words arises from the one foreign element in Mankowitz's writing: his Russian-Jewish background. Although he was born in the East End of London, he has retained strong affinities to the folk background of the little Russian villages from which his family came. It is this background which enables him to see unerringly the intricacies of the fragile friendships that grow in the back streets of even the biggest cities. And it is the first-generation ear that enables him too to hear the language, as it were, freshly.

Another element that distinguishes *Old Soldiers Never Die* is the increasing strength and sharpness of Mankowitz's powers of visualization. Whole scenes stand clearly out from the page, brilliantly lit, charged with an inner life of their own. This development is clearly related to Mankowitz's recent work in the theater and in films. For in considering him only as a novelist one is only looking at half the picture. He has written a number of short expressionistic plays that have been produced with considerable critical success in the English theater and on television. He wrote the screenplay for Sir Carol Reed's film of *A Kid for Two Farthings*. He turned his own play, *The Bespoke Overcoat*, into a film which won a first prize at the Venice Film Festival of 1955, a British Film Academy Award, and an Edinburgh Festival diploma in the same year. He has since worked on the dialogue of other films. Lately, he has also been concerned in theatrical management and was responsible for the successful London seasons of Orson Welles' *Moby Dick* and *The Threepenny Opera* (in Blitzstein's translation). He is a much-sought-after journalist whose lighter

pieces in the *Evening Standard* and *Punch* have been distinguished at their own level. And apart from all this his *Portland Vase* and his comprehensive *Wedgwood* are standard works of scholarship and expertise in the ceramic field.

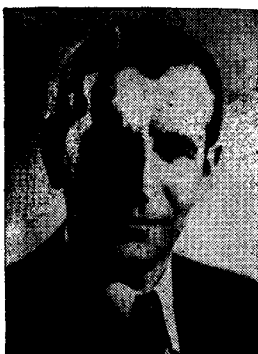
Mankowitz has been criticized in some quarters for this very versatility; a muttering makes itself heard from time to time, largely from the "lousy rotten man-eating bowler-hatted tiger-mice," that he should stick to his novels and stop working in so many other directions. But Mankowitz is still young, still getting his directions (he was born in 1924 and his first novel was published only four years ago). I think it's likely indeed that he will come to his full strength in motion pictures and in television. He is completely a writer of this day. And it is impossible for him to ignore the challenges of celluloid and electronics, impossible for him not to work to establish his characters and state his position in the line of battle in the more flexible and continually broadening media of mass communications.

Whatever happens, Mankowitz will remain a storyteller. He will go on writing about the people he knows, building his own idiosyncratic beauty around them, and — true to the cultural tradition from which he comes — drawing his moral from what happens to those people rather than jiggling them about like puppets to make them fit his argument.

It is heartening that this gleaming, irreverent talent should be squarely committed on the side of the individual. It stands in lively contrast to the gray, general-good worthiness of so much English post-war writing. Like Ronald Rantz he is alone on the desert island of the English literary world; there is no Mankowitz school, no Mankowitz coterie. *Old Soldiers Never Die* demonstrates that he can now move with mastery wherever he wants. It demonstrates, too, that his position is firming toward a genial but serious plague on both your houses. And we can all of us do with some of that. As the Old Cock faces the trade-union officials, the Council inspectors, the policemen, the timeservers, the solid pillars of our present society, he expresses well enough Mankowitz's current attitude and intentions: " 'Ay, ay,' whispered the Old Cock, 'the entire bloody bunch of balloons is up. Prepare for action.' He pulled the vizor of his helmet down, then scuttled into the ditch and began to panther crawl forwards."

THE ATLANTIC

Bookshelf



THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY

EDWARD
WEEKS

SINCLAIR LEWIS was two years out of college and earning thirty dollars a week as a publisher's apprentice when in the fall of 1912 he bumped into Grace Hegger, who was to be his first wife. They met in a freight elevator; she had been working late reading proofs in the office of *Vogue*, and he had lingered over a manuscript by James Branch Cabell, *The Soul of Melicent*, a love story which he was eager for his boss to accept. Weary and vulnerable they made the descent together at seven in the evening, and so began their own romance. "The Sinclair Lewis I met that day in the freight elevator remained unchanged to the time of his death in 1951," writes Grace Hegger Lewis in her remarkably candid book, *With Love from Gracie* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.75). "He never lost his uninhibited way of picking up strangers who happened to catch his fancy or provide material for his writing needs." And with these words she sets the tone for her loving portrait of one of the most prophetic and provocative novelists of our time.

One comes into this book through an embarrassing vestibule. Calf love is always mawkish to read about, and the Lewises' courtship was no exception. At Yale, Red Lewis had been scornful of athletics, too nonconformist for the fraternities, too prickly for many friends. He came down to New York eager for recognition, crammed with reading, fertile with ideas (he was soon selling plots for short stories to Jack London and Albert Payson Terhune), and hungry for affection. His boyhood in Sauk Centre, Minnesota, had provided him with none of the social amenities, and Grace Hegger with her English accent (her mother was English), her chic clothes, and her taste for music, nice food, candlelight, and gentility, seemed to him as desirable as she was superior. He courted her with sentimental verses and with troubadour phrases reminiscent of Cabell (she was Lady Galahad, he Lonely Toby or, more

usually, Hal); he took her on picnics with a German rucksack and an army blanket strapped to his back; and together they saw *Man and Superman* and *Tristan and Isolde*. As they fell in love, they indulged, as many couples do, in a private baby-talk which does not read well in print.

The book really gets in stride after their honeymoon when they settle into the little brown bungalow at Port Washington. They had been married on the promise of his first novel, *Our Mr. Wrenn*, and now as a commuter on the Long Island Railroad Lewis worked openly on the manuscript of his second, *The Trail of the Hawk*. The *Hawk* was completed in snatched-at time, and then Grace urged him to try short stories for a change. "He said he didn't think he had the short story mind, that he needed more room to turn round"; but when George Horace Lorimer accepted his first offering, "Nature, Incorporated," with a fee of five hundred dollars, Lewis went back to his notebooks in earnest, and it was the sudden success of his short fiction which dared him to set out as a free lance. The brown bungalow was sublet, and they headed south and then west, writing as they went.

Lewis had the idea of making a transcontinental tour in a Model T Ford with a tent and sleeping bags so that they could camp out — "daventuring" was their pet word for it — on the Dakota plains or in Yellowstone, but first he wanted to introduce Grace to his family and show her his home town. "As we neared Sauk Centre in an early evening of brilliant prairie sunset I could see that Hal was nervous," writes Grace, and well he might be, for the town was small, his father's house modest and iron-ruled, and Dr. E. J. Lewis as overbearing and critical a host as could be imagined. Father and son had long been at odds, and Grace's presence was one more exasperation. But this homecoming with all its friction was enormously important, for Lewis saw the town through the eyes of a New York woman and sized up his memories against the often tart observation of an outsider. In an empty room over Rowe's Hardware Store, with a borrowed table and chair, he began typing three to five thousand words a day, and the stories which he finished at that time were of much less importance than the source material which he was beginning to assemble for *Main Street*. The yeast for that novel was already in mind before they set forth on their western tour.

Candor and self-analysis are in this book. At the outset Grace sounds naïve, as when she speaks of

"an innocence which seems never to have left me"; but as the difficulties of living with Hal are multiplied by success, and as his increasing restlessness, his necessity to be always on the move for fresh experience, destroys time and again their chance for home life with their young son Wells (named in respect for H.G.), her evaluation of them both goes deep and true. Her judgments apply to both the man and his writing: "Hal, questing, challenging, denouncing, steaming up for the battle of life"; he was "utterly sincere, quick to disagree, and easily hurt"; he was "embarrassed before sex and always would be"; he was "never at ease with the language of young people, of young love." He had "hung upon me the placard 'lady' and his early letters show his eagerness to adopt the good manners which grease the wheels of any social machinery. . . . From *Mr. Wrenn* to *Dodsworth* his heroes either married 'ladies' or made efforts to adjust themselves to the social standards of the ladies they admired." Hal himself made efforts, strenuous efforts, but more and more frequently they ended in explosions. When Grace took refuge in silence or in sarcasm he was hurt and showed it. "When I am with her I am always afraid I'll do the wrong thing" — this indictment, which he unwittingly expressed in the eagerness of his courtship, grew with experience. And Grace certainly had her difficulties: his swelling egotism, his bouts of drinking, his cold-shouldering of Wells, would have strained any woman's endurance.

The book is altogether fascinating, both for the outpouring of Lewis's most intimate prose and for the revelation of his craftsmanship: the origin of *Main Street*; the assimilation of detail for *Babbitt*; the collaboration with Dr. Paul de Kruif which finally led to *Arrowsmith*; the struggles to get ahead with the labor novel. "I have been Union Laboring hard," he wrote after a series of enthusiastic meetings with Eugene Debs. "Gene really is a Christ spirit. He is infinitely wise, kind, forgiving — yet the devil of a fighter. His face . . . is molded of bronze by the powerful hands of a great & sure sculptor. And his hands — after 50 years of leading causes — live by themselves." By thus piecing together her letters and her memories Mrs. Lewis has produced an unforgettable picture of a great novelist's productive years.

Seeing with the heart

The life of Ned Sheldon is the story of a prodigy, an impenetrable mystery, and a saintly legend. An undergraduate of radiant charm, Edward Sheldon, of a wealthy Chicago family, came to Broadway in 1910 with the sketches of three plays to show his agent. She encouraged him to concentrate on *Salvation Nell*, with electrifying results; he wrote six plays in the next four years and four of them were hits. Then in his early thirties he was immobilized in his penthouse by arthritis. For a time he con-

tinued to produce — *The Jest*, which he wrote for Jack Barrymore, was one of his last good plays — but when in 1930 blindness set in he sank into what he once termed his "submerged period," and when later he "came up for air" it was with an adjusted philosophy. Now he was intent on giving rather than doing; as immobile as a carved crusader, with a black mask over his eyes, he lay on his pedestal, entertaining, dictating, counseling, a living legend and the most powerful stimulator in the American theatre. Children who came to see him thought of him as an enchanted prince, and it is the nature of that enchantment which **Eric Wollencott Barnes** examines in his sensitive and affectionate biography, *The Man Who Lived Twice* (Scribners, \$5.00).

Sheldon's plays were romantic dramas with a realistic setting. He knew Europe in its Edwardian splendor before the First World War, and his summers there reinforced his natural bent toward the romantic. But he was striving for a new realism. "Your *Salvation Nell*, along with the work of the Irish Players on their first trip over here, was what first opened my eyes to the existence of a real theatre," wrote Eugene O'Neill. Sheldon lost ground with *Princess Zim-Zim* and *Egypt*, but more than retrieved it with *The High Road*, with Mrs. Fiske starring as "A Woman with a Past."

Romance, which he wrote for Doris Keane, was the most successful blend of his talents, and here enters the mystery. Miss Keane was the light of his life; they were deeply in love, yet for undisclosed reasons their engagement was broken in the autumn of 1912. Was there in his puritanical nature a struggle deeper than he knew between his mother and his leading lady? Did his renunciation — Miss Keane implied that the break came from him — add the paralysis of the psychosomatic to his malady?

Whatever the cause, the part he cast for himself as a cripple was ennobling and greater than any he ever wrote. There was no surrender in his regime, as Mr. Barnes relates in absorbing detail; his powers of assimilation were incredible, the accuracy of his memory uncanny. He would lie motionless listening while Thornton Wilder read aloud the first version of *Our Town*, and then put his finger unerringly on the passages needing revision. Robert Sherwood turned to him before the new script was shown to the Playwrights' Company; Ruth Draper, Helen Howe, and Cornelia Otis Skinner tried out their monologues; actors and actresses beyond number consulted him about their parts. When toward the end there was a threat that he might also lose his hearing, "That would really be a handicap," he confided to Ruth Gordon.

Mr. Barnes's book is a most appealing study in hero worship. It is lively and self-effacing, though not always accurate (for instance, it was at Harvard, not at New Haven, that Professor Baker produced his bright galaxy of young playwrights). It is discreet, as in the telling of the last sad years of Jack



The Peripatetic Advertiser

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— *Mary Ellen Chase. "A love of a book" — Frances Gray Patton, author of Good Morning, Miss Dove. Village School, 'Miss Read' (\$3.00)*



Houghton Mifflin Company, Publishers

Barrymore, and truly memorable in the passages where we see Sheldon working so creatively with people. I think, for instance, of his disarming remark to a sixteen-year-old schoolboy who had lost his sight and was bitterly rebellious. The guest who had brought the youngster caught these words as she softly closed the door: ". . . and we have one great advantage over sighted people; no one can ever fool us with expressions or gestures they want us to see, or with remarks they want us to believe. We learn to see the person exactly as he is."

A literary flowering

David Garnett, who was born in 1892, took naturally to letters. His father, Edward Garnett, was the most highly regarded publisher's reader in London, and a close friend of Joseph Conrad. His mother Constance won renown for her translations of Dostoevsky and Chekhov. Science, painting, literature, all appealed to David, and in 1919 with his friend Francis Birrell, he set up a bookshop in Soho; he sold books and he wrote them, and his original, polished short novels, *Lady into Fox* and *A Man in the Zoo*, established his early fame. Now, in his maturity, he is devoting himself to a four-volume literary autobiography. Volume One, *The Golden Echo*, carried him through his adolescence; Volume Two, *The Flowers of the Forest* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.50), begins in 1914 when he was twenty-two. "The four years of war which followed," he writes, "were the flowering of my youth — years in which I overcame the shyness and diffidence of adolescence and gained the courage and self-confidence of a man."

This is a very frank, intimate, and quizzical book. For Garnett, as evidently for his parents, the War was a time of intense bitterness. He would not join his friend Rupert Brooke, who pressed him to enlist in the Naval Division; for conscientious reasons he refused to sign up, and the work which he did for the Friends War Victims Relief did not make amends with the most patriotic. But he held to his belief, and found consolation in other friends and, shy as he was, in loves which seemingly came for the asking. He did his literary burgeoning in a lively company which included Roger Fry and Maynard Keynes, Duncan Grant and Lady Ottoline Morrell, Vanessa Bell and Lytton Strachey, Katherine Mansfield, Middleton Murry, Virginia Woolf, Frieda and D. H. Lawrence. His character drawings of them are delightfully acute. What they wore and where they lived, their likes and dislikes, their impetuosities, political opinions, and love affairs are set down with a dry, scrupulous fidelity. I wish one heard more of their banter; I wish that the itinerary of dinners and visits held a little more of the spirit of the occasion. What I like best is his recapture of the political tension, his remarks about Russia, and the forays in painting and literature of an eager, independent spirit.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Fiction

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH by *Honor Tracy*. (Random House, \$3.50.) A rich gaggle of loons romps through this comic satire on legal shenanigans in an Irish village where nothing is ever what it seems to the Sassenach eye. Meringue with arsenic.

MADAME SOLARIO. *Anonymous*. (Viking, \$3.95.) In this subtle, inconclusive novel, various morbid relationships gradually reveal themselves behind the giggle and glitter of a fashionable Edwardian resort, building up to an exciting conclusion.

A DRAM OF POISON by *Charlotte Armstrong*. (Coward-McCann, \$3.00.) From a slowish start, the author works up a fine froth of suspense; no great literary pretensions here, but entertainment deftly brought off.

Lives and Memories

DEAD TOWNS AND LIVING MEN by *Sir Leonard Woolley*. (Philosophical Library, \$6.00.) Expanded memoirs by the excavator of Ur and Carchemish, concentrating on the men he worked with and the wild, funny, outrageous doings that were a matter of course in the Near East thirty years ago.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI by *Denis Mack Smith* (Knopf, \$2.50.) This life of the Risorgimento general compresses his chief accomplishments and the essential political background into remarkably small compass without sacrificing all the romantic detail.

MANJIRO, THE MAN WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA by *Hisakazu Kaneko*. (Houghton Mifflin, \$2.75.) Quietly told but fascinating story of a shipwrecked Japanese fisher boy who wound up in New Bedford and, on returning home, became a powerful pro-American influence in the opening of his country to the West.

Reprints

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG DOG by *Dylan Thomas*. (New Directions, 95¢.) Sharp or luxuriant, unique, brilliant, and wildly funny, Thomas's prose is a continual delight in this group of autobiographical short stories.

THE BROOK KERITH by *George Moore*. (Macmillan, \$3.95.) The official reason for this edition is the current interest in the Essene sect, which this novel concerns, but it is worth reading in any context.

OLD CALABRIA by *Norman Douglas*. (Harcourt, Brace, \$6.00.) One of the great travel books, a learned, enthusiastic, hardheaded, and elegantly written view of southern Italy from antiquity to the early 1900s. Excellent introduction by John Davenport.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND by *G. M. Trevelyan*. (Longmans, Green, \$7.50.) Attractive edition of this readable, scholarly work, published in honor of the author's eightieth birthday.

MOBY DICK by *Herman Melville*. Introduction by Clifton Fadiman, illustrations by Boardman Robinson. (Heritage-Dial, boxed, \$6.50.) Melville's masterpiece complete, in a manageable volume with good paper and fine large type. A handsome piece of book-making.

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CHARLES J. ROLO



No BOOK by a new writer published since the war has caused such excitement in literary London as *The Outsider* (Houghton Mifflin, \$4.00) by Colin Wilson, who has just turned twenty-five. Such Brahmins as Cyril Connolly and Dame Edith Sitwell led the chorus of acclaim; and the book rapidly went through seven printings — an astounding performance for a highly cerebral work which is a blend of philosophic inquiry and literary criticism. No less astounding is the fact that the enormously erudite young author is largely self-educated. The son of a factory worker, Wilson quit high school at sixteen and earned his living at a variety of jobs: laundryman, waiter, mortuary attendant, tax collector. His "university" was the reading rooms of the British Museum; his lodging, during a year of intensive study, was a sleeping bag on Hampstead Heath.

Stylistically, *The Outsider* is graceless and occasionally pontifical; but the book crackles with intelligence and provocative perceptions. Wilson's *Outsider* is the man who "sees too deep and too much, and what he sees is essentially chaos" — inescapable Evil, futility, and the certainty of death. To him, the complacent way in which most men live is a living death — a pointless drifting through a fog of self-deception and unreality. The *Outsider* is hounded by the appetite for "a high quality of life" — for purpose, absolute freedom, an apprehension of ultimate truth. Wilson insists that the *Outsider's* problems are real problems and not neurotic delusions. The *Outsider*, he says, is essentially a religious man unable to accept the answers of orthodox religion — a saint-in-embryo, "a prophet in disguise."

Wilson's exploration of the *Outsider's* predicament is conducted within the framework of a tour through the lives and works of a curiously diversified collection of figures, grouped according to the course taken by their struggle to find "a way of salvation." Among them are Sartre, Camus, Hemingway, Hermann Hesse, Kierkegaard, Kafka, Nietzsche, Tolstoy,

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Dostoevsky, Van Gogh, Nijinsky, T. E. Lawrence, George Fox, Blake, Shaw, Gurdjieff, and Sri Ramakrishna. Wilson concludes that only religion offers an answer to the Outsider's problems; and he suggests that Shaw's doctrine of the Life Force and Gurdjieff's "vitalism" point the way toward the "new religion" which, Wilson believes, is the most pressing need of modern man.

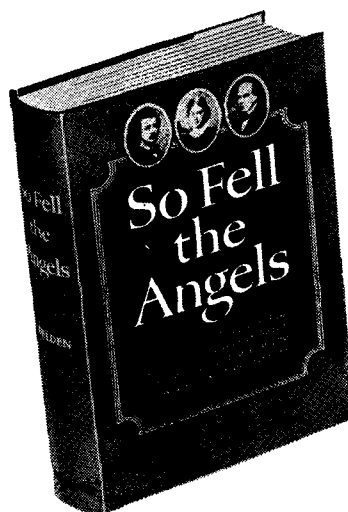
While Wilson recognizes that the Outsider has existed at all times, the thesis of his book — subtitled "An inquiry into the nature of the sickness of mankind in the mid-twentieth century" — is that the Outsider is a type peculiarly representative of *our* time. Unfortunately, this thesis — certainly an arresting and possibly a valid one — is presented for the most part indirectly and, in the final analysis, too skimpily. Another omission, damaging to a book concerned with man "in extreme states," is the absence of Freudian awareness. Wilson's perfectly defensible assertion that the Outsider's problems are not per se neurotic is weakened by his failure to discriminate between heaven-bent Outsideritis and glaring neurosis or even psychosis.

Whatever its flaws, *The Outsider* is an impressive and fascinating book, which leaves the reader with a heightened insight into a crucial drama of the human spirit. It has the compelling quality of a thriller in which one accompanies a bizarre succession of Outsider-heroes as they grapple with the most portentous of all mysteries: the condition of man.

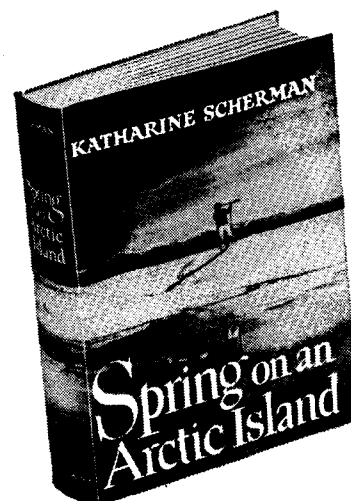
The anonymous Outsider

After finishing *The Outsider*, I turned, for a change of pace, to *Five A.M.* (Simon & Schuster, \$3.00) by Jean Dutourd, author of those crisply entertaining satires, *A Dog's Head* and *The Best Butter*. By some odd coincidence, *Five A.M.* proved to be an epitome of the Outsider novel, the most faithful reflection of Mr. Wilson's themes which has appeared since Sartre's *Nausea* and *The Stranger* by Camus.

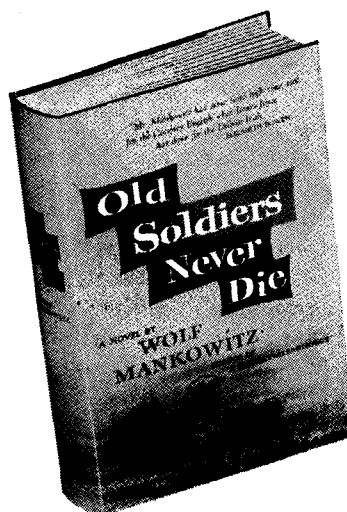
Dutourd's narrator is a Parisian bank clerk named Doucin — thirty years of age, unmarried, and unenterprising. Three years earlier, Doucin has experienced the classic initiation-crisis of the Outsider: awakening at 5 A.M., he suddenly found that "my life, formerly so charming, stank like putrid flesh." Thereafter he has led a dual existence. By day, he is the



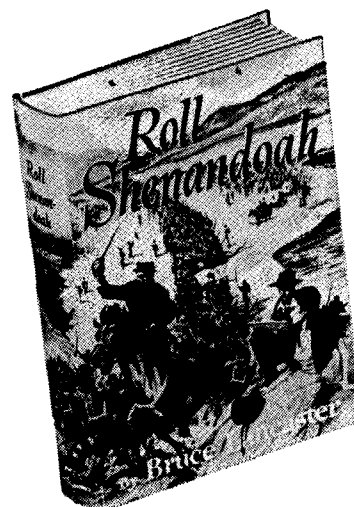
SO FELL THE ANGELS by Thomas Graham Belden and Marva Robins Belden. A triple biography of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, who tried to wrest the presidency from Lincoln; his ambitious daughter Kate; and her husband, Senator Sprague. Theirs was "a life story that might have been created by Tolstoy." — DAVID M. POTTER, *Saturday Review*. "Has the fascination of a novel." — *Chicago Tribune*. Illustrated. \$5.00



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average *petit bourgeois*, quite satisfied that his "acre of soul" should be "a mere suburban garden." But in the pre-dawn hour of insomnia, which afflicts him daily, he is the Outsider hounded by "a metaphysical conscience." Alone with the truth that he is "a handful of dust," and filled with horror at the certainty of death, he despises all those "who do not share with me this violent anguish of being a man."

With the vague hope of exorcising the early morning demons of consciousness, Doucin sets out to record his every thought and sensation in the course of one of the hours of insomnia. This record is M. Dutourd's novel; and two factors mitigate its dreariness. The first is that Dutourd is a light-fingered writer with an ingenious turn of mind and an incisive sense of comedy. The second is that—in contrast to Sartre's Roquentin and Camus's Meursault—at least Dutourd's hero rapidly achieves one positive insight: that his anguish is "like a descent into Hell made in order to search for my soul."

A great Outsider

My skepticism in regard to Colin Wilson's estimate of Shaw as a great and wrongfully neglected religious thinker has been fortified by a reimmersion in Shavian doctrine. If some sort of Supermanship is what we need, then Nietzsche is a better bracer taken on-the-rocks than mixed with Shavian root beer. Fortunately, I need not pursue the question of Shaw as precursor of a new religion, since it is not a major theme in the latest biography of that unique Outsider-without-tears: **Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work and Friends** (Morrow, \$7.50), by **St. John Ervine**, a fellow Ulsterman and dramatist who knew Shaw intimately for forty years.

Mr. Ervine's is a book with a markedly dual personality. Its appraisal of Shaw's plays and thought is more conscientious than inspired. Mr. Ervine has the tiresome habit of turning criticism into long-winded and flat-footed debate, especially when confronted with Shaw's Socialist theories, which he feels called on to refute with dreary thoroughness. In fact, Mr. Ervine is garrulous in all spheres. When, for instance, Shaw is quoted as saying he would sooner be shot than have sexual intercourse in public, Ervine finds it necessary to "interrupt" with a paragraph explaining that most men feel likewise.

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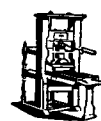


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As against all this, the biographical part of the book, which is perhaps two thirds of it, is solid, spirited, and laced with an astringent wit. It is a wicked thing to say, but to get the best out of Ervine's book — and the best is tremendously engrossing — a spot of judicious skipping is required.

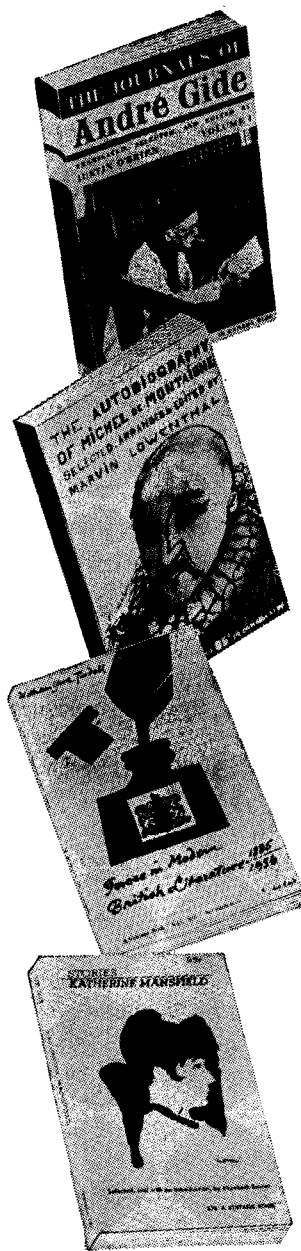
There was a good deal of truth in Shaw's glib boast that G.B.S. was "the most successful of my fictions." Though he wrote no formal autobiography, he wrote and talked about himself so copiously and so artfully that he created a public *persona* from whom it is next to impossible to disentangle the real man. It is here that Mr. Ervine makes a valuable contribution. His immensely detailed presentation of the record — a sizable part of which he knew at first hand or was close to — focuses a strong, clear light on almost every aspect of Shaw's life. And while Ervine gives free play to his prejudices when dealing with Shaw's friends, his perspective, where Shaw is concerned, is balanced and enlightening — sympathetic but not idolatrous.

Among other things, Mr. Ervine has given us the most candid and precise account so far assembled in one book of Shaw's much-debated love life. Without any lapses into vulgarity, Ervine chronicles the numerous love affairs — a few consummated, the majority not — which Shaw plunged into between the age of twenty-nine (the date of his sexual initiation) and his marriage to Charlotte, who insisted that their relationship remain sexless. Ervine confirms the impression that Shaw had in him a streak of perverse Don Juanism: he encouraged women to fall in love with him and took a priggish pleasure in then refusing himself.

"The supreme fact about [Shaw]," writes Ervine, "was that he never became intimate enough with anybody to understand him or her as thoroughly as a human being can be understood." His shocking errors — notably his adulation of the dictators and their methods — sprang from the arrogance of the pure intellectual whose infatuation with ideas blinds him to their human implications. There is an abundance of testimony that Shaw was in the main an exceptionally kindly man. Ervine, and he is certainly not the fulsome type, says: "Of all the men I have known, there was none so full of grace of mind and spirit as G.B.S." Ironically, Shaw's errors contain a teaching per-

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haps more valuable than any of his preachments: namely that intellect divorced from human awareness can lead a decent man to glorify the vilest indecencies.

The perennial philosophy

Another writer who would, I am certain, cheerfully call himself an Outsider—**Aldous Huxley**—is currently represented by a book of essays: *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow* (Harper, \$4.00). The subjects are extremely varied—education, a Utopia that failed, Toulouse-Lautrec, Renaissance music, the earth's dwindling resources and the future of mankind, the merits of the do-it-yourself revival as occupational therapy. But a subject, to Huxley, is no more than a springboard. The novelist-hero of *Point Counterpoint* has perfectly described what happens in the Huxleyan essay: "One sentence, and I'm already involved in history, art, and all the sciences. The whole story of the universe is implicit in any part of it. Make the smell of roast duck in an old kitchen diaphanous and you will have a glimpse of everything, from the spiral nebulae to Mozart's music and the stigmata of St. Francis of Assisi." Huxley says in effect to his reader what William James used to say to his dinner guests: "Come—let us gossip about the universe."

There is no blinking the fact that, since Huxley's conversion to mystical religion, there has been a gradual decline of wit and brilliance in his "gossip about the universe." The gaiety with which he used to savage human folly has been dampened by earnestness; and his susceptibility to crankishness and faddism, his tiresome horror of the human body (that "bag of muck"), have become increasingly obtrusive. Then, too, there is an inescapable incongruity in Huxley's abrupt take-offs into the vocabulary of Oriental mysticism. But for all that, Huxley, as always, has something important to say. One need not be a mystic to see the light that shines in the timeless insights of what Huxley has called "the perennial philosophy"; and these insights are tellingly at work in many of the pages of Huxley's book. His essays may be less exhilarating than they used to be, but they still have few competitors in the realm of "gossip about the universe."

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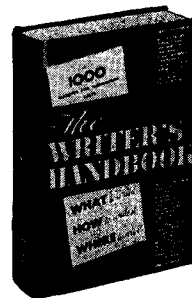
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Religion (Oxford University Press, \$5.00), draws together in condensed form the passages dealing with religion in *A Study of History*; it is, in effect, a summarized version of Toynbee's survey of man's religious beliefs throughout the ages. It is also, I might add, distinctly more strenuous reading than the well-known one-volume condensation of the first half of Toynbee's magnum opus.

Toynbee has been justly accused by several historians of an inconsistency in his religious attitude. He has harped eloquently on the parochialism and the *hubris* of believing, "*My faith is the only true faith*," and yet he has made statements which give the impression that only a revival of *his* faith, Christianity, can save the civilized world from ruin. That inconsistency, it is interesting to note, does not appear in the present volume. In the final part, while Toynbee does not actually speak of the need for a "new" religion, he writes: "We must realize that we cannot return . . . to the traditional Christian vision of the spiritual universe"; and he attempts to disengage "the essence from the non-essentials in mankind's religious heritage" — in other words, to single out the insights common to all the higher religions, the insights which might form the core of a universal faith that may someday find its prophet.

How to un-adjust

Along with the Outsider, another hero-figure has made his entry onto the cultural stage — the "Unadjusted Man," brain-child of the American poet and historian, Peter Viereck. In a series of short chapters which might be likened to commando raids, Mr. Viereck's new book, *The Unadjusted Man* (Beacon Press, \$5.00), crisscrosses a vast battleground of ideas, spraying the reader with a machine-gun fire of arguments — political, historical, sociological, literary, and philosophic.

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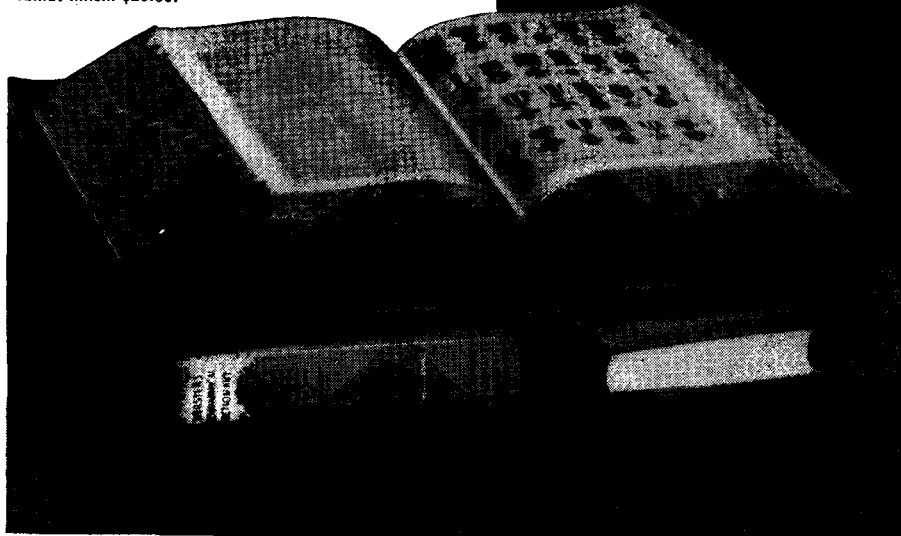
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lyricism and the vices of the New
Criticism. Stylistically, Mr. Viereck
sometimes pays horrid penalties for
straining after cleverness, but he suc-
ceeds at least in achieving a spirited
effect. What emerges is a scrappy,
decidedly breathless, but stimulating
book, in which there is a good deal of
acute political analysis and a variety
of challenging ideas.

At the outset, Viereck notes that
the cult of adjustment has produced
a new American idol, the Overad-
justed Man—the public relations
personality who has surrendered to
"a thought control more insidious
than the coercive political kind." Our
potential liberator from this monster
is the "Unadjusted Man." He is a
man whose values are not determined
by "a democratic plebiscite"; they
are his own. They are values which
the tradition that reveres the indi-
vidual soul has shown to be lastingly
good; and they transcend conformity
and nonconformity alike. It is, one
may assume, this Unadjusted Man
who is addressing us throughout the
rest of Viereck's book.

What comes closest to being a cen-
tral theme is Viereck's champion-
ship of "indirect" democracy, which
stands for the supremacy of parlia-
mentary institutions and the rule of
law, and which derives from Burke,
John Adams, Madison, the *Federalist*
papers; and his critique of "direct"
democracy—government by unfil-
tered mass pressure, by public opinion
poll—which derives from Rousseau,
Paine, and Jackson. To Viereck, "di-
rect" democracy—with its doctrine
of the supremacy of the mass, its
threat to the liberties of unpopular
minorities, and its belligerent egali-
tarianism—represents the *radical* op-
position to the liberal-conservative
synthesis which is the essence of the
American tradition. This radicalism
of the old Populist and Progressive
parties is currently represented (with
changes of lingo) by the new Nation-
alist Right, until recently spearheaded
by Senator McCarthy. The Nation-
alist Right, says Viereck, "is the most
anti-conservative uprising in native
Americana since the Whiskey Rebel-
lion of 1794." His substantiation of
this thesis, and his detailed diagnosis
of the complexes of the Nationalist
Right, are to my mind cogent and
fascinating stuff.

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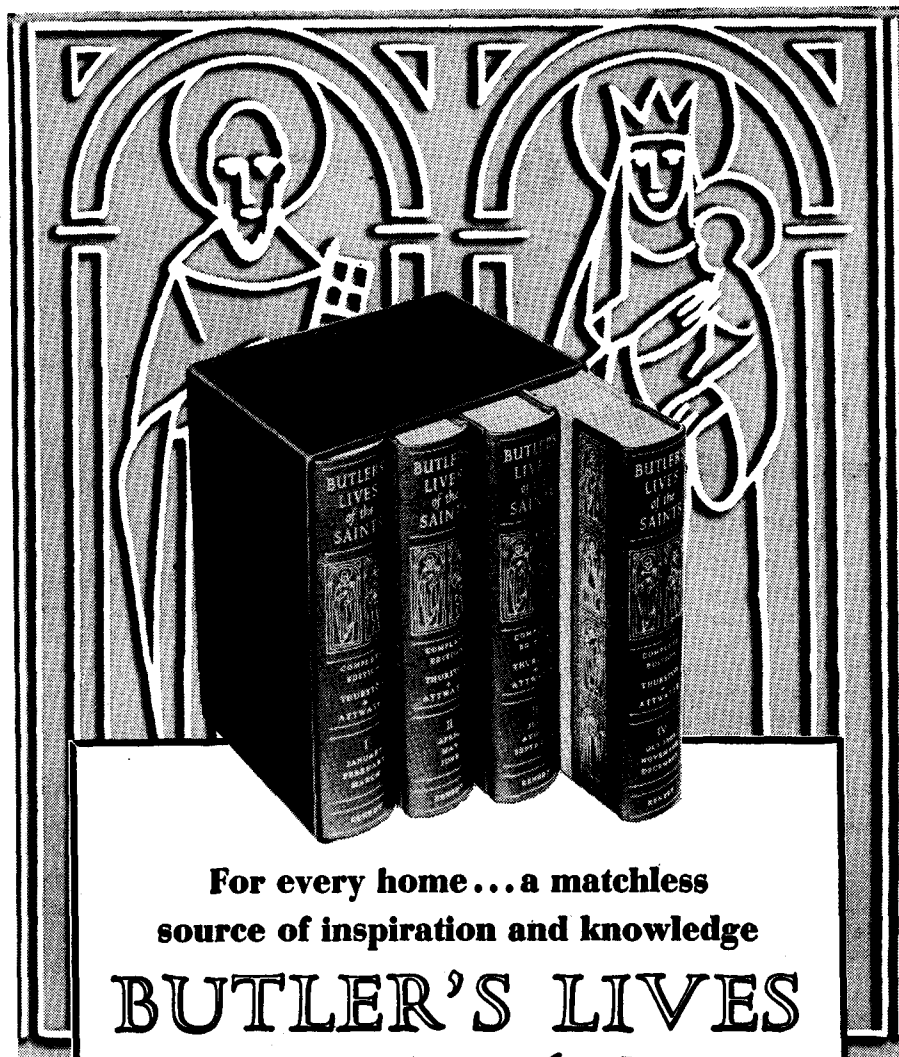
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sentence of her personal history, which is, self-evidently, anything but simple. *The Heart Has Its Reasons* (David McKay, \$5.00) might be described as an "authorized" autobiography: its subject never appears without her make-up on. A couple of anecdotes have, however, slipped in which show that the Duchess's demure self-portrait does not do justice to traits which have decisively shaped her destiny. As a child, while preparing for her very first party, she threw a foot-stamping scene in order to get her blue sash changed to a red one. "You told your mother," her aunt recalls, "you wanted a red sash so that the boys would notice you." Some twenty years later, while living in China, Wallis insisted on making a trip which the American Consul warned her was extremely dangerous. The sailor who was assigned to see her safely into the train remarked as they parted: "If [you] run into trouble, I fancy the bandits will be the ones to regret it."

There are other clues to the inner woman, but all in all, the Duchess has managed to confine self-revelation to what she would like her public to believe. She has, of course, an irresistible story to tell; and even on the shallow plane on which she tells it, it remains immensely readable and highly dramatic.

Too much is not enough

Irresistible is also the operative word for the life of Alexandre Dumas, but Guy Endore has succeeded, through excess of zeal, in making a botch of it. His *King of Paris* (Simon & Schuster, \$4.00) — a Book-of-the-Month Club choice — is a horrendous example of the excesses of the biographical novel written (as the publishers put it) "in the high romantic style." Dumas's life was a flamboyant case of truth being sometimes stranger than fiction, and it happens to have been a life that is richly documented; but Mr. Endore, who has done script-writing in Hollywood, is clearly of the persuasion that too much is not enough. In an appendix which explains his modus operandi, he reasons as follows: So many delightful stories are known about Dumas that it's safe to assume other and better ones have been lost. Why not dream them up? Sometimes Dumas, in his own anecdotes, omitted an "obvious" curtain line. Why not supply it? Shakespeare retouched his raw material, why not Endore?



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Guest-edited by Irita Van Doren, this issue features such provocative articles as *The New Man in the Arts* by Jacques Barzun, *The Discipline Trap* by Marston Bates, *If You Don't Mind My Saying So* by Joseph Wood Krutch, *Our Documentary Culture* by Margaret Mead, *The Plight of the Lone Wolf* by Perry Miller, *The Meaning of Bandung* by Saunders Redding, *The Found Generation* by David Riesman, and others.

In addition, some of the leading scholars, writers and critics of our time have contributed capsule essays on what seems to each of them to be "the most neglected book in the last 25 years." In this section you will find Brooks Atkinson, Elmer Davis, Aldous Huxley, Sidney Hook, Carl Sandburg, Lionel Trilling, among the fifty famous contributors.

And, such noted American publishers as Bennett Cerf, John Farrar, B. W. Huebsch, Lovell Thompson, and Kurt Wolff, are among those who write about the book each is most proud to have published.

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The only way of doing justice to Dumas, Endore claims, is to invent. "Lies?" he asks. "Well yes." And he goes on to quote the saying, "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato* — if it isn't true, at least it's a brilliant invention."

Unfortunately, Mr. Endore's extravagant untruths are emphatically not *ben trovato*; and the reams of imaginary dialogue in his novel are flatulent rubbish. Alexandre Dumas was a man who spectacularly overplayed himself. To overplay him further, as Endore has done, is literary lunacy.

Nun or nurse?

The Nun's Story (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$4.00) by Kathryn Hulme, a Book-of-the-Month Club selection, is a true narrative of the dedicated life, written with luminous insight and at the same time with the tautness and the drive of a tale of physical adventure.

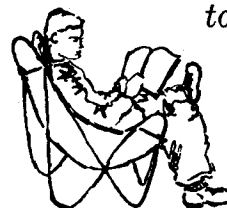
Miss Hulme's affecting heroine is a young Belgian girl, a doctor's daughter, who in the mid-nineteen-twenties turned aside from marriage to enter a nursing order. The book follows her through the trials of her novitiate and of her medical studies; through her experiences as a nurse in the Congo and later in an asylum for the insane in Belgium; and finally through her involvement with the Nazis and the Dutch underground in the year 1940. Aside from the heroine, Sister Luke, three briefly sketched figures imprint themselves vividly on the reader's mind — the Superior General; Mother Mathilde; and the brilliant Italian surgeon, Dr. Fortunati, an incorrigible infidel who is doing the work of a saint.

Throughout Miss Hulme's story there flows a rising current of tension, generated by the fact that unquestioning submission to the Holy Rule, total consecration to God, calls for a discipline which sometimes conflicts with dedication to the service of human suffering. Sister Luke comes to perceive with painful insistence that she is more nurse than nun; and when her all-too-human hatred for the Nazis cannot be subdued, she is confronted with the bitter recognition that to remain in the order would be hypocrisy — that her service to God must be out in the world.

Miss Hulme does not touch on the motives that impelled her heroine to become a nun, nor does she give any hint of what has happened to her in

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her new life. One's sharp disappointment over these omissions is a measure of the author's success in involving her readers in Sister Luke's destiny.

Scandal in a coffin

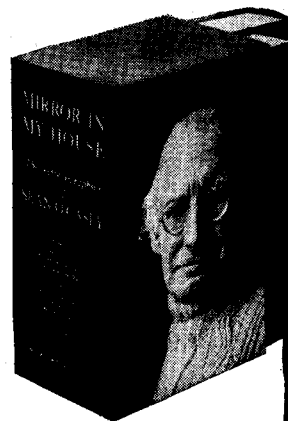
That wonderfully clever satirist, **Angus Wilson** (*The Wrong Set, Such Darling Dodos, Hemlock and After*), has turned out his most ambitious novel to date: *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* (Viking, \$4.50). The main protagonist, Gerald Middleton, is a distinguished medievalist in his early sixties; and the novel's theme is his growing awareness that his life has been founded on a succession of subtly destructive moral failures — cowardly compromises and evasions, and muffled self-deceptions.

The events which bring about Middleton's decisive shock of recognition have their roots in the startling discovery, made forty years earlier, of a pagan fertility figure in the coffin of a seventh-century Christian missionary, the Anglo-Saxon Bishop Eorpwald. As a young man, Middleton was given reason to suspect that the pagan figure had been "planted" during the excavations as a malicious hoax. But with a characteristic mixture of irresolution and bad conscience, he has failed in his duty as a scholar and has kept his suspicions to himself.

The continuing reverberations of the Eorpwald "mystery" in the scholarly world are made to serve as Wilson's plot line; and it is too narrow a track on which to keep a novel containing forty-five characters, half a dozen major private dramas, and a far-ranging scrutiny of the English social scene. Mr. Wilson has managed, with enormous ingenuity, to cross-relate all of his characters and thereby to relate them, howsoever remotely, to the Eorpwald affair. But he has done so at the cost of more than a hint of contrivance.

Fortunately, in Wilson's case, plotting is a decidedly secondary concern. It is the satiric portraiture and the brilliant rendering of social milieux which are the heart of the matter. Wilson's characters are taken from a wide variety of social strata, and as many as a dozen of them, perhaps, are notable creations, drawn with a mixture of fiendish realism and inspired touches of fantasy. I especially remember Mrs. Salad, Middleton's retired charwoman, an entrancingly comic old ruin who lets no one forget

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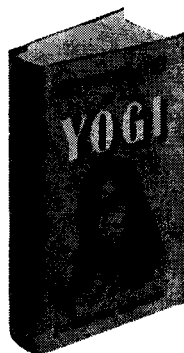
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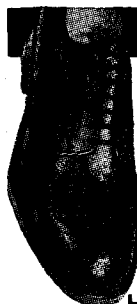
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that in her youth she met the best class of people as Cloakroom Attendant at His Majesty's Theater; Middleton's Scandinavian wife, Ingeborg, a terrifyingly warmhearted creature with elephantiasis of the maternal instinct and a dropsical sentimentality; and the three flashy young delinquents, whose repulsive ways and total lack of shame have their hilarious aspects.

For all its corrosive edge, the novel is tinged with a compassion which is not noticeable in Wilson's previous work; and the conclusion suggests a certain mellowing of his outlook. *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*, in sum, represents a distinct advance in the career of a writer with unusual resources of wit and intelligence — a writer, moreover, who is virtually incapable of producing a dull page.

Potpourri

The combination of scholarship and vivid readability that made Maria Bellonci's *Lucrezia Borgia* such an attractive biography is equally in evidence in *A Prince of Mantua* (Harcourt, Brace, \$5.00), in which she chronicles the flamboyant life and times of Vincenzo Gonzaga, the rakish Duke in Verdi's *Rigoletto*.

The Sacrifice (Viking, \$3.95) by Adele Wiseman — a first novel which unfolds the family saga of poor Jewish immigrants in a provincial town in Canada — comes to us bearing high-powered tributes from Saul Bellow and other writers. Perhaps the fact that, as the publishers justly claim, "it is a work without a grain of cynicism" is what prevented me from sharing fully the enthusiasm of Mr. Bellow and his confreres. But Miss Wiseman is clearly a new writer with a substantial talent and a warmly human touch.

In Search of Adam (Houghton Mifflin, \$6.50) by Herbert Wendt is a popularized account of the discoveries about the origins of mankind. The author surveys not only the whole development of the prehistoric and natural sciences but also the scientists involved, the climate of their times, and the furious scholarly rows in which most of them engaged. A large and lively affair.

Finally, to those who share my delight in parodies and burlesques, I strongly commend *The Antic Muse* (Grove, \$1.25) edited by Robert P. Falk, who has assembled a collection of memorable take-offs on American writers past and present.

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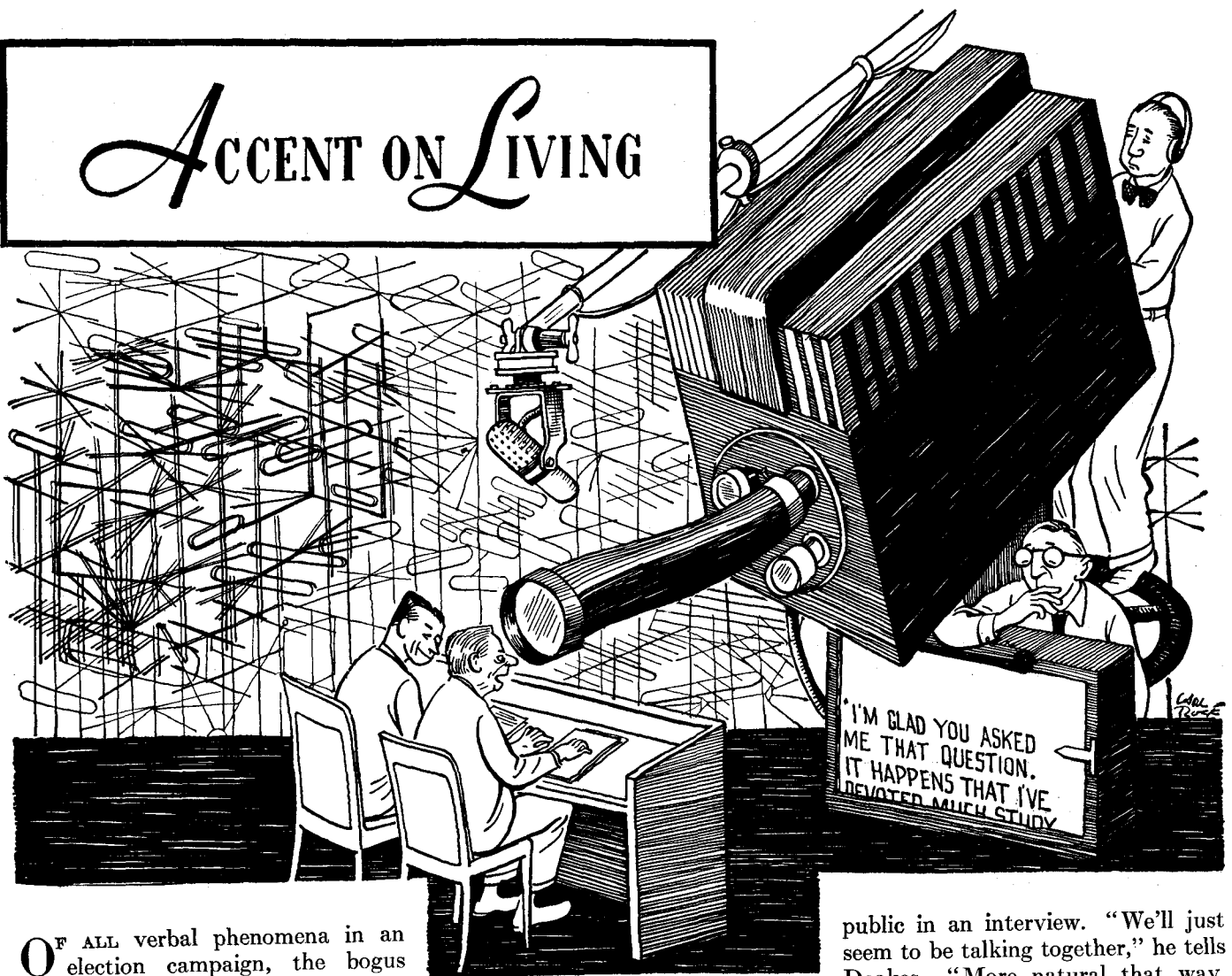
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The judges for the 1956 Atlantic Non-Fiction Contest reluctantly announce that no one of the finalists completely fulfilled the conditions of the award, and that under these circumstances no prize will be given.

ACCENT ON LIVING



OF ALL verbal phenomena in an election campaign, the bogus "interview" in a broadcasting studio is surely the most endearing. With the hope that their exchanges will be accepted by the audience as spontaneous give-and-take, the participants are usually perceived to be reading their lines, surreptitiously, from concealed scripts.

On rare occasions, when there has been enough time for them to memorize the text — and there hardly ever is — the interviewer and the candidate face the TV camera boldly and are obviously not reading at all. That they are nevertheless reciting memorized parts is betrayed only by their rather mechanical style of delivery and the remarkably wooden quality of the text itself. Did one man ever address another in such language? Never.

The audience may wonder why the interview form is chosen, instead of the harangue unabashed, if its disabilities are so evident. Why not have the candidate simply make his speech and let it go at that? The answer lies in the personality of the candidate,

his limited budget for the campaign, and the quality of the expert guidance available under the circumstances.

J. Stoughton Doakes, for instance, is running for Congress in Nirvana, Ohio. Doakes bought up enough tax titles in the Depression to set himself up in the real-estate game and now, at age sixty-two, he has decided to spare some time to the public service. It should be added that Doakes is in the wrong party, and that most of Nirvana is in the other camp. That's how Doakes happened to get the nomination: no one else wanted it.

As a speaker, Doakes is calamitous. No audience could be expected to stick with him for fifteen minutes at any time of day or night; it would be throwing money away to put him on the air. So Doakes's campaign manager, a low-priced publicity man who believes that anyone can write for radio and TV, decides to broach Doakes to the voting

public in an interview. "We'll just seem to be talking together," he tells Doakes. "More natural that way. Leave it to me."

The first great defect in the interview that results is the brevity of the questions in contrast with the voluminous replies supplied to the candidate. The script writer will feed his man a terse question about the other candidate's voting record, and out comes tumbling a half page or more of dates, statistics, arguments, and issues — all read by Doakes too rapidly and with no great sense of what he is saying.

The listener, who may have missed the question in the first place and who now believes that he is getting a singlehanded speech by Doakes, is therefore staggered, when Doakes stops at the end of his tirade, to hear another voice speak up. The other voice, incidentally, always makes the same remark: "That's very interesting, Mr. Doakes." Some further piquancy at this point is lent by the fact that Doakes's great slab of words had been completely uninteresting, and the listener can only

wonder what manner of man is chipping in with any opinion to the contrary.

But the interviewer's next words quickly restore the semblance of an interview. "Haven't you been very active, Mr. Doakes," he goes on, "in the controversy over a protective tariff on — (harmonicas, bath towels, ping-pong balls, piston rings, or whatever else is manufactured in Nirvana)?"

To this question there is, of course, only one answer. "Yes, I have," Doakes replies, and another torrent of figures, warnings, and exhortations from Doakes once again reduces his interviewer to a vanished memory.

The people who write this sort of interview are especially fond of a line which is supposed to show how spontaneous and unrehearsed everything is. It shows also — at any rate they hope it does — the candor of the candidate, his willingness to face squarely even the riskiest question. The line, which some writers

use on the candidate's response to every question, is: "I'm glad you asked me that."

Whole interviews often proceed from start to finish on this note of gladness: Doakes is glad to be asked about Suez or the Air Force, glad to unload on the sales tax, comic books, the farm plan. "A very good question," Doakes will say. "I'm glad you asked me that." If he wants to seem really folksy and easygoing about it, an occasional variation is thought to be helpful. "I had a hunch you would want me to say something about — (superhighways, old-age assistance, etc.)," Doakes is made to reply. "I'm glad you asked me that."

It makes no great difference who does the interviewing in these broadcasts and telecasts. Almost anyone who can read will suffice, although it must be hard to find an adult of either sex who would care to go on record as soliciting the views of such a candidate as Doakes with such unin-

formed questions on so many tired subjects. In any case, the interview will end, characteristically, with both parties exchanging civilities three minutes too early, after the interviewer has just remarked, with an air of surprise, "Well, I see our time is up, and I wanna thank you, Mr. Doakes, for coming here and answering my questions."

Major candidates continue to go on the air in big, smooth productions, timed and polished by professional showmen, with everything clicking in the right place at the right instant. But the uncertainty, and thereby some of the valor, is missing. No tug at the heartstrings is felt; indeed, such an idea never arises. I shall continue to attend the Doakeses whenever I happen upon one. I shall wince at much of the content, but I shall share to the full their hopefulness, their gladness, that just the right question has been asked — and answered.

CHARLES W. MORTON

TRAVELER'S RETURN

by JOSEPH WECHSBERG

JOSEPH WECHSBERG, who has written many books and articles about travel and good living, is a frequent contributor to these pages.

FOR the past three years I've been living in Europe, depending on visiting firemen, a couple of magazines, and the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* to keep me posted on the fast-changing American scene. I thought I was well informed on prosperity, \$7.50 steaks, juvenile delinquency, the stock market, *My Fair Lady*, television, and *The Power of Positive Thinking*. So it was with a shock that I discovered, when I returned to America a while ago, that I must have been listening to the wrong people and reading the wrong journals.

The changes were there but it was not always easy to define them. Conformity is spreading. All men in New York wear similar single-breasted suits, similar shirts, and write with similar pens. What happened to all the double-breasted suits I saw three years ago? To the fountain pens that wrote dry with wet ink? Even the automobiles have become alike. Only

experts and small boys are able to distinguish them.

In New York City, where I spent my first week, the overpowering first impression was a blend of haste, noise, traffic, vigor, new buildings going up at incredible speed, the bright



mayonnaise color of dresses, cars, pencils, and boundless confidence. There was a new display of wealth.

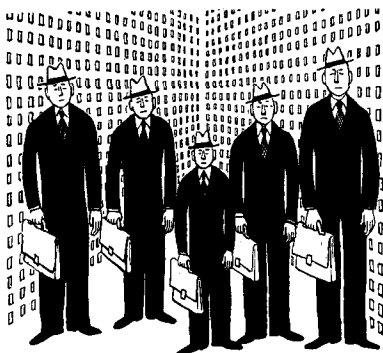
The \$7.50 steaks which the visiting firemen always talk about to illustrate the high cost of living in America are not typical. How many people can afford that kind of steak any-

way? What is typical is the fact that up in Connecticut, where we live in a middle-class community, the butcher has to ration steak because so many people now buy expensive cuts.

By most European standards, America is no longer an expensive country. Food prices are about the same, and utilities, clothes, shoes, durable goods, are cheaper in the United States. Only personal services are more expensive. Dentists are better. You still find servants in Europe, though this may come to an end too.

Real luxury now seems to set a new standard of living. American visitors in Europe often talk about the elegant women of Paris and Rome — meaning, of course, the few they see around the Avenue George V and the Via Veneto. I assure you Europe has nothing to offer like a walk on Fifth Avenue. Nowhere else on earth have I seen such a casual display of \$50 shoes, mink in the morning, and the sort of jewelry — \$168,300 bracelets, federal tax included — that I thought existed only in advertisements ("Mail Inquiries Receive Prompt Attention"). I discovered that people really buy these bracelets, maybe even by mail.

I suppose that's part of our prosperity. It's not the sort of prosperity I remember when I was an itinerant fiddler on decrepit French Line boats in the carefree twenties. Even our



double-bass player owned stocks and made money, and you know how un-businesslike those fellows are. It was hard not to make extra money. We musicians made it by turning our staterooms into a speakeasy while the boat was at the pier, and by selling the table wines which the line offers free with all meals and which we stored under our beds.

But this is the prosperity of the fifties, which no historian will ever call carefree. All my prosperous friends in New York talk about their high taxes and high blood pressure. They don't seem to be making conspicuously more money than they did three years ago, but all seem to be working a little harder, to be running a little faster, to be spending a little more than they ought to.

I don't think they are getting fair value in return. Seeing these fast-working, fast-drinking people in the noisy luncheon places of Manhattan, I can't help thinking of the relaxed workers in northern Italy who spend about 30 cents for their lunch (spaghetti and a glass of wine, with bread, sunshine, and music-from-somewhere provided free of charge) and who seem much happier than my friends, the executives, who are so busy now they eat a sandwich at their desks before they take their pills. One, who leads a luxurious expense-account life from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., told me he was getting into debt.

"You've got to take your clients to these fancy places, and after a while you find yourself going there at your own expense," he says. "You're becoming used to it and you've got to take your wife out. She's getting tired of being told about these fancy places while she sits at home washing the dishes. Sometimes the tips which

I have to give at noon would pay for the dinner which she cooks at night. It's crazy. Everybody is spending too much too fast. That's prosperity."

One trouble with prosperity is that it seems to do away with the last vestiges of civilized living in this country. My wife and I stayed in New York at a hotel overlooking Central Park, a staid institution known for its "Continental" flavor, possibly owing to its thick walls, antiquated bathtubs, and palm-tree lobby with a small orchestra playing schmalzy waltzes. During the war, when I happened to be stationed in a basic-training camp in Maryland, I would come here once in a while on a two-day pass. The management allowed servicemen a 50 per cent reduction on the room rate.

The moment I stepped into the lobby, I had the warm feeling of being in a nice, civilized home. Everybody tried to make me feel comfortable. The doormen and porters and elevator operators and maids always had a friendly word. I didn't have the feeling of being in a hotel — which is the best thing one can say about a hotel. After days of K.P. or latrine duty it was bliss to soak in the bathtub and

to enjoy the abundance of fresh towels. I would go back refreshed on Sunday night to take up my K.P. duties, convinced that there were Things Worth Fighting For.

A few years ago, I read that the hotel had been taken over by a chain and now forms a gem in the investment tiara of a celebrated hotelman. He is said to be working hard for his stockholders. He's certainly not working for his guests. Our room this time was 50 per cent more expensive than in my K.P. days, and the service was at least 50 per cent worse. After paying my bill, I felt I owed them nothing any more for the patriotic reduction they allowed me fourteen years ago.

When our cab drove up in front of the hotel, the doorman faked an attempt to take out the smallest piece of baggage. At that point I made the mistake of giving him a dollar bill. He dropped the baggage and us in obvious disgust and turned his attention to a ten-gallon hat, 25 per cent capital gains tax character who had a ten-dollar bill folded between forefinger and middle finger. No one came to help us, and my wife and I had to struggle with the pile of lug-

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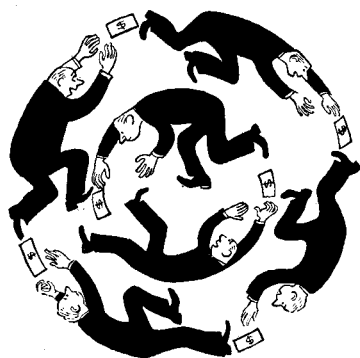


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gage, while the cab driver cursed and other drivers behind him honked their horns. When I found the head porter at last, he ignored me pointedly until I backed up my request with hard cash, and then he delegated two smart-alecky young men in



colorful liveries to take care of our luggage.

Dollar bills changed hands faster than in a bank teller's window.

The reservation manager, operating from behind a partition, seemed distressed that we had showed up (the reservation had been made three weeks earlier), and informed us curtly to come back at 3:30 P.M., when a room would be ready. At 3:30 a sullen woman gave me a key and, without saying a word, pointed toward the elevator. We found our room at last with the help of a sympathetic elevator operator, and the luggage was sent up by two men only half an hour after I'd phoned. By the time I had all the baggage in our room, I had spent almost \$10 on it.

The room was made up, but a dirty pair of socks was still in the wastebasket and one of the towels in the bathroom had been used. We soon found out that everything was streamlined and commercialized now. If you wanted anything done — say, to have the room made up quickly, or a tray with glasses taken away — you had to tip for it, *in advance*. (The room rate, incidentally, was \$25 a day.) No one gave us a smile or said good morning; reticence was clearly a house policy. Believe me, it doesn't take long to run down a fine hotel. I suppose no one cares any more about old-fashioned hospitality as long as there are new rugs, new lights, and new flowers in the lobby. Moral: never go back to a place because it was heaven after K.P. in the army.

I do not expect a first-rate run for my money in a second-rate place, but I didn't get anything like courteous, civilized service even in the expensive

hotels, restaurants, and stores. Everywhere, I noticed that the customer was always wrong and that he didn't seem to mind the rough treatment.

A friend who came back on an American ship in first class told me that when he rang the bell, his cabin steward sometimes came in smoking a cigarette, and that two deck stewards asked the passengers to wait until they had finished their deck tennis game. It sounded incredible until I went to an expensive restaurant in Manhattan where I ordered, among other things, a baked potato. When the waiter brought me mashed potatoes and I complained, he gave me a hard stare and said, "Look, I'm not going to change that order and get hell in the kitchen. You want these mashed potatoes or don't you?"

The same customers who would protest violently in Paris or Rome if they were treated that way don't dare to speak up here. They know that a dozen other customers are waiting to get their table. One must hand out money nowadays to get *any* table. The brazen demand for tips in advance of petty service is a complete defeat for the customer and ultimately leads to a breakdown of all service. A Swiss-hotel owner who knows the meaning of civilized hospitality told me that he likes difficult guests who demand a lot. "They help the management to keep up the standards of our hotel," he said.

There are people who give large tips for no service rendered because they are generous, because tipping bolsters their ego, or because they like to impress the lady they take out for dinner. Let them do it. But why should a tuxedoed, arrogant man behind a velvet rope expect a tip to give you a bad table near the telephone where you have the privilege of being overlooked by bilious bus boys and the honor of being disregarded by waspish waiters? (The rope itself is not exactly a symbol of hospitality.)

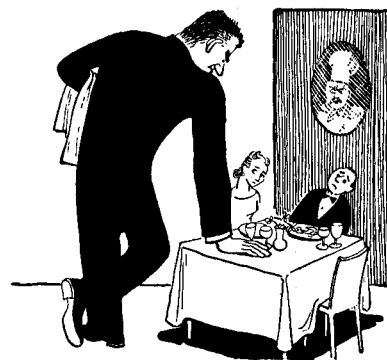
A captain appears with pad and pencil, looks around impatiently elsewhere while taking your order, refuses to make suggestions or to advise you, and seems to hate the very food itself. No wonder Americans in Europe, where so much depends on giving the right order in a good restaurant, get nervous at the sight of the captain and order the first thing that comes to their mind — probably steak and French fries — by-passing all the wonderful *spécialités de la maison* which he is ready to offer.

Everywhere I noticed that more emphasis was put on pretense than on quality. In one of the currently fashionable, highly overrated Manhattan midtown restaurants my tomato salad was served elaborately, surrounded by a small glacier of crushed ice. With all that ice work, no wonder they hadn't found time in the kitchen to peel the tomatoes. In another place, I was brought a magnificent-looking crab-meat salad, but plenty of shell bits had been left in the crab meat.

Everywhere too much food is heaped up on the plate. Meat, gravy, potatoes, vegetables are lumped together in a hash-like still life. In a fine restaurant where the *saucier* had worked hard and successfully to make a good béarnaise, a stoical waiter dumped a pound of string beans right into the sauce on my plate.

No wonder the guest loses his appetite. At any rate, that seems to be one of the reasons why the well-fed people in the most expensive restaurants leave so much food on their plates. For anyone coming back from less prosperous countries it is a shock to see how much is wasted in this country. People wouldn't do it in their own homes; why do they permit it in restaurants? Abroad, the waiter serves part of a portion, leaves the rest on a hot plate, and asks you whether you wish some more. A famous restaurant owner in Manhattan who learned his business in Europe, and really knows it, explained to me that *à part* service is impossible here because the waiters have not been trained to do it.

I asked him, How about serving smaller portions and charging less? He raised his hands in horrified gesture. "Word would spread at once



that I was trying to chisel. In order to stay in this highly competitive business, I've got to give patrons more and charge more, and see more wasted. Prosperity, you know."



NO LIFE TO SPEAK OF

by H. F. ELLIS

H. F. ELLIS is a Londoner whose light prose has frequently appeared in the Atlantic. He is the author, also, of an extraordinarily funny book, *The Vexations of A. J. Wentworth*.

I NEVER read an autobiography yet that wasn't full of turning-points.

"Dismayed by my father's anger, which even to my unfledged six-year-old mind seemed out of all proportion to the trifling peccadillo of which I had been guilty, to have its provenance rather in some deep-seated psychological *malaise* beyond my ken, I stole away to the attic and threw myself sobbing on a pile of my mother's discarded bonnets. Their proximity brought me some comfort, but becoming aware after a while of a hard object beneath my aching head (for I was at that time subject to blinding headaches and intermittent fits of nausea) I drew it out and found in my hand an old tattered volume that must somehow have been overlooked when my father turned every book, other than Wesley's Sermons, out of the house. It was Lord Derby's translation of Homer's *Iliad*! I opened it and began to read. Instantly, the world was changed . . ."

My own parents, who had no idea how to nurture genius, kept Homer in the dining-room bookcase, where I naturally had no occasion to discover it. Even if I had, I doubt whether my reactions would have been of a kind to rate inclusion in a book of Memoirs at \$7.50. Take the time — and there must have been such a time — when I first looked into Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale." How did I face up to that challenging episode?

"This, then, was the answer. Here was the key for which, unknowingly, I had been groping ever since that

day, nearly five years ago now, when the iridescent colors of a fresh mackerel, glimpsed furtively through a crack in the kitchen door, had sent me into inexplicable transports of delight. Beauty was the key, and it was mine, all mine. Whatever befell me, whenever I trudged wearily to and from the hated day-school, or fought back the bitter tears of mortification as I wrestled vainly to make up lost ground in geometry, or submitted dumbly to the misery of being plunged head-first in a water butt during one of my grandfather's bouts of drunkenness — even that humiliation would be irradiated, transformed, imbued with a Meaning at which I had hitherto but dimly guessed. I capered madly, I remember . . ."

I remember nothing of the kind. I have had my emotions, like everybody else, on reading Keats's Odes, and I dare say I could describe them, given time and a promise of adequate payment per thousand words; but it seems to me they came gradually and rather too late in life to be of interest to the general public.

The keen memories of autobiographers are a constant amazement to me. It is nothing to them to recall, for a couple of pages, their thoughts on first seeing Queen Victoria riding by in a carriage. I cannot recall mine of first eating a chocolate éclair, though for a boy that must have been quite an experience. Even the big moments, the occasions that any boy of proper sensibility ought to have recognized as at least potential turning-points, seem to have made no lasting impression on my mind. That first day away from the sheltering walls of home, faring forth alone into the uncertainties and terrors of school life — surely I ought to be able to dredge up something out of that, some incident, a word spoken, that made me what I am today?

Nothing comes back to me. Nothing. At least, wait. I do remember, now I come to think of it, that there was a sailor stretched out on the luggage rack in the railway compartment I had imagined unoccupied except for me. It was the nearest he could get to a hammock, I suppose, when traveling by train. Anyway, the first thing I knew about it was a voice from above my head asking, "Like a bit of chocolate, sonny?"

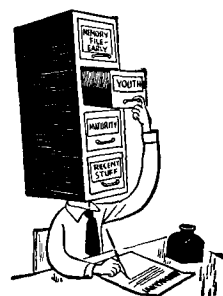
Is there anything there? Did not that rough but kindly voice, breaking in as if by magic on my agonies of homesickness, the dumb welling mis-

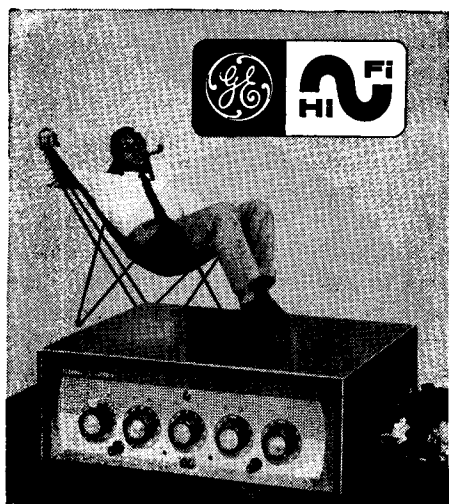
ery that only those — did it not, in short, kindle in my heart a half-conscious realization of something — other that will be with me, God helping, to my dying day? Not as I recall the episode. It may well have been so, no doubt; but all I could swear to in a court of law is that the block of chocolate the sailor handed down was so thick and of such monstrous toughness that I could by no means bite any off and only succeeded in making on its granite surface a feeble scraping, as of the teeth of mice.

There was also, if anybody cares, a smell of carbolic soap in the wash-place where I hung up my coat on arrival at the school.

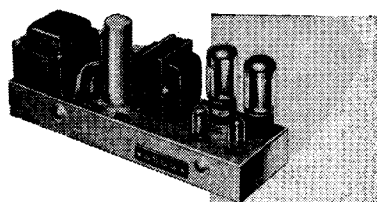
It is extremely disappointing. Whether my life so far has been of an extravagantly even dullness, or whether I have had my turning-points like other men and stupidly forgotten them, I cannot certainly decide. But I do think I have had bad luck. Some men cannot turn aside into an empty church in the cool of the evening without hearing the opening bars of a Bach fugue swelling and soaring up into the shadows. I hear nothing — and even if I did, it would turn out not to be Dr. Schweitzer at the organ. I am one of the three men who never met T. E. Lawrence. D.H. never wrote me so much as a card. If I once ran into Shaw at a cocktail party I have forgotten it. On the day after my tenth birthday, often a turning-point for autobiographers, I was sick.

But let us be clear about one thing. On the day I do decide to write my autobiography, the memories will come flooding back. I shall recall things that will surprise you. I may recall things that surprise me. And when your children's children, sobbing up there in the attic, come to open the book, it will be as if the heavens had split asunder, rolled back layer upon layer, disintegrated in a great white sheet of flame, to reveal in the very heart of that vast cataclysm the key that will unlock for them the way to I am not quite sure yet what. Truth, perhaps.

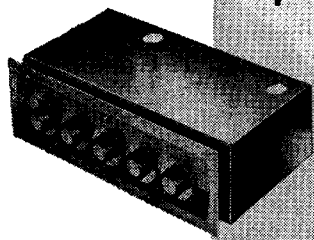




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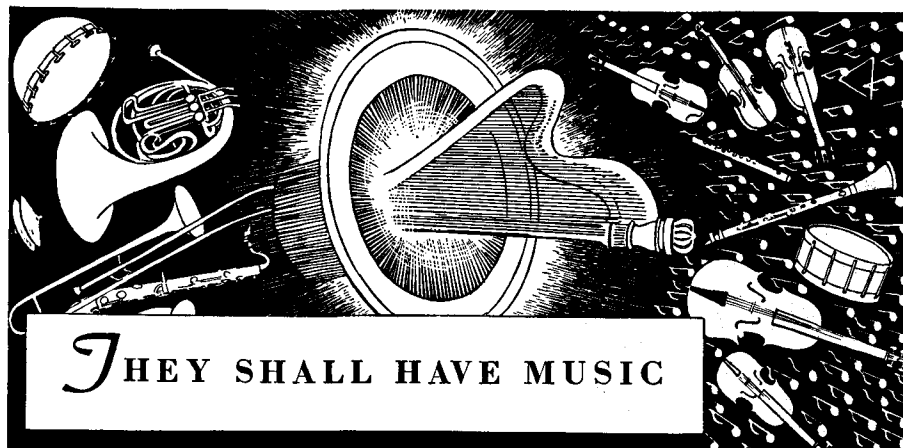
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LISTENING AT HOME

by JOHN M. CONLY

JOHN M. CONLY is a former New York and Washington newspaperman, now editor of High Fidelity Magazine. "They Shall Have Music" is a quarterly feature in the Atlantic.

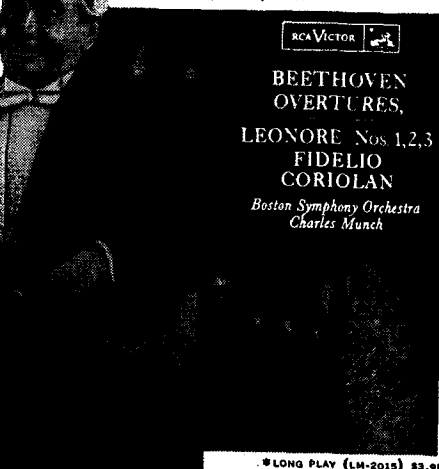
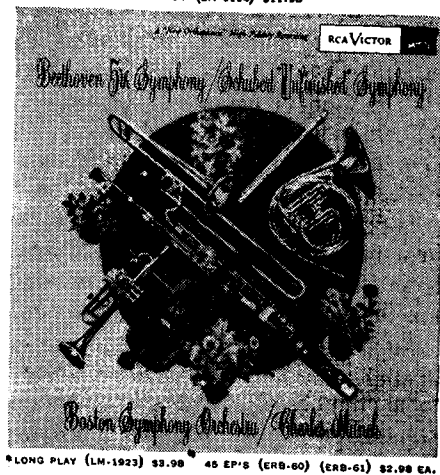
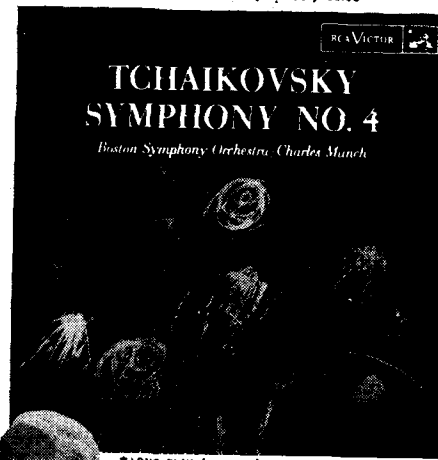
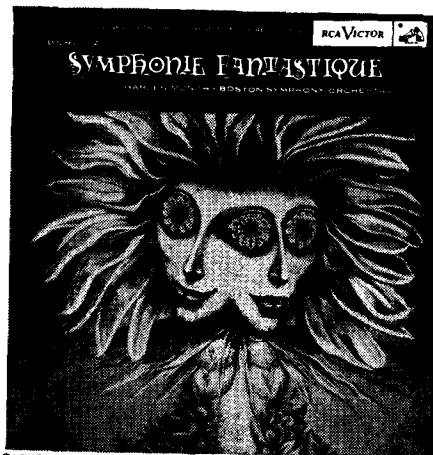
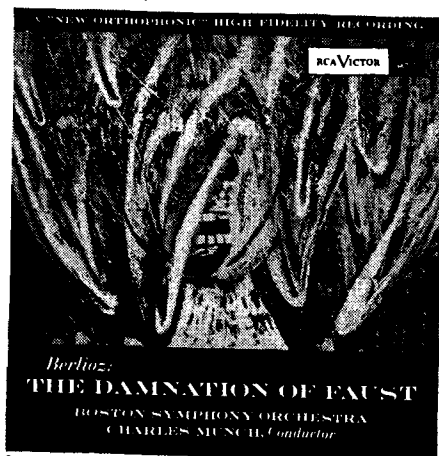
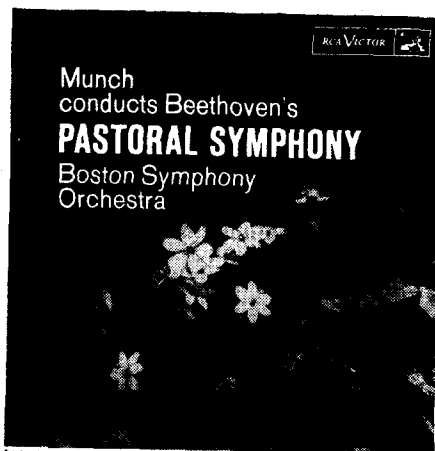
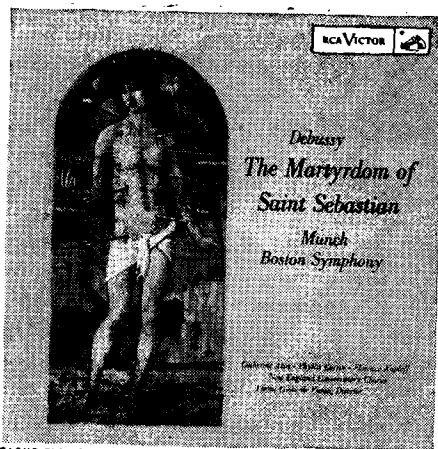
A PECULIAR and irresistible charm is generated by the sight of musical instruments under concert-stage lighting. The contours and gleaming warm colors of violins and cellos become almost magically affective upon the watcher. The silver of a flute shines as no other silver ever does, and the brass of a horn takes on a glint more golden than gold. The stride and stature of the people who ply these instruments also display a grace not seen in ordinary mortals, and the sound of their tuning-up stirs an anticipation I shall not attempt to describe.

At no time is this pleasant kind of witchwork more potent than in the autumn, when cities awaken from their summer stupor, box offices begin to open, and the music lover is given the chance to be recaptured all anew by the Muse of his choice. It is not unnatural that in these weeks the joys of the reacquaintance should be celebrated in the public prints by people who write about music. But it seems uncalled for, to me at least, that so many of these should — as they too regularly do — add to their panegyric a preaching that has become downright odious in recent years. This is, that the only true, complete, full, authentic, satisfying listener's bliss is in hearing *live* music, and that, concomitantly, anyone who listens to reproduced music ("canned" is the word commonly used) only *thinks* he is enjoying it; he really can't be. It isn't the genuine article.

Now this thesis is in some part promotional, of course, and therein is laudable. Music critics and commentators are at least peripherally in the music business, and it is their duty to help keep live music alive, by selling it to potential audiences. Amen. However, there is also, almost always, detectable in their suasion something less appealing: a sort of snobbery. It is as if they wanted it understood that they have an intimacy of access to music denied to people who must listen (or who do, whether they must or not) largely through recordings or radio.

I conceive this attitude to be compounded about equally of bad taste and ignorance. It is bad taste (*very* bad taste) to gloat about one's geographic and/or economic advantages (a flat in Manhattan; no baby-sitter problem) over other people. It is ignorance, probably willful, not to perceive and acknowledge that there are more valid ways than one to experience something so universal as music.

The preliminary pleasures of concertgoing I have made brief reference to already, partly to show I am aware of them. They are considerable, but I am not sure they are altogether relevant. The glamorous aspect of the instruments and performers in no way guarantees that in the next few minutes they will not make dreadful hash of the Schubert Sixth. And perhaps I should forbear to mention the uncomfortably hurried dinner you were so acutely conscious of subsequently in the taxi, as the traffic jam on Walnut Street effectively killed your chances of hearing the opening Handel Concerto Grosso. Not that it really mattered (you might as well, after all, have dashed for the drug-store and that helpful foaming alkaline potion), since the orchestra, dismally assisted by the forty empty



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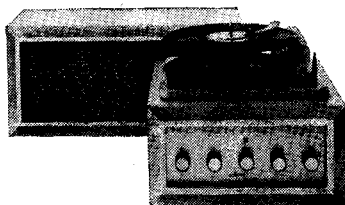
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seats awaiting the additional forces for *Ein Heldenleben*, handled the Handel strictly as befitted a warm-up item, while the tardy paying customers — music lovers all — lined up behind the ushers to chat vivaciously until it should be over.

Perhaps this is uncharitable, but it is not inaccurate. My contention is that, if you want to hear Op. 6, No. 4, which is a genuine masterpiece, there is a way to do so which Handel probably would have preferred that you take. Eat your dinner with fitting deliberation. Carry your coffee or brandy, if you fancy these amenities, into the living room with you. Make sure no dust clings to stylus or disk, then lower the one on the other, dispose yourself comfortably, and let Hermann Scherchen or Dr. Boyd Neel take care of Op. 6, No. 4. No one able to do so better is at all likely to invade your neighborhood within the year, if ever.

You can light a cigarette if you want to; and if it makes you cough, no one will hiss at you from behind. You don't have to wonder what to do with your overcoat, and there is no lady sitting just in front of you who will certainly lose a bobby pin any minute if she doesn't stop helping the conductor keep time. You — and your own chosen company — are alone with Handel. And if the renewed acquaintance seems hard to break, it needn't be broken. You can follow Op. 6, No. 4, with Op. 6, No. 5, before you move on to the Schubert. (Beecham, of course. Has he been to your town lately to play it?) Best of all, in the view of a good many people who enjoy Handel and Schubert, you won't have to hear *Ein Heldenleben* at all.

If it happens that Strauss is what you do particularly crave — we will make it *Don Quixote* instead of *Ein Heldenleben* — it can be admitted that you probably would fare better in the concert hall than at home. Most good orchestras can play this work well even for a bad conductor. Strauss embodied its main effects in tonal mixtures and contrasts, which no misinterpretation can vitiate. However, he intended them to be set forth in a large hall by a huge orchestra. The only reliable way known yet

to produce the effect of a huge orchestra in a large hall — certain loud-speaker manufacturers to the contrary notwithstanding — is to get a large hall and put a huge orchestra in it.

In other words, what you are after when you go to hear *Don Quixote* in live performance is, if you will permit the expression, hi-fi. Were it interpretative know-how you sought, you'd

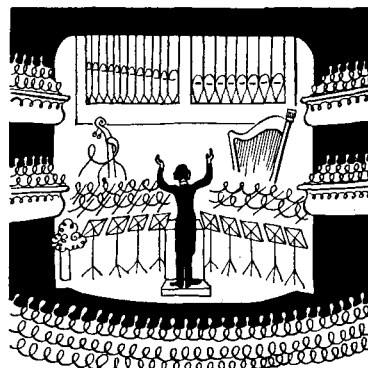
be better off with the late Clemens Krauss, whose London recording is of very creditable fidelity, but not like the real thing.

And here is a point on which the attitude of the anti-mechanicals, if they can be so called, puzzles me. When and if they judge recordings, it is always *musical*

values they claim to weigh. Sonic fidelity should not be a criterion. Among issues of the Mozart G Minor Symphony, it is the ancient, murkily recorded Beecham we should get, rather than the later, brighter Münchinger or Leinsdorf, since Beecham finds things in the symphony they don't. This I would no more deny than would the Messrs. Leinsdorf and Münchinger. But when the local city symphony, led by a reasonably competent conductor, essays the G Minor, we are bid attend *that* in preference to any records — also for musical reasons. Can these be the same musical reasons we met a half-paragraph ago?

I don't think so. There are plenty of good non-musical reasons to attend local live performances — economic responsibility for the art's future, community loyalty, gregariousness, weariness of one's own four walls, interest in the performers. But the musical reasons do not invariably line up so neatly on one side or the other.

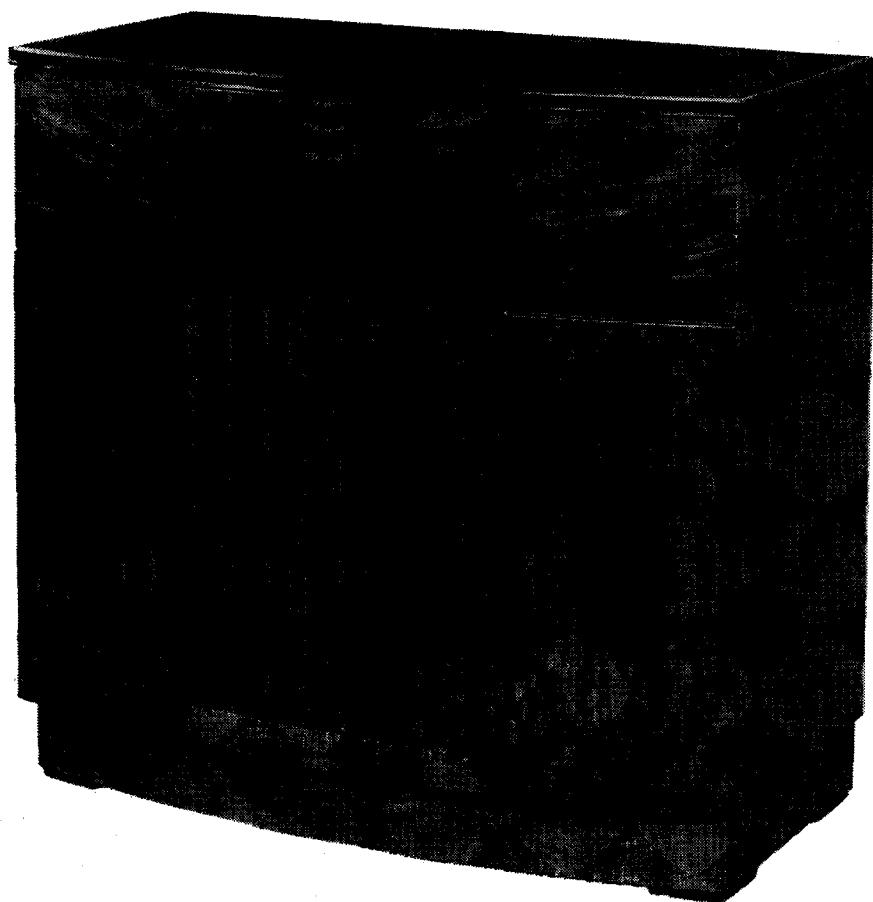
Take the matter of company. *La Bohème* and *Messiah* certainly are best heard when one is among a sizable audience; so are the sermonic Brahms First and the dancing *Till Eulenspiegel*. With a set of Chopin Nocturnes or the Mozart Clarinet Quintet it doesn't make much difference: large group, small group, even solitude. With a Bartók or a late Beethoven quartet, any distraction of attention brings a very serious loss, and a large audience becomes a positive hazard; the lone listener may be the ideal one for these profoundly introspective



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works. And the lone listener implies the phonograph.

There is also the question of mood and time. One evening lately I stayed away from what I knew would be an excellently played recital of violin music by French Impressionists, pleading pressure of work. The actual pressure was of mood. There are times when I feel like going adrift with Debussy for a half hour, and times when I don't. Important music is important partly because it answers an emotional call, a need from within us.

But our emotional needs are fitful things, not well adjusted to the exigencies of concert program making. This is what makes it so safe to program Beethoven or Tchaikovsky: encouragement and commiseration are always in demand from a statistically dependable segment of the listening populace. Apart from scheduling Beethoven and Tchaikovsky, and certain other reliables, concert managements prefer to ignore this whole problem, on the ground that there is nothing they can do about it. They're right, there isn't.

There is, of course, something the home listener can do about it for himself. There will be occasions when, to dredge up an extreme and perhaps unlikely example, he will have a precise craving for exactly what is contained in, say, Haydn's Symphony No. 39, unmistakably written out of dark anger or sorrow conquered and transformed, in the course of expression, into something quite different, a facet of endurance. The want for Haydn's fellowship here cannot accede to a five-year delay, until some management schedules it.

The urge need not always be so serious, still to be serious enough. Music lovers can be as whimsical in their sudden wants as expectant mothers are supposed to be. I have felt a sudden and unaccountable urge, sometimes at odd hours, to hear the wonderful jogging start of the marriage broker's sales talk from *The Bartered Bride*, or to be unhampered of my concerns by the lilting irrelevance of Goldmark's *Rustic Wedding* Symphony. And there is liberation from almost any stress, at a moment's notice, in a Bach chorale prelude

played by Helmut Walcha on the ancient ivory-piped organ at Cappel. What treachery to art could lie in this use of it?

There recurs the question of environment, of acoustic realism. The anti-mechanicals have a point here, but its force depends on circumstances too variant to be dogmatic about—from either side.

For some years my own geographical circumstances forced me to take my live music in a convention hall, a vast enclosure like an indoor football field. Acoustically (and I experimented conscientiously, attempting to find a tolerable listening location) this was an abomination beyond my powers to describe. There is, I should almost be willing to swear, no living room in the United States which, fitted with \$300 worth of high-fidelity equipment, could not be made to deliver music more enduringly than that cavernous monstrosity. But that was an extreme case (I trust).

As a general thing, our better concert halls can make Rachmaninoff and Sibelius sound very good. Also as a general thing, however, they cannot do the same for Mozart. And beyond that point I cannot be budged. A hall that makes the Rachmaninoff Third Piano Concerto sound more compelling than the Mozart 39th Symphony is a hall that I shall do a certain amount of staying away from. There is no question of partisanship or resentment; it is simply a matter of taste.

In my living room, to be sure, Mozart may come off slightly better than Rachmaninoff, simply because his music sounds a little more credible there. In a very large living room, if the loud-speaker system is properly disposed, an orchestra of eighteenth-century dimensions can be reproduced convincingly.

There are a couple of test records I can recommend, if you want to try your listening room. One is the Mozart 17th Divertimento, performed by Jan Tomasow, Felix Prohaska, and the Vienna State Opera Orchestra on Vanguard 441. The other (and I admit to a laxness about the separation of centuries) is the Beethoven Fifth played by the late Erich Kleiber for London. This latter is unique in



that the louder I have played it for people (until the amplifier and loud-speaker began to register protests) the better it sounded to them. Some demanded proof that it was not a stereophonic recording, or that some other aural trickery had not been worked on them.

No stereophony or aural trickery at all is needed, of course, to reproduce satisfactorily in almost anyone's living room music that was written to be played there, meaning chamber music. In dealing even with the small orchestra of the aforementioned Mozart divertimento, the recording engineer must afford a little perspective to his sound. In that particular instance, he has succeeded in making Mr. Tomasow's violin seem to be almost precisely where your loud-speaker is, while the orchestra is deployed behind him, its sound just a hint more diffuse and reverberant than his.

With a string quartet or a grand piano, considerably more intimacy is permissible. The listener may want to reproduce the music as loud as it would sound in actual performance in his room; so the sound should have the close-up quality needed to give it realism at that volume.

Even greater immediacy can be palatable in a recording of a harpsichord, say, or a solo human voice; the governing factor would seem to be how much the engineer wants to capture of the singer's inhaling or the visceral noises of the harpsichord.

Incidentally, and with all due and fond respect to Mme. Landowska, she must share with the phonograph, especially the high-fidelity phonograph, the credit for re-establishing the harpsichord as a popular instrument. Mme. Landowska is one of rather few artists who are truly exciting to see in action, but at her rare recitals it is difficult to get near enough to her to hear her properly as well. Anyway, once seen she is easily recalled to the mind's eye, and that is the way I shall choose to see her, if at the same time I can listen in proper proximity to the myriad voices of her marvelous Pleyel instrument.

Perhaps it is worth noting here a relevant bit of musical snobbishness commonly expressed by the anti-mechanicals: they deplore efforts to make the harpsichord display "all the colorations of an orchestra." This seems to me quite simply an effort to foist upon us a standard developed purely out of the inadequacies of



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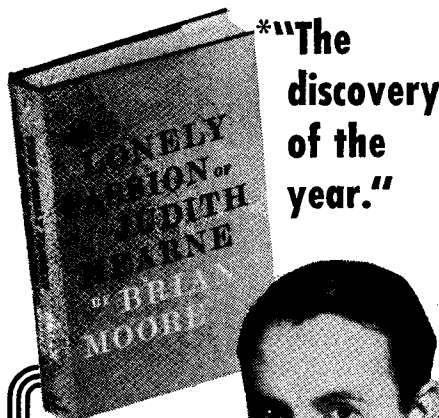
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concert halls. Heard well at close range, a harpsichord *has* an almost orchestral spectrum of tone colors, and from the kind and variety of music Domenico Scarlatti wrote for it, it seems indisputable to me — just from evidence of ear — that he was keenly aware of this potential; in a sense he was anticipating the orchestra.

Finally, there is something that the non-record listener doesn't know about record listeners. In some degree they regard the phonograph *as a musical instrument*. They don't mind records sounding like records, as records must when they are purveying Brahms or Elgar. Peter Bartók, the composer's son, admitted once that when he first heard the "Eroica" in live performance, he was vaguely disappointed. It didn't sound like his records of it. He missed even the needle-hiss and the pauses while the changer went about its work. What he had learned to love was not simply the "Eroica," it was *his* "Eroica." A great many of us made our earliest acquaintance with important music through records and radio, and we were conditioned to a kind of musical listening generically different from that afforded by concert attendance. It is not necessarily an inferior way of listening, and in one respect it offers a very decided advantage. The way to go about learning and loving a piece of music is to hear it over and over again. A solitary exposure to the Walton Viola Concerto is likely to leave the hearer undecided. What he needs to help him make up his mind about it (in the easiest way, by the discovery that he enjoys it) is to hear it again — tomorrow, not the year after next.

Record Reviews

Bach: Brandenburg Concertos (Karl Münchinger conducting Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra; London LL-1457/8: two 12"). These have been available singly on ten-inch disks. This remastering puts them all on two twelves, in the standard RIAA equalization, and with sound generally enlivened. In many ways these are to me the most satisfactory Brandenburgs, their chief rivals being those recorded for Epic by Paul Sacher. There is very little to choose between the sets; you'll be happy with either.

Bach: The Passion According to St. John (Günther Ramin conduct-

ing vocal soloists, chamber orchestra, Choir of St. Thomas' Church, Leipzig; Archive ARC-3045-47: three 12" with complete documentation). This set is an odd combination of perfectionism and latitude, sentiment and professional practicality. Deutsche Grammophon's musical directors hired excellent solo singers and a chamber ensemble equipped with authentic period instruments, then set them to playing in the church where Bach first offered the St. John Passion, his first grand choral work. The direction they gave over to the man who now



holds Bach's job as Cantor of St. Thomas', and the choral chores to his choir. Cantor Ramin conducts admirably, but the choir is strictly amateur. The result is an alternation of polish and crudity which may disturb some listeners; it did me. Charm is present, too, but I think I would stay with the more conventional Grossman version for Vox.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 5, "Emperor" (Robert Casadesu, piano; Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra; Columbia ML-5100: 12"). A new good "Emperor" is always worth welcoming, and this is a good one. (There are none perfect.) Its defects include erratic tempos in the finale and some roughness in the sound. It was recorded, I suppose by engineers of Philips Electric, Columbia's European affiliate, in Paris, while the orchestra was on tour. I slightly prefer the Backhaus-Krauss version (London) or the Gieseking-Krauss (Columbia also), but this one is worth hearing.

Brahms: A German Requiem (Fritz Lehmann conducting soloists, Berlin Motet Choir, St. Hedwig's Cathedral Choir, Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca DX-136: two 12"). There are four excellent recorded performances of the German Requiem, two old, two new, and this is

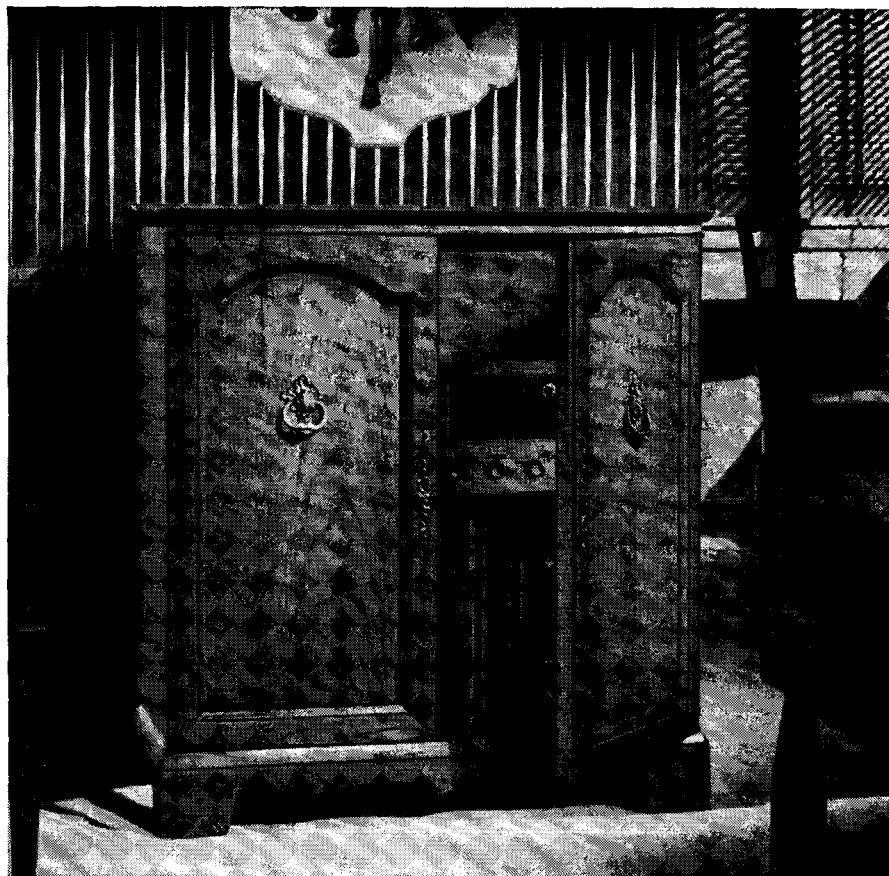
probably the best. George Solti's version for Capitol is more dramatic in concept, but his Frankfort performers cannot deliver the atmosphere of enormous churchly *quiet* the work needs from time to time, and the Berliners can. Further, there is tremendous force, without violence, in their climaxes, and a transparency in their pianissimos that must be heard to be appreciated. The soloists are only so-so, but the engineering is beyond complaint.

Dvořák: Trio in F Minor, Op. 65 with **Haydn: Trio No. 3 in C** (David Oistrakh, violin; Sviatoslav Knushevitzky, cello; Lev Oborin, piano; Westminster XWN-18176: 12"). Although the famous violinist gets over-prominent billing on the jacket, he keeps his place in the ensemble playing. All three of the performers, well recorded, seem to be dedicated Romanticists, so the Dvořák emerges lyrically beautiful, the Haydn a little frostbitten with reverence, though still very enjoyable.

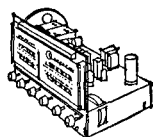
Grieg: Lyric Suite; Norwegian Dances; Wedding Day at Troldhaugen; Holberg Suite (Edouard van Remoortel conducting Bamberg Symphony Orchestra; Vox PL-9840: 12"). Most conductors seem to take Grieg's shorter compositions casually. How vital and interesting they can be made to sound is shown here by young Mr. van Remoortel, who sounds pretty vital and interesting himself. The recording is bright and clear.

Mozart: "Haffner" Serenade (Mogens Wöldike conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Vanguard VRS-483: 12"). Perhaps Mozart's first big work for full orchestra, this wedding-festival suite is thought to have been written for interrupted rather than continuous listening. So if it seems long — especially with the addition of the uncustomary introductory march — why not listen to it with pauses for refreshment or conversation? That way it is enduringly delightful, and this recording of it has precisely the proper polite intrusive charm.

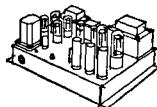
Mozart: The Complete Organ Music, subtitled "A Mozart Organ Tour" (E. Power Biggs, organ; Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Camerata Academica Orchestra of Salzburg; Columbia K3L-231: three 12"). This album may or may not be appreciated by E. Power Biggs' enormous following of Sunday morning radio listeners. They will have to



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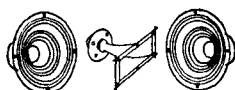
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look out for themselves. The point to be made here is that it absolutely must not be passed over by anyone intent on acquiring the cream of the crop of records generated by the Mozart Bicentennial. Herein are (as main fare) seventeen sonatas for organ and orchestra, skimpily offered on disks heretofore, which present a Mozart unfamiliar to most of us — a composer immensely interested in sound effects. Majesty, mystery, and playfulness succeed one another irresistibly; the newness never fades. Biggs (who was his own recording director) never fails, either, to make the most of the material, and Paumgartner's festival-year chamber orchestra rises nobly to his challenge. The most important music was recorded by the 1914 Salzburg organ, but a couple of early instruments furnish piquant variety, and the whole affair is a lasting delight. Most highly recommended.

Rachmaninoff: Concerto No. 2 (Clifford Curzon, piano; Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London LL-1424: 12"). This seems to me far and away the best recording of a Rachmaninoff Second; both piano and orchestra come across sumptuously. Curzon and Boult approach the work with a delicacy and deliberateness not usually brought to it, which I like. A new Columbia version by Istomin and the Philadelphia Orchestra might rival this one, had not Columbia done something strange with its microphones.

Respighi: Feste Romane with **Kodály: Háry János Suite** (Arturo Toscanini conducting NBC Symphony Orchestra; RCA Victor LM-1973: 12"). The *Roman Festivals* has sound almost incredible for a recording made in 1949 (it has been issued earlier as LM-55, remastered for this pressing), and Toscanini's excited performance almost makes the music seem worth playing. The *Háry János*, taken from a 1947 broadcast transcription, is acceptable in sound and played almost as convincingly as Laszlo Halasz does it for Remington, but not quite.

Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6, "Pathétique" (Igor Markevitch conducting Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra; Decca DL-9811: 12"). As a complete presentation, the newest "Pathétique" will have to be rated here as slightly less satisfactory than the Monteux and Ormandy versions, but the brasses of the Berliners, es-

pecially in the march-scherzo, certainly deserve some kind of special kudos; you do not often hear such hair-raising sounds. If you don't want to buy this, at least try to borrow it.

Bjoerling Sings at Carnegie Hall (Jussi Bjoerling, tenor; Frederick Schauwecker, piano; RCA Victor LM-2003: 12"). For just under twenty years, it has been stoutly maintained by Bjoerling admirers that Bjoerling has the most beautiful tenor voice in the world, and he probably has. He may not have it much longer, however (it is like having the most lethal left hook in the world), and so this record, made at an actual performance a year ago, may have a sort of historical significance for his following. For a concert recording, it is good, and his performances — of favorite arias and classic and semi-classic songs — show him at his genial and unstinting best. Try the Strauss *Traum durch die Dämmerung* and the *Tosca* aria *È lucevan le stelle*.

The Spirit of '76; Ruffles and Flourishes (Frederick Fennell conducting members of the Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble; Mercury MG-50111 and MG-50112: two separate 12"). The family of Frederick Fennell, a descendant of General Israel Putnam, has devoted itself avocationally for at least three generations to practicing and perpetuating the field and camp music of the Amer-



ican armed services, and F.F. is still at it. He could not have found better accomplices than the high-fidelity zealots of Mercury Records, and the results are likely to scare the blazes out of your neighbors if you behave like a fearless, red-blooded American and buy this pair of disks. I should suggest starting with the fife-and-drum ('76) collection. Others may prefer the trumpet-and-drum (R&F) selections. Either way, you end up with both, and quite possibly a ruptured loudspeaker and a broken lease to boot, but the experience is worth it.

PERSPECTIVE OF THE ARAB WORLD



PRODUCED BY THE
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCING CORPORATION
AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

THE ARAB WORLD: A CULTURE IN TRANSITION

This supplement, compiled during late 1955 and early 1956, is the seventh in a series which is being published at intervals by *The Atlantic Monthly* to bring to readers in the United States a representative sampling of the literary and artistic achievements of other cultures and other countries. Previous supplements in this series have been devoted to India, Holland and Belgium, Japan, Greece, Brazil, and Indonesia. Anthologies for future publication are being prepared.



Aomar Mechmacha

Like its predecessors, this supplement has been assembled, in co-operation with the *Atlantic* editorial staff, by Intercultural Publications Inc., a nonprofit corporation which, since 1952, has been assisted by The Ford Foundation in promoting the exchange of cultural materials among the nations of the modern world. This represents one aspect of the Foundation's extensive international program which seeks, through support of a variety of projects, to increase mutual understanding among the free nations and thus to strengthen the bases of world peace.

To achieve these ends, Intercultural Publications has conducted a number of other projects, among them the publication of *Perspectives USA*, a quarterly magazine produced in four languages and distributed in over sixty countries. *Perspectives USA* has provided foreign readers with a continuing anthology of American arts and letters, and thus has served as a counterpart to the *Atlantic* supplements.

The editors of the *Atlantic* and the directors of Intercultural Publications hope that these exchanges will encourage the growth of the moral community which extends beyond the barriers of language and which must be the premise to a peaceful world.

The Atlantic Monthly

PERSPECTIVE OF THE ARAB WORLD

AN *Atlantic* SUPPLEMENT

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Cover photograph by W. R. Polk of a falconer of Kuwait: layout by Elaine Lustig

EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

by William R. Polk

NAPOLEON, whose career so deeply affected all modern European history, made a profound impression on the Arab East as well. His invasion of Egypt at the end of the eighteenth century introduced a startling new perspective of the world. The Empire he had sought to win proved ephemeral yet posed the "Eastern Question," a focus of diplomatic gymnastics among the big powers until the end of the First World War. Of more significance in the East was the fact that the successful challenge to antiquated Ottoman military and economic formations and the personal figure cut by Napoleon inspired the Albanian mercenary Mehmet Ali Pasha, who was born in the same year as Napoleon, to try to make Egypt an Afro-Asian France. Copying Western techniques, hiring Western experts, and sending Egyptians to study in Europe, Mehmet Ali soon created an industrial base to support a modern army and navy with which he was able to conquer a vast empire. The empire itself soon broke on the rock of European opposition, but it has left behind two legacies which strongly influence the contemporary Arab scene.

The first of these is opposition to Europe. Mehmet Ali, who spoke no Arabic, could hardly be said to have been an Arab patriot, yet to succeeding generations, who from the Atlantic to the Persian Gulf have fallen under European domination, the retrospective grandeur of Mehmet Ali vis-à-vis Europe has provided something of the mystique necessary to nationalism. Indeed, opposition to Europe has been the chief political motivation of Arabs until the present day, and even now many Arabs are profoundly suspicious of and antagonistic toward the West.

At the same time, Mehmet Ali has left as his second legacy an intense interest in the West and a respect for Western abilities. Perhaps the most popular book in Arabic and Turkish in the first half of the nineteenth century was a description of Paris by the Egyptian scholar Rifaah Rafi, one of those sent by Mehmet Ali to Europe. Each in its own way, successive generations have attempted to discover the "secret" of Western might, and this has led to a deeper and deeper study of Western civilization. Culturally speaking, the past century has been one of Arab absorption, often rather uncritical, of the literature, art, governmental forms, dress, social habits, and techniques of the West. As in Russia under Peter the Great, this has tended to cut the upper class off from the lower; and to conservatives it has posed the question, "Will anything remain to be protected from the West with our new Western techniques?"

One need only read a few Arabic books or open an Arabic dictionary written in the past century to see how profound has been the "impact of the West." Not only has the bulk of the literary output been formed by translations from European books (Rafi is said to have translated every European book he read) but the native literature itself has been strongly influenced. New kinds of books came into vogue. Rafi wrote a manual of good manners, itself an innovation, to teach love of country, a Western notion, to young gentlemen, and he wrote the first patriotic poems. His followers and students gave to Arabic its first short stories, novels, and plays. Some of these were merely adaptations from French and English models, and most seem remarkably familiar to Western readers. In art an analogous process took place, while in music a sort of neo-Orientalism à la Rimski-Korsakov held sway. In all truth, the nineteenth century produced little of permanent value in Arabic culture.

World War I led to a new emotional upsurge, and it intensified contacts with the West. In the 1920's the most popular intellectual magazine was an Arabic equivalent of *Popular Science*. Later the instability of the 1930's led to a period of experimentation and soul-searching. Such panaceas as socialism, communism, fascism, revived Islam, etc., exercised the same attraction to Arabs that their counterparts did to Europeans. Much of the writing of these years makes tortured reading — for the nonspecialist every short story needs a commentary — and it must be confessed that the Arabs have yet to produce in modern times a great literature, art, or political system. Our generation is still one of borrowing, today also from Russia, but Arabic writers and artists are showing a new introspective vitality. Today Americans must recognize that the very notion of stability is anathema to most Arabs.

This state of flux cannot and should not be suppressed here. Like the other publications in this series of *Atlantic* supplements, this anthology deals primarily with nonpolitical questions — surely the political issues already lay a great enough claim on our attention elsewhere. Most of the essays included here are addressed to problems which lie behind the current issues; similarly, of course, the fiction and poetry mirror the effects of the central problems before Arabic society. The authors of our material come from most of the Arab countries as well as from England and the United States. The editor has been guided in his task of selection chiefly by the hope that Americans who read these stories, poems, and essays and look at these pictures will come to understand, at least in part, what Arabs today are seeking in their civilization.

ARABIC CULTURE

Its Background and Today's Crisis

by ALBERT HOURANI

I

THE purpose of this collection is to increase the reader's understanding of the Arab World; but to attempt this is to imply that there is something in the Arabs which needs to be explained — something mysterious and complex and unexpected. Of course this is true in a sense; every people sees the world through the medium of its own language and from the standpoint of its own experience, and its ways of life and thought are opaque to others unless they make an effort of imagination. But can we go beyond this, and find in Arabs, or in Orientals in general, some mystery other than that due to the mere fact of their living in different countries and speaking different tongues? In so far as we find such a mystery, may it not be due to the eyes with which we look at them?

For those who cannot travel, "the Arabs" figure chiefly as political stories in newspapers. When an American is puzzled by what he reads about happenings in the Arab World, he is tempted to believe that "the Arabs" act in ways difficult to understand because their minds are different from his own. Arabs, he is often told, only understand force and exploit weakness; they are moved by "emotion" rather than reason; they are "xenophobic," and if they oppose Western policy it is not "really" because of anything in that policy but because they hate the West as such; they are "fanatical" in their attachment to their religious beliefs and dislike of those who do not share them.

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Such explanations, I think, are far too facile. They are no more true than many of the easy generalizations that one hears about America abroad. Before a Westerner convinces himself that Arabs act as they do because they are so unlike himself, he ought to be sure that he cannot accept the simpler explanation that they act as they do because they are really so like himself: human beings whose thoughts and acts are directed more or less rationally towards ends, but whose conception of those ends, no less than the means adopted to achieve them, are largely molded by the circumstances in which they live, their convictions and the convictions of those who nurtured them, and their language, the flawed mirror in which they see the world.

It is perhaps in such determining factors, rather than in the human essence of the Arabs, that the explanation should be sought when their acts differ from what is expected. To analyze all of the Arab's patterns of feeling, would take many books; it will be enough here to mention briefly a few of them, and to start with perhaps the most important, the religion of Islam.

The "Arab World" is a group of about twenty political units peopled by "Arabs." The original homeland of the Arabs was, of course, the Arabian peninsula. But not all the people now known as "Arabs" are descended from the Arabian tribes. As we shall see, the spread of the Muslim religion over the centuries tended to "Arabize" many other native stocks in adjoining and even quite distant regions, so that today the population of the Arab World is roughly sixty to seventy millions, of which about 90% are Muslims. Among the other 10% are about two million pagans in the southern Sudan, half a million Jews in North

Africa, Egypt, and elsewhere, three million indigenous Christians in Egypt, Syria, Lebanon, Jordan, and Iraq, and something less than two million European Christians in North Africa.

What does it mean to be a Muslim? Muslims believe that there exists one God, the Creator of the Universe; that He intervenes in human history; and that after death He judges all men and gives them their due reward. They believe also that His intervention takes a particular form. His uncreated Word has been given literally to mankind by means of the prophets, through whom the teachings and warnings of the Word have been given to different "peoples." The last of the prophets, they believe, was Mohammed, who was sent to transmit the Koran—the Word in all its fullness—to the whole world. In the difference between the Word made Man and the Word communicated to men lie implicit all the differences between Islam and Christianity.

The God of Islam is merciful and just, but an infinite distance lies between Him and those He has made. His relations with them are conceived primarily under the aspect of Will, of edict and obedience. Hence the importance of the Law, the minutely detailed code of ideal social and individual behavior, in principle derived by certain rational processes from the Koran and the Traditions of the prophet. Hence too the form of the Muslim community: not a sacramental Church, but a community of believers. Islam does not make Christianity's theoretical distinction between the temporal and spiritual realms, and it recognizes two lines of authority stemming from Mohammed: the caliphs, who were his successors as executive head of the community, but who possessed neither the prophetic role nor, in principle, any legislative power, since the Law had been laid down forever; and the ulema, the doctors of the Law, who have the skill to interpret it and whose consensus is binding on the community. These concepts have determined the form taken in Islam by the intellectual life, which functions within the limits imposed by the literal word of God, and exists to interpret and define it rather than to illuminate the nature of God; as well as the spiritual life, which is rooted in obedience to God and the prophet and directed to the acquisition, through meditation on the Koran, of the virtues which sweeten the soul—devotion, humility, acceptance.

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WHAT I have sketched is the strict tradition of "orthodox" (Sunni) Islam. But throughout Islamic history other trends of thought have led away from it, and orthodoxy has reacted in two ways: by sharp rejection of innovation, and by incorporating into itself as much of the new tendencies as it could reconcile with its own beliefs. Thus the attempt to

state the doctrines of Islam in terms of Greek philosophy in the ninth and tenth centuries carried with it the danger not merely of introducing ideas clearly opposed to the teaching of the Koran, but of turning faith in God and His actual message to actual men into an abstract theory about Being. Some orthodox Muslims rejected the Greek influence out of hand, but others, such as Ashari (died 935) and Ghazali (1059–1111), learned how to use the concepts of Greek metaphysics and the methods of Greek logic to formulate the doctrines of Islam in a way which remained faithful to the Koran.

A second tendency was that of Shiism, which began as a political movement in the seventh and eighth centuries and ended as a system of doctrines. The Shiites believe that only Mohammed and his successors, the Imams, had the infallible power of interpreting the Word of God aright and guiding the community; obedience to the Imam was the root of virtue. From this position sprang a certain cult of Mohammed and his family, particularly of his son-in-law and immediate successor, Ali; and in some sects which grew out of Shiism (Alawis, Ismailis, Druzes) the prophets became emanations of God, not only mediators of His Word but part of His creative process. Sunni Islam rejected such beliefs, and persecuted those who held them when they became a danger to the state; yet in its fully developed form it has been deeply marked by the cult of the prophet and his family.

The third great force in Islam has been mysticism (Sufism). Sufism began with the practice of meditation on the Koran and insistence on the importance of the inner life as well as external obedience to the Law, and gradually worked out a whole doctrine of the mystical life and the soul's approach to God. Love emerged as the primary relationship of God and man; the infinite distance between them was bridged by the unity of substance; and Mohammed became the "perfect man," the archetype from which mankind was made. Here again, the mystical emphasis on God's love, and on intentions as well as acts, was finally incorporated in the structure of orthodoxy by the genius of Ghazali. In the tenth century brotherhoods of mystics gradually grew up, groups bound together by common practice of the mystical life in accordance with the teachings of one of its recognized masters. These brotherhoods played an essential part in the Muslim community, extending its frontiers and linking together the different classes, regions, races, and sexes of which it was formed.

On another level, the popular cult of *awlia* ("friends of God," local saints or masters of the devotional life) softened the sense of God's distance. Every traveler in Muslim lands knows the white-washed domes on the outskirts of villages, centers of local devotion and pilgrimage; periodically some movement of protest has arisen to reaffirm the uniqueness of God and destroy the tombs of the

saints, but they have kept their place in the popular heart of Islam.

From the very beginning Mohammed situated himself and his doctrines in the religious perspective opened up by Judaism and Christianity, and the consciousness of a profound but complex spiritual relationship between the three religions is of the essence of Islam. Muslims regard true Christianity as formally identical with Islam: "the prophet Jesus" taught the same message as Mohammed; he is therefore one of the line of true prophets and his followers are "People of the Book," to be tolerated and protected by the Muslim state. But Christians are thought to have corrupted their scriptures by turning their prophet into a God; Islam rejects the ideas of the Crucifixion, the Incarnation, and the Trinity. Although in so doing it rejects the essence of Christianity as Christians conceive it, the doctrines and life of Islam have been deeply penetrated by Christian influences; in some of the mystics (notably Hallaj) Jesus replaces Mohammed as the human exemplar and object of devotion. Moreover, the complex spiritual relations of the two faiths are twisted and intertwined with the political relations of the two communities. Between Muslims and Christians lies the shadow of old and recurrent enmity: the Muslim conquest of Christian lands, the struggle between the caliphate and Byzantium, the Crusades, the modern expansion of Europe.

Islam regards Judaism too as formally identical with itself, and as having been corrupted by the Jews. The penetration of Judaism into Islam was less than that of Christianity, but on the other hand the hostility of Jews and Muslims may have been less. It is only lately that the establishment of a Jewish state by force, in a land mainly Muslim and Arab for twelve hundred years, has thrown across the relation of the two faiths the shadow of political conflict.

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IN THEORY, the whole Islamic world is one community. This unity is based on acceptance of a single God, obedience to one Law, the equality of all men in the eyes of God and the Law, and the insignificance, in the light of this equality, of all merely human differences. Although this ideal of a community of equals ruled by Law has profoundly influenced the spirit and structure of all the Muslim countries, it has, in practice, been only imperfectly realized. The religious Law was respected, but it could never dislodge, although it could gradually modify, customary law; nor could it wholly control the acts of governments forced to take account of expediency and the changing needs of a changing world. Similarly, within the unity of the Islamic people there persisted purely human differences and notably the difference of the great ethnic groups which between them carried the burden of Islamic

history — the Arabs, the Persians, and the Turks.

After the first few centuries following the death of Mohammed in 632 the Arabs were no longer the political masters of Islam, but they were always in a sense a privileged group. The prophet had been an Arab; the Koran, in its own phrase, is "an Arabic Koran"; Arabic is the main language of devotion, theology, and law. The expansion of Islam in the seventh century facilitated the expansion of the Arabs, not only in the obvious sense that Arab tribesmen emigrated from Arabia into other Muslim countries — Syria, Iraq, the Nile Valley, the North African littoral — but also because where Islam spread, the Arabic language went too, and thus peoples of other ethnic stocks were gradually Arabized. This process (which can still be seen at work in parts of Africa) has created what we now know as the Arab people. In the Arab countries outside the Arabian peninsula, a large part of the population must be of other than Arabian origin, but they mostly speak Arabic, and that is primarily what is meant by calling them "Arabs." Of the sixty to seventy million inhabitants of these countries, between 80 and 90% are Arabs. Of the others, there are about a million Kurds in Syria and Iraq, about two millions who speak various African languages in the Sudan, nearly two million Europeans in North Africa, and, also in North Africa, some millions of Berbers who have not been Arabized but retain their own dialects.

With the language, those who have become Arabs have absorbed a whole ethos which must be briefly and crudely described. The Arab family tends to be endogamous and patriarchal in its explicit authority, although behind the patriarch one can often see the shadowy figure of some tremendous matriarch — mother, grandmother, or sister more often than wife. Social loyalty is given to a series of concentric groups — family, clan, section, tribe — whose unity is symbolized by real or imagined descent from a common ancestor, and whose solidarity grows weaker as the group grows larger. The loyalty of the group is crossed by the spirit of faction: each group tends to divide into more or less equal factions, and so the individual is able to hold out a little against the pressure of custom and blood ties.

Where the Arabic language comes there comes too a certain imagination. Arabs love fine and sonorous words for their own sake, and care for poetry and rhetoric more than other arts. They love heroic gestures and tend to see acts in themselves, as fitting an occasion rather than as links in a chain of cause and consequence. Their vision of the world has a hardness of outline; it is a vision in black and white. Through language and imagination again there enters an ethical system which exalts the heroic virtues: loyalty to friends, family, and tribe; the sense of personal and family honor; hospitality; the magnanimity of the strong man who does not always insist on his rights.

This is the structure, these the virtues and qualities, of a nomadic people, which have been carried by the Arabic language to sedentary folk. The tension between nomadic breeders of livestock and sedentary cultivators of the soil runs all through Arab life. In the fertile areas on the margin of the steppe and desert both pasturage and agriculture are possible, and nomads and peasants are engaged in a struggle to possess them, and to control one another. The intervention of a strong government can be to the advantage of the peasant; but even when this happens, and the area of cultivation and settled life expands (as it has done in the last three generations), the conflict continues on another level. In society and the individual, the nomadic ethos struggles with the traditions and needs of the countryfolk and townspeople who form the majority of the Arab people today. In North Africa the Arabized Berbers still preserve remnants of another social tradition; and in Egypt the Arab spirit has never wholly taken possession of that most sedentary of peasants, the timid, humorous, gentle, and devious fellah. At the same time there is a tension between the nomadic system of morals, based on personal honor and exclusive loyalties, and derived from the *Jahiliya* (the pagan and heroic age which was ignorant of Islam), and the moral system of Islam, grounded in obedience and with the whole world as its field.

4

EVEN after the unified caliphate of early days broke up (in the eighth century), most of the Muslim world remained under Muslim rulers, and in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries its political unity was largely remade by the Ottoman Turks, whose Empire included most of the Arab countries and lasted until the present century. Although most of the Muslim world was autonomous, it was not isolated. We should not think of the Ottoman Empire as living like the Chinese Empire shut off behind the ramparts of power, pride, and distance. Between the Ottoman world and Europe there was always exchange: the flow of goods was managed by the European merchant companies, and by Oriental Christians and Jews; ideas and knowledge moved in both directions — the Western tradition of Oriental studies is old, and there were always Ottomans who were deeply interested in Western culture, like Sultan Mohammed, the conqueror of Constantinople, who had Greek philosophers and Italian painters at his court, and caused Ptolemy to be translated into Turkish.

Until the seventeenth century the Ottoman government was in a position to control these exchanges. It could decide the form of its relations with the European states, supervise the flow of trade, and even determine which European ideas would be allowed to enter. The military inven-

tions of the sixteenth century, for example, were speedily adopted, while printing in Arabic and Turkish was not allowed until two hundred years later. By this time the strength of the Empire was declining. The tendency to disintegration inherent in so large and varied a state, restrained for two amazing centuries by great sultans and great institutions, reasserted itself and brought with it the gradual decay of the economic and social system. At the same time, the scientific and technical revolution of the modern age increased the military and economic power of the European peoples. The stream of European influences in the Ottoman world grew wider, and that world was less able (at least in the first instance) to control its course.

The record of modern Western influence on the Arab World can perhaps be divided into four phases. In the first, roughly covering the eighteenth century, the military and diplomatic balance was overturned, and European states acquired an increasing influence over the government and some of the peoples of the Ottoman Empire. In the first half of the nineteenth century the same process continued but others were added to it. The flow of European goods increased (by 1830, for example, the Bedouin tribesmen of the Syrian desert were wearing English cloth), and trade opened the way for ideas and techniques. Sultan Mahmoud II in Turkey and Mehmet Ali, the governor of Egypt, both attempted to reform the military and administrative systems, opening new schools to train an elite of officers and officials. In the second half of the nineteenth century both these movements began to reveal their implications. Western economic penetration, while it raised the standard of living of a certain class, tended to destroy the old economic organization and the social institutions which had been based on it.

Interest in reform began to spread beyond the ruling group. There appeared an intellectual elite, formed in the professional schools or else by French and American mission schools, which was aware of certain Western ideas. New political forms were suggested and attempted — political parties, the political press, constitutions. The externals of life began to change in the upper and middle classes. The emancipation of women was advocated by reformers, such as Qasim Amin in Egypt. In the first half of the present century, the modernizing movement reached the masses. The media of mass education were developed — the popular press, the cinema, the radio, and national systems of schools. At the same time irrigation and agricultural development were raising standards and changing ways of living in the countryside, and the foundation of industries created a new sort of town. Women were emancipated, in varying degrees, throughout a wide section of Arab society. The imposition of foreign rule, as the British and French took over parts of the Middle East, while it helped on these

social changes, also quickened political consciousness and gave it its first form, that of mass nationalism; and nationalism in its turn led to the emergence of a new sort of independent state.

In all phases of this modernizing and Westernizing process there was a time-lag between different types of development. Constitutions, for example, were established before there existed the political education to make them work properly. This produced tensions which were augmented by conflicting attitudes toward the idea of change: on the one hand acceptance, with more or less eagerness, on the other rejection or reluctance to accept, springing not so much from "xenophobia" as from a sound instinct, the unwillingness to give up something old, familiar, and tried. The tension between acceptance and rejection became explicit in Egypt in the late nineteenth century, and it is in Egypt above all that the problem of "Westernization" has been posed. What is the West, and what the secret of its strength and prosperity? What should we accept from it? If we accept Western ways shall we not lose something of value — our customs, our religion, ourselves? From such questions has sprung a whole movement of thought.

On the whole the tendency towards acceptance of the West has prevailed. "Egypt is part of Europe" — this phrase of the Khedive Ismail (1863–1879) sums up the consistent policy of the family of Mehmet Ali (1805–49), of the Nationalist Wafd party in its great days in the 1920's, and of a whole series of interesting books which culminated in Taha Hussein's *Future of Culture in Egypt*. Even those whose thought moved within Islamic limits, like Sheikh Mohammed Abdu and his disciples, conceived of a modern Islam, with its basic principles unchanged but its law and customs adapted to the needs of the times. It is only in the last twenty years that there has appeared an important movement of rejection: the Muslim Brotherhood, which on the one hand springs from something permanent in Islam, the desire for social justice and the purity of the faith, but on the other expresses for the first time the political and social longings of the new half-educated classes who know little of the West but know their own grievances and frustrations. These same classes however have produced also their own movement of acceptance; in the writings of Khalid Mohammed Khalid and the policy of Gamal Abdel Nasser can be seen a reflection of modern Western "progressive" thought.

5

IN THE last few generations all the Arab countries except Saudi Arabia and Yemen have known Western political control, direct or indirect, and for a longer or shorter period Morocco was partly a Spanish and partly a French protectorate, Tunisia a French protectorate, and Algeria officially regarded

as part of France; Libya was an Italian colony, Egypt was under British occupation for three generations, the Sudan was until last year an Anglo-Egyptian condominium administered by the British; Palestine, Trans-Jordan, and Iraq were British mandates, Syria and Lebanon were French; the small countries of eastern and southern Arabia are under different forms of British tutelage.

Direct control of Arab countries by Western powers is now ending, but some remote control will probably continue as long as the disparity of strength is great. There is a natural tendency for power to expand; but there is also a tendency for its expansion to have certain effects both on those who possess it and those who lie at its mercy. The powerful ceases to regard those who lie within his power as human beings standing outside himself and on a level with himself. He thinks of the stream of actions as flowing out from him to them, not back from them to him. He regards their interests as nonexistent or else in necessary harmony with his own. He even forgets that he has power, unless it is challenged. The powerless for their part resent their position and the inequality it entails; they are always conscious of it. They see the hand of the powerful everywhere, and explain everything in terms of it. They use each partial gain to demand something more. Not having responsibility they lose the sense of community, and regard each other with distrust; in the end they even regard themselves with distrust. Of course to speak like this is to speak abstractly, and in any particular case these tendencies may be balanced by others making for a different relationship. But that they have been present in the Arab World in this century cannot be denied, and it is equally clear and not surprising that they should continue to affect the relations between the Arab countries and the West even now that the cause of them is being removed. Nor is it surprising that in some minds the resentment against Western power should have gone to swell the reaction against Western civilization. The desire not to lie under Western power, and the belief that the Muslim world can revive its social and intellectual life from its own resources, support and strengthen each other in such movements as the Muslim Brotherhood, or such books as Sayed Kotb's *Social Justice in Islam*.

A relationship of special complexity exists where Western settlers have been planted in the midst of Arab communities, such as the Europeans in French North Africa or the Jews who came into Palestine with the help of the British mandatory government. In these situations there is an accumulation of hatred such as exists in no other: a hatred born of the struggle for power in a mixed community and the absence of any moral or natural link between the two groups. The settlers are faced with a terrible problem. Their superior technical skill and solidarity give them power, but as time goes on

they become increasingly aware of their weakness. Ultimately they depend for the maintenance of their position on external forces which may not always support them. The world situation is changing around them, and those moral, technical, and diplomatic advantages which they possess over their Arab neighbors they may soon possess no longer. Searching for a way of escape, they may try to ally themselves with those external forces which are opposed to the Arabs, or resort to acts designed to demonstrate their strength, and to seize what they need while there is still time. Such policies, however, only deepen the moral gap without halting the inexorable shift in the balance of power. The only way out is by some re-establishment of the moral link. This is difficult, not only because of bitter memories and mutual distrust, but also because there can be no new moral link unless there is a surrender of power — at best a difficult operation.

The problem of the settlers is a problem also for the Western powers which enabled them to settle. In the past the very weakness of the Arab peoples which made it possible for the Western powers to support foreign settlements made it essential for them to do so if they were to find a solid basis for their interests. Now however they can only protect their interests through a new relationship with the Arabs; they must at all costs avoid being so exclusively tied to the settlers that such a relationship becomes impossible, but on the other hand they cannot easily abandon those whom they encouraged to settle. It is possible that the French in North Africa will just be able to save the situation by their new policy of a surrender of power to the Arabs. In Palestine, however, the problem has already passed into a later and more difficult phase. Hatred and suspicion have been embodied in facts and institutions. With outside help the Jewish settlers have been able to set up their independent State of Israel, and in the process three-quarters of the indigenous Arab inhabitants of Palestine were forced to leave their homes. The moral gap has become a physical gap, and Israel has no relations with the surrounding Arab World.

6

SO FAR we have spoken of "the Arabs" or "the Arab World" as a whole. But the Arab World, although united at a profound level, is divided politically into a dozen major units and as many minor ones. Between them there are almost no natural frontiers based either on clear geographical distinction or on long historical tradition; and it is not only in regard to frontiers that there seems to be something artificial and puzzling about Arab political life. New states suddenly emerge, like Saudi Arabia a generation ago or the Sudan in the last three years. Economic and human units are divided between different states (for example, the partition

of Morocco into French and Spanish zones) and most states contain ethnic and religious minorities. Ruling groups appear and disappear — where now are the leaders who led the Syrian struggle for independence, and who had heard of Gamal Abdel Nasser in 1951? Citizens change their residence and nationality with ease.

Such facts as these can only be explained if we know something of the process by which the existing states have emerged in the Arab World. Most of them have been created out of the dying body of the Ottoman Empire, and by the interaction of five forces. First, of course, geography as always has played some part in determining political divisions and units. Next, religion has been the basic social determinant in the Near East since the Roman Empire became Christian, and the religious basis of most states in the region is still clear. The idea of nationalism has also played a dominant part in the emergence of Near Eastern states ever since the Greek revolt of 1821. Certain dynasties, notably the family of Mehmet Ali in Egypt and the Saudis in Arabia, have helped to shape the political structure of the modern Arab World. Last, but not least, that structure reflects the interest and rivalries of the Great Powers, not necessarily as they are now but as they were at some time in the past. Political institutions are more rigid than political ideas, and the division of Morocco, the unity of Tripoli and Cyrenaica, the separation of Jordan from Syria, the independence of the sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf are permanent memorials of a past moment in the policy and relations of the European powers.

It is largely because the divisions between Arab states are new and artificial that their political life tends to be artificial. We should not think of them as political communities but rather as centers of power, produced by the interaction of the five historical factors cited and maintaining themselves or extending their radiation in virtue of two forces: first, the vested interest of a ruling group which somehow has obtained control of the machinery of government; and secondly, an ideology which that group is able to use to establish for itself a certain moral claim on the population. In the theocracies of Arabia this ideology is religious, but elsewhere it is mixed. Nationalism is the "official" ideology of the new Near Eastern states, but it was grafted on to an older political conception, that of the religious state, and in almost all the Arab countries there is still an intimate connection between religion and nationality. Most of them have a Sunni Muslim majority, and this affects their laws, their constitutions, and political atmosphere; there is still a sense in which members of minorities are not full members of the community of the state. But in almost all of them the general movement of opinion is toward a secular concept of the nation and the state; and in some of them the experiment is being

tried of an equal partnership between those of different religious beliefs. Thus Iraq rests on a balance between Sunnis and Shiites, the latter a majority but the former politically dominant until recently; in the new state of the Sudan, a government which is predominantly Arab and Muslim is trying to incorporate into the political community the southerners who are neither. In Lebanon, many sects of Muslims and Christians live side by side; actually, Lebanon was established to satisfy a Christian demand for autonomy and freedom but there has emerged in recent years the concept of a Lebanon where adherents of different faiths can live together in national unity.

The most stable states of the Arab World are those in which the ruling group is relatively strong and coherent, and is able to harness to its purposes the mixed religious and national ideology, and in which the object of national feeling roughly coincides with the frontiers of the state. These conditions exist most fully in Egypt, where there exist social classes broad and coherent enough to form the basis of an effective government — the industrial middle class, the technicians both military and civil, and the richer peasants — and where the prevailing nationalism is fundamentally Egyptian. In other Arab countries, however, ruling groups are comparatively weak and derive their power from no stable, progressive social class; and, except in the core of Lebanon, with its long tradition of autonomy, the frontiers of the dominant ideology and those of the existing states do not correspond. For Near Eastern nationalism the object of loyalty is not, in general, the territorial unit but the linguistic and cultural group. In the Arab countries, national feeling is directed towards the Arab people as a whole rather than any limited section of it, and unity is no less important an aspiration than independence.

It is too early to say what form political life will take in the Sudan and North Africa, but in the Arab countries of Asia, with the possible exception of Lebanon, the existing states cannot serve as a nucleus around which a nation in the full sense will grow up. The minds and imaginations of men are bursting out of the present political structure. What is no less important, the new social and economic development of the Arab countries cannot be contained by it; sooner or later, the needs of life will create a new structure.

The tension between the need for unity and the institutions which embody disunity is only one expression of a more general problem. Everywhere in the Arab World we find, to some extent, two facts: far-reaching social and economic progress and political ineffectiveness. The progress of the Arab countries in every aspect of the material ordering of life is incontrovertible. Almost everywhere (but more of course in the more mature states than in the less mature, and more in those which

have oil royalties to spend than those which do not) we find today more schools, more hospitals, more roads, new towns, new land brought under cultivation, new irrigation schemes, modern factories, social welfare centers, the beginnings of trade unions and co-operatives. The Arab peoples have discovered a self-conscious energy such as they have not possessed for centuries. But in the modern world real social and economic progress cannot be fully achieved or maintained except with the help of governments, and on the whole Arab governments are not adequate to their task. Partly their failure is technical: they have not yet acquired the administrative skills which modern governments must have. More deeply however the problem is moral. In governments and peoples alike, there is an absence of those political ideas and convictions on which, in the last resort, the strength and even the survival of states depend.

Here again we must not too readily assume that the Arabs as such are incapable of political life. We can explain their political weaknesses in ways which do not imply an essential inferiority. On the one hand, the flood of new ideas from the West has overwhelmed the old political convictions and loyalties, and so far put nothing as satisfying in their place; on the other, the social and economic changes of the last hundred years have destroyed the traditional institutions through which convictions and loyalties expressed themselves. The Universal Sultanate, the local dynasties, religious communities, religious law (except in the narrow sphere of personal status), craft-guilds, mystical brotherhoods, town-quarters, tribes — in all, the process of irresistible and unending change has either destroyed them or weakened their hold on society and the hearts of men.

Whatever the causes, the crisis of the Arab mind today is clear. All around is a sea of nihilism: the cynicism of men cut off from their own past, deprived too long of responsibility for their own fate, tied too long to a decaying Empire, exposed too soon to the corruptions of wealth and power. Within the sea are four or five rocks which seem to offer the safety of a sure belief: secular nationalism, secular social democracy, liberal Islam, fundamentalist Islam, communism. To find and appropriate a political belief is not easy, because social ideas have no strength of their own. They derive their power, on the one hand from human experience, on the other from those final convictions about God and man and the universe which no man can be without. The political beliefs and forms which emerge among the Arabs will depend partly on their experience of the world, particularly of that West which still (perhaps more than it knows) sways their fate. It will depend even more on the movements of the Arab mind around its own deepest problems. Here we come back to the point from which we started: the fact, and the problem, of Islam.

A SCHOLAR'S BOYHOOD

Excerpts from an Autobiography

by TAHA HUSSEIN

1

FOR the first two or three weeks of his stay in Cairo the boy was lost in bewilderment. All he knew was that he had left the country behind him and settled in the capital as a student attending lectures at the Azhar. It was more by imagination than by sense that he distinguished the three phases of his day.

Both the house he lived in and the path that led to it were strange and unfamiliar. When he came back from the Azhar he turned to the right through a gateway which was open during the daytime and shut at night; after evening prayer there was only a narrow opening left in the middle of the door. Once through it, he became aware of a gentle heat playing on his right cheek, and a fine smoke teasing his nostrils; while on the left he heard an odd gurgling sound which at once puzzled and delighted him.

For several days, morning and evening, he listened curiously to this sound, but lacked the courage to inquire what it might be. Then one day he gathered from a chance remark that it came from the bubbling of a narghile water pipe smoked by tradesmen of the district. It was provided for them by the proprietor of the café from which the gentle heat and the fine smoke-cloud issued.

He walked straight on for a few steps before crossing a damp, roofed-in space which was very slippery under his feet because of the slops thrown there by the café proprietor. Then he came out

into an open passageway; but this was narrow and filthy and full of strange, elusive smells, which were only moderately unpleasant early in the day and at nightfall, but as the day advanced and the heat of the sun grew stronger, became utterly intolerable.

He walked straight on through this narrow passage; but rarely did he find it smooth or easy. More often than not his brother would have to push him either this way or that so as to avoid some obstacle or other. He would hurry along nervously at his companion's side, breathing the nauseous smells, and half-deafened by the medley of sounds that came from all sides at once.

There was in fact a remarkable variety of sounds. Voices of women raised in dispute, of men shouting in anger or peaceably talking together; the noise of loads being set down or picked up; the song of the water carrier crying his wares; the curse of a carter to his mule; the grating sound of cart wheels; and from time to time this confused whirl of sounds was torn by the braying of a donkey or the whinnying of a horse.

As he passed through this babel, his thoughts were far away, and he was scarcely conscious of himself or of what he was doing; but at a certain point on the road he heard familiar voices in conversation through a half-open door; then he knew that a pace or two further on he must turn to the left up a staircase which would bring him to his lodging.

It was an ordinary sort of staircase, neither wide nor narrow, and its steps were of stone; but since it was much used, and no one troubled to wash or sweep it, the dirt piled up thickly and stuck together in a compact mass on the steps that felt to his feet like mud.

Now whenever he went up or down a staircase

TAHA HUSSEIN, born in 1889 in a small Egyptian village, is blind. But this did not keep him from getting two Doctor of Philosophy degrees, becoming Rector of Cairo University and then Minister of Education. Our selection is an abridged section from his famous autobiography, *The Stream of Days: A Student at the Azhar*.

the boy was obliged to count the steps. After going up seven steps he had to turn a little to the left before continuing his ascent, leaving on his right an opening through which he never penetrated, though he knew that it led to the first floor of the building in which he lived for so many years.

He went on up to the second floor. There his harassed spirit found rest and relief; lungfuls of fresh air drove away the sense of suffocation which had oppressed him on that filthy staircase.

And then too there was the parrot, whistling on without a break, as if to testify before all the world to the tyranny of her Persian master, who had imprisoned her in an abominable cage, and would sell her tomorrow or the day after to another man who would treat her in exactly the same way. Yet everywhere she went that plaintive cry of hers would delight the hearts of men and women.

When the boy reached the top of the staircase he breathed in the fresh air that blew on his face, and listened to the voice of the parrot calling him towards the right. He obeyed, turning through a narrow corridor, past two rooms in which two Persians lived. One of these was still a young man, while the other was already past middle age. The one was as morose and misanthropic as the other was genial and good-natured.

At last the boy was home. He entered a room like a hall, which provided for most of the practical needs of the house. This led on to another room, large but irregular in shape, which served for social and intellectual needs. It was bedroom and dining room, reading room and study, and a place for conversation by day or by night. Here were books and crockery and food; and here the boy had his own particular corner, as in every room he occupied or visited at all frequently.

This place of his was on the left inside the door. After advancing a pace or two he found a mat spread on the ground, and over part of it an old but quite serviceable carpet. Here he sat in the daytime, and here he slept at night, with a pillow for his head and a rug to cover him. On the opposite side of the room was his elder brother's place, a good deal better than his own. His brother had a decent carpet over the mat, then a felt mattress, and above that a long, wide piece of bedding stuffed with cotton, and finally, crowning all, a coverlet. Here the young sheikh would sit with his friends. They were not obliged to prop up their backs against the bare wall, as the boy did, having cushions to pile up on the rugs.

2

THIS was all the boy ever learnt about his immediate surroundings. But just outside the house was a shop which played an important part in his life; it belonged to el-Hagg Firûz, who supplied the neighborhood with most of the necessities of

life. In the morning he sold boiled beans called *fool*, prepared in the usual variety of ways. But el-Hagg Firûz used to boast the special virtues of his beans — and raise their prices accordingly. He had plain beans, beans in fat, beans in butter, beans in every kind of oil; he added, if required, all sorts of spices. As for the students, they adored these beans, and often made far too large a meal of them. So by mid-morning they were already dull in the head, and at the noon lecture they slept.

When evening came el-Hagg Firûz sold his customers their supper: cheese, olives, milled sesame, or honey. To the more luxurious he supplied cans of tuna fish or sardines. And to a few of them perhaps, as night approached, he sold things which have no name, and nothing to do with food — things spoken of in a whisper, yet passionately vied for.

The boy used to overhear these whisperings; sometimes he half understood, but as a rule the whole transaction was a mystery to him. As the days passed by and he grew older, he came to see through these subtle hints and ambiguities. What he learned then obliged him to overhaul his standards of judgment, and to revise his valuation both of people and of things.

El-Hagg Firûz held a unique position in the neighborhood and amongst the students especially. It was to him that they went when their money ran out towards the end of the month, or when their remittances were overdue. He it was who gave them food on credit, lent them a piaster or two from time to time, and helped them out in all kinds of emergencies. No wonder his name was as often on their lips as those of the most learned sheikhs of the Azhar.

But this was not all. El-Hagg Firûz was essential to the students in yet another way. It was to him that were addressed all the letters bringing them news of their families, or enclosing flimsy slips which they took to the post office with empty pockets, to return with the jingle of silver falling cheerily on their ears and into their very hearts.

Naturally not a single student missed an opportunity of passing the time of day, morning and evening, at el-Hagg Firûz' shop, or of casting a quick furtive glance at the spot where letters were waiting to be collected. How often one of them would go home grasping a sealed envelope which was spotted with oil and butter stains; yet despite its greasiness that envelope was more precious in his eyes than any composition or textbook on law, grammar, or theology.

So on leaving the house each morning the boy found himself in front of el-Hagg Firûz' shop where his brother would inquire if there were any letters. Then they turned down a long narrow street crowded with people — children, students, porters, tradesmen, laborers, and carters shouting warnings or curses at anyone who blocked their paths. On

each side of the street were different kinds of shops, in many of which was prepared the meager diet of the poor. The smells that issued from these shops were abominable, but that did not prevent them from delighting most of the passers-by. Some of them stopped and bought a scrap of food to gulp down on the spot, or to take home. But some of them, assailed by this battery of smells, remained unmoved. They were tempted but did not yield. Their eyes saw, their nostrils smelled, their appetite was stirred; but, alas, their pockets were empty. They passed on with yearning in their souls and with bitterness and resentment in their hearts; yet at the same time they accepted their lot with resignation.

In some other shops a quiet, unhurried trade was transacted, almost without any words passing at all. If anything was said, it was under the breath, so as scarcely to be heard. In spite of this — or perhaps for this very reason — the trade in question brought great prosperity to those who practiced it. To all appearances the majority of these shops dealt only in coffee or soap, though some of them also sold sugar and rice.

As he passed through all this a warm interest stirred in the boy. But he would have understood practically nothing had not his brother from time to time volunteered an explanation. At last they came to a spot where they had to turn a little to the left and then plunge into a lane as narrow and crooked and filthy as could be. Its atmosphere was foul with an unspeakable medley of smells, and weak, hollow voices cried out for charity to the footfalls of passers-by, begging at the sound of steps, as if life were only perceptible through the ears. Their misery was answered by other voices: the thin, harsh, strangled cries of bats which love darkness and desolation and ruins. Often, with a flutter of wings, one of them, to his horror, would shave past his ear or his face. Instinctively his hand would fly up for protection, and for some time afterwards his heart would be throbbing with apprehension.

At last, after all these loathsome sounds, his heart would thrill with joy at the fresh air and calm as they reached a more pleasant, peaceful street. On one side of it was the Mosque of Sayyidna el-Husein, grandson of the Prophet, and on the other a row of small shops. What good things he sometimes tasted there! Soaked figs and their juice in summertime, and in winter *bassbússa* nut cakes which diffused a warm glow of well-being through the body. Some days they would stop at a Syrian shop to choose from a variety of foods, hot or cold, salt or sweet. To the boy their taste gave inexpressible pleasure, yet if they were offered him now he would be afraid they might make him ill, or even poison him.

They continued along this street to a place where the voices grew louder and more numerous. "This

is a crossroads," said his brother. "If you go right you reach the Sikka el-Gadida, then the Musky, then Ataba el-Khadra. To the left you have Sharia el-Darrâssa. But we must go straight on into Sharia el-Halwagi, the street of learning and hard work. It is so narrow that if you stretched out your arms left and right you could almost touch both walls. Now you are walking between a number of small bookshops. There are books of every kind in them, new and old, good and bad, in print or manuscript."

How many a pleasant and rewarding halt did the boy make in that narrow street, which remained fixed in his memory later on, after his life had changed its course.

But this time they must hurry past. They had to be at the Azhar before the lecture began. Here they were, arrived at the Barbers' Gate. He took off his sandals, laid them one on top of the other, then picked them up in his hand as he followed his companion. A little further on he stepped over a shallow threshold into the quiet courtyard of the Azhar, and felt a cool morning breeze blow refreshingly upon his face. And so he entered the third phase of this new life of his.

3

THIS third phase of his existence was the one he loved best of all. In his own room he endured all the pains of exile. It was like a foreign country to him, and he never became familiar with its contents, except perhaps those nearest to him. He did not live in it in the same sense that he had lived in his country home or in other familiar rooms where nothing was unknown to him. He passed his days there in exile from people and things alike, and in such anguish of heart that the oppressive air he breathed there brought him no rest or refreshment, but only heaviness and pain.

But the fresh breeze that blew across the court of the Azhar at the hour of morning prayer met him with a welcome and inspired him with a sense of security and hope. The touch of this breeze on his forehead, damp with sweat from that feverish journey, resembled nothing so much as the kisses his mother used to give him during his early years, when he chanted verses from the Koran to her, or entertained her with a story he had heard at the village school; or when, as a pale, delicate infant, he abandoned the corner in which he had been reciting the litany from the Sura Ya-Sin, the first chapter of the Koran, to go and carry out some household task or other.

As yet he knew little of the Azhar, but it was enough for him to brush with his bare feet the ground of that court, to feel on his face the caress of its morning breeze, and to realize that around him the Azhar was preparing to awake from its drowsiness, that its inertia would soon give place

to activity. He began to recover consciousness of himself, as life returned to him. His soul blossomed forth, and with every fiber of his being he yearned to discover . . . well, what? Something he was a stranger to, though he loved it and felt irresistibly drawn towards it — *knowledge*. How many times had he heard this word, and longed to find out its hidden meaning! His father and the learned friends who came to visit him had spoken of knowledge as a boundless ocean, and the child had never taken this expression for a figure of speech or a metaphor, but as the simple truth. He had come to Cairo and to the Azhar with the intention of throwing himself into this ocean and drinking what he could of it, until the day he drowned. What finer end could there be for a man of spirit than to drown himself in knowledge? What a splendid plunge into the beyond!

4

THE boy paced on with his companion until he had crossed the entrance court and mounted the shallow step which is the threshold of the Azhar itself. His heart was all modesty and humility, but his soul was filled with glory and pride. His feet stepped lightly over the worn-out mats that were laid out across the floor, leaving a bare patch here and there, as if on purpose to touch the feet which passed over them with something of the benediction attached to that holy ground. The boy used to love the Azhar at this moment, when worshipers were finishing their early-morning prayer and going away, with the marks of drowsiness still in their eyes. Others would remain to wait for the teacher who was to give a lecture on tradition or exegesis, first principles or theology.

At this moment the Azhar was quiet, and free from the strange intermingled murmurs that filled it from sunrise until evening prayer. You could only hear the whispered conversations of its inmates or the hushed but steady voice of some young man reciting the Koran. Or you might come upon a worshiper who had arrived too late for the common service, or had gone on to perform extra prayers after completing the statutory number. Or maybe you would hear a teacher beginning his lecture in the languid tone of a man who has awakened from sleep and said his prayers but has not yet eaten anything to give him strength and energy. He starts in a quiet, husky voice: "In the name of God, the merciful, the compassionate: Praise be to God, father of the worlds. May His peace and blessing be upon our lord Mohammed, the most noble of the prophets, upon his family and his companions. These are the words of the author of the Book, may God rest his soul and grant us the fruits of his learning. Amen!"

The students listened to the lecture with the same quiet languor in which it was given. There

was a striking contrast between the different tones the sheikhs used at the early-morning and midday lectures. At dawn their voices were calm and gentle, with traces of drowsiness in them. At noon they were strong and harsh, but fraught too with a certain sluggishness induced by the lunch they had just eaten, the baked beans and pickles which made up the usual fare of an Azharite at this time. At dawn the voices seemed to beg humbly for favor from the great authorities of the past, while by noon they were attacking them almost as if they were adversaries. This contrast always astonished and delighted the boy.

On he went with his brother up the two steps leading into the *liwân*, the colonnade surrounding the central court of the mosque. There beside one of those sacred pillars, to which a chair was attached by a great chain, he was deposited and left with these words: "Wait here and you will hear a lecture on tradition; when mine is over I will return and fetch you."

His brother's lecture, he knew, was on the first principles of Islamic law, given by Sheikh Râdy, God rest his soul. The textbook was the *Tahrîr*, or "Correct Reformulation" of el-Kemal Ibn el-Humam. When the boy heard this sentence, every word filled him at once with awe and curiosity. First principles of law? What science was this? Sheikh Râdy? Who could he be? What was the meaning of "Correct Reformulation?" El-Kemal Ibn el-Humam! Could there be a more wonderful pair of names? How true it was that knowledge is a boundless ocean, full of unimaginable benefit for any thoughtful being who is ready to plunge into it. The boy's admiration for this particular course grew deeper every day as he listened to his brother and his brother's friends studying their lesson beforehand. What they read sounded very strange, but there was no doubt of its fascination.

As he listened to them talk the boy used to burn with longing to grow six or seven years older, so that he might be able to understand the subject, to solve its riddles and ambiguities, to be at home in the law as those distinguished young men were, and to dispute with the teachers about it as they did. But for the present he was compelled to listen without understanding. Time and again he would turn over some sentence or other in his mind on the chance of finding some sense in it. But he achieved nothing by all this, except perhaps a greater respect for knowledge and a deeper reverence for his teachers, together with modesty as to his own powers and a determination to work harder.

There was one remarkable sentence in particular he often heard repeated which intrigued him. How many sleepless nights it cost him! How many days of his life it overcast! Sometimes it tempted him to miss an elementary lecture — for he had understood his own first lessons without difficulty — and so led him on to playing truant from the sheikh's

lecture on tradition, in order to speculate on what he had heard from the lips of those older students.

This was the sentence: "Right is the negation of negation." What could these words mean? How could negation be negated? What might such negation be? And how could the negation of negation be right? The idea kept whirling round in his head like the ravings of delirium in a sick man's brain, until one day it was driven out of his mind by one of the grammarians el-Kafrawy's *Problems*. This problem he understood at once and was able to argue about. Thus he came at last to feel that he had begun to taste the water of the boundless ocean of knowledge.

The boy sat beside the pillar, toying with the chain on the chair and listening to the sheikh on tradition. He understood him perfectly, and found nothing to criticize in his lesson except the cascade of names which was poured forth in giving the source and authorities for each tradition. It was always "so-and-so tells us" or "according to so-and-so." The boy could not see the point of these endless series of names, or this tedious tracing of sources. He longed for the sheikh to have done with all this and come down to the tradition itself. As soon as he did so the boy listened with all his heart. He memorized the tradition and understood it, but was bored by the sheikh's analysis, which reminded him too well of the explanations given by the imam of the mosque in his country village who had given him his first schooling.

While the sheikh proceeded with his lecture the Azhar began gradually to wake up, as if stirred out of its torpor by the voices of the teachers holding forth, and by the discussions which arose between them and the students, amounting sometimes almost to quarrels. The talk rose in volume, the echoes intermingled and the sheikhs raised their voices again, so that the students might be able to hear them, ever higher and higher, up to the final climax of the words "God is all-wise." Then his brother would return, take him by the hand without a word and drag him off all urgently to another place, where he dumped him like a piece of luggage and abandoned him again.

The boy realized that he had been transferred to the law class. He would listen to this lecture until it came to an end and both sheikhs and students went off. Then he would stay rooted to the spot until his brother came back from Sayyidna el-Husein, where he had been attending a lecture on law given by Sheikh Bakhit, God rest his soul.

Now Sheikh Bakhit was prolix in the extreme, and his students used to harass him with objections. So he never finished the lesson until the middle of the morning. Then his brother would return, take him by the hand without a word, and lead him out of the Azhar. And they would retrace their steps to the lodging house, where he was left alone in his place in the corner on the old carpet stretched out over a rotten worn-out mat.

Translated by Hilary Wayment

MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD

by Khalil Matran

Do you remember, when we both were children,
Once long ago, in our blessed village of Zahleh,
How, in the vineyard, two shadows would meet,
Exchanging their laughter in the intimacy of the vines?

Can you remember how eager we were
As we picked for each other the ripest of the grapes?
All that we paid for them then were our smiles,
And joyfully we tasted their sweet intoxication.

Do you remember that morning when two angels,
Who held in their arms all pleasures and delight,
Carried us off on a flight through the shining heavens,
Higher and higher till we circled the Pleiades?

And what of the river we haunted so often?
Is it still flowing between its green banks?
Bathing the trees of the wood with its freshness,
And with its affection enhancing their beauty?

Translated by William Candlewood

SOCIAL REFORM: FACTOR X

The Search for an Islamic Democracy

by SIR HAMILTON A. R. GIBB

1

THE "Eastern Question" of today differs profoundly from the "Eastern Question" of the nineteenth century. Then the Concert of Europe, jealous competitors, stood around the deathbed of the irremediably disintegrating Ottoman Empire, disputing its ultimate inheritance. Today the Western powers seek to promote the stability and cohesion of ten resurgent sovereign states, with a fringe of colonial or semicolonial fragments, and to find a basis for their integration. Yet repeated eruptions and revolutions show that "The Question" remains, and even grows in perplexity.

Since these manifestations are usually linked with foreign policy, political issues might seem to be the dominant factors. Political factors are real enough, especially the issues of foreign controls and the State of Israel; yet there is a growing perception that they alone cannot explain the region's volcanic instability. The other factors, in prevailing Western opinion, are economic, and the most urgent question is seen as helping these "underdeveloped" countries to build new and efficient economic structures. Certainly the economic factors are crucial — and in Egypt, at least, frighteningly complex. But the internal causes of unrest can no more be cured by economic gadgets — even of such size as the High Dam on the Nile or a Jordan Valley Authority — than by a few clever political adjustments. Economic development may help if integrated with

social development; but if it cuts across deep-seated social forces, it may even intensify the inner instability.

For the third element is the social factor. It is, not surprisingly, often overlooked. Political factors, if confusing, at least lie close to the surface; economic potentialities can be evaluated with fair accuracy. But the social factor has been the least studied, not only by outside observers, but by those most concerned within the region. Many of the weaknesses of the Middle Eastern states are arguably the result of their failure to recognize and meet adequately the problems of a prolonged social crisis.

A social organism is the resultant of a great variety of continually changing spiritual and material forces, producing strains which require adjustment to maintain a relatively stable equilibrium. If any maladjustment becomes too widespread and prolonged, the situation is felt to be intolerable and a violent demand arises for "reform." The effectiveness of this demand depends on: 1) the kinds of organs for expressing social needs, the leadership for canalizing them, and the instruments available for promoting reforms; 2) the ability of the governing elements to diagnose the true causes of the maladjustment and so cure them that the society's vital inner forces and external activities are again brought into harmony.

Every living society includes "devices" or organs whereby relative tensions can find adjustment; and the speed and ease with which they operate is a measure of its viability. In general, the older a society, the more its social institutions become fixed, and the means of adjustment restricted to minor reforms within a standardized framework. Yet these are usually adequate, precisely because the need for reforms in so experienced and equilibrated

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a society is correspondingly less. But when the need of a major adjustment shows the traditional instruments to be inadequate, new methods and organs must be created. The real vitality of a society can be measured by its success in providing them without excessively violent reactions or dislocation.

The organ evolved by Islamic society was the religious brotherhood. Considerations of space make it impossible to trace in detail here the origins and history of these brotherhoods. Suffice it to say that in face of the challenge of the Turko-Mongol invasions starting in the eleventh century, two existing currents — the spiritually reformist “methodism” of the cities, and the militant “frontier warfare” organizations — gradually coalesced and forced the invaders to respect established religious and economic institutions and co-operate with the settled agricultural and industrial communities. Ultimately the brotherhoods encompassed all social classes and reinforced the functional groupings by trade-guild and corporation.

After the establishment of the Ottoman Empire, they took on predominantly the role of mediators in a situation of recurrent military violence or usurpation or administrative tyranny. In Islamic thought, the state should be only the public exponent of Islamic ideology, ensuring the security and well-being of the Muslim peoples, and enforcing the Law of Islam but itself subject to that Law; and its authority derives wholly from the degree to which it is considered to do so. The religious leaders, though they created a Muslim community, had failed to control the centers of political power. This was the main socio-political tension within Islam. The political organizations, tainted by usurpation, violence, and corruption, were only passively accepted. The state always exists, but dynasties and governments are transient. Violation of a government's man-made laws carried no moral reprobation or violation of conscience — rather indeed the contrary. Civil penalties inflicted by government officers carried no stigma. The citizen owed his loyalty primarily to Islam itself, and after Islam to his own social group or guild and its ethic.

Finally a reasonable *modus vivendi* was reached, with the religious brotherhoods mitigating inner tensions or conflicts of loyalties. Yet the limitation of their civic function to the removal of grievances and restoration of the *status quo ante*, reinforced the tendency, natural to every religious institution, to oppose “innovations” and resist all change.

The religious leadership was thus wholly unprepared and ill-equipped, and indeed contributed not a little to its own impotence, when in the nineteenth century this precarious balance was entirely destroyed. It was destroyed less by the direct intrusion of the West than by immensely complicated internal developments, which have been so insufficiently studied that it might almost be said that we know more about the internal history of the

Muslim world in the ninth than in the nineteenth century. Only three things are reasonably certain: 1) the old corporative functional groups decayed or dissolved; 2) the old brotherhood organizations also decayed — these two results involving the loss of the personal link between the individual and the community and of social and religious integration; 3) the power of the state was disproportionately enlarged, by both the increased efficiency of its own instruments and the decay of the counterbalancing ones.

2

WHETHER the dissolution of the old community structure will ultimately prove beneficial depends on the principles and forms of social cohesion that will take its place. Rural co-operatives and industrial trade unions are still in their infancy, and fail to satisfy the deeper emotional and spiritual needs. The average individual belongs to his family and to Islam, but Islam no longer has any concrete social organization. This social void is intensely real and creates a spiritual dissatisfaction which craves a uniquely Muslim form of expression. Meanwhile social maladjustments and disequilibrium have grown so severe that the cry for relief and reform has become articulate and insistent.

Simultaneously with this disintegration there were growing up in all the Arab countries (save Arabia) new administrative and professional classes: lawyers, civil servants, doctors, journalists, teachers, entrepreneurs, and professional army officers. It would seem that, ignorant or careless of the old social structure, and fascinated by Western political theories, these elements overlooked the social issues altogether and concentrated on counteracting their countries' inorganic political structures. They aimed at reorganizing political life on Western models, introducing Western legal codes and courts, and co-operated with the orthodox religious leaders to discredit the old Sufi brotherhoods as superstitious, while dreaming of reforming Islam itself in terms of Western thought.

Clearly this Westernized intelligentsia never thought in terms of a “Muslim State,” but unconsciously applied the Western division between church and state to the traditional Muslim separation of political and social functions. They would create organized constitutional governments and leave the religious institution as guarantor of social relationships in the new and enlightened society produced by the spread of education.

But the religious institution was no longer capable of carrying out this function. Only through the brotherhoods had orthodox Islam acquired a social integration. The religious leaders imagined that the “purification” of religion by the elimination of “superstition” would lead to an Islamic revival; but (leaving aside the question whether any religion can be truly effective in human society without an

outer ring or protective covering of "superstition") Islam's abstract doctrines and personal duties, not backed by a social organization, lacked the force to guide social development. And the intelligentsia's growing secularization and hostility to the "medievalism" of the ulema (religious teachers) nullified any purely religious sanctions.

The rift between political and social policy was strangely widened by the resounding campaign of the late-nineteenth-century reformer Jamal el-Din el-Afghani for a pan-Islamic program of spiritual unification of all Muslims under the Ottoman caliphate to oppose European political, economic, and cultural penetration. Jamal el-Din did align the Muslim masses behind movements to oppose the West; but they paradoxically emerged, in the Middle East at least, under the leadership, not of the caliphate, but of local nationalists already becoming hostile to the Ottoman government. And it was by this mass support that the nationalist movements finally succeeded in setting up their parliamentary governments.

3

THOUGH the nationalist leaders were primarily concerned with political emancipation, they had to let it be assumed, to hold the support of the masses, that it would be followed by positive measures to meet social discontents. They were thus committed to internal "reforms." The vague identification of political and social ends was rendered easier by the obvious fact that the most extensive maladjustments were connected with the importation of Western systems, processes, and ideas. But underneath this superficial identification lay a real divergence of aims: between independence as an end in itself and independence as the means to the end of reknitting the threads of social cohesion supposedly severed by Western penetration and controls.

Even after political independence, the nationalist leaders failed to recognize this divergence. Maladjustments continued and even became more severe. For the main causes were not (as the masses naïvely thought) due to the presence of foreign governors and entrepreneurs, but to the pervasive effects of Western intellectual, legal, and economic systems, to new patterns of land tenure, to population growth and pressure on means of subsistence, and to the expansion of urban proletariats. While claiming to "choose out" the useful elements from Western civilization and reject those conflicting with national traditions, the nationalist leaders have made social discontents more acute by themselves continuing and expanding under nationalist auspices just those imported administrative and legal systems which had been responsible for dissolving the traditional community institutions.

Granted that the intricate nexus of material and

psychological factors was difficult of comprehension, yet the nationalist leaders faced their problems like politicians everywhere. Either they remained immobile, putting up a stiff front of opposition to "disturbances," or they attempted to placate by promises; and only recently, as the idea of the "welfare state" has percolated to the Middle East, have they started on social welfare legislation, modeled on the West and not very specifically related to the actual social situations, economic possibilities, or psychological dispositions. Or they have pinned their hopes on industrialization or other economic panaceas, again without much consideration of the social problems involved.

If this were all, the politicians could not be blamed overmuch. In a democratic system political leaders are expected to respond to popular will as expressed in institutions from parish councils and town meetings right up to the most comprehensive organizations. But it is precisely the great weakness of Arab countries that, since the breakdown of the old corporations, no social institutions have been evolved through which the public will can be canalized, interpreted, defined, and mobilized. Elective institutions at the lower levels practically do not exist. No functional associations link representatives from different areas. There is, in short, no functioning organ of social democracy at all.

The political leaders have demonstrated no awareness of this inorganic state of social institutions, have not aided them to develop, and indeed shown jealousy of any potential institution which might rival and eventually oppose the political parties. But their still greater disservice to the welfare of their peoples has lain in their party rivalries, open pursuit of private interests, scandals pinned upon one another in their wrangling, subservience to the wealthy and powerful, and toleration of bitter inequalities. By this behavior the parliamentary leaders have discredited themselves and the system, and disillusioned the masses. To these the new kind of state differed little from its predecessors. So-called "democracy" in practice was scarcely distinguishable from the old sultanates: corruption was as rife as ever in the administration, and violence was not less violence because clothed in incomprehensible legal forms. Like the old sultanates, the new governments were passively accepted in virtue of their power, but they had no real moral authority: in the people's eyes they were merely associations of self-interested persons using power for their own advantage during their transient ministries.

Inevitably, as the nationalist leaders felt mass support slipping away, they made ever more violent efforts to regain it by continuing to harp on the continued presence of European forces or enterprises or controls, or on the hidden hand of Western diplomacy and on Western support of Zionism. When accused of neglecting social issues, they insisted that

those were secondary and controversial, and must not disrupt the nation's united determination to achieve its national aims. However genuinely the politicians desired national independence, they did not know what to do with it. Concentrating on its negative aspect as freedom from foreign interference, and without positive program, they could only try to fill the void of policy by propaganda.

4

IT MUST, of course, be frankly admitted that the policies adopted by Great Britain and France on the disintegration of the Ottoman Empire gave bitter offense to nationalist sentiment. And since the Second World War, the positive actions of these powers plus the United States have given further offense, especially through their support of Israel, while their open and concealed rivalries have intensified Arab suspicions and hostility toward the West. The grievances are real and deep-seated. But it is a fallacy to suppose that the Western countries could have escaped becoming the butt of nationalist propaganda. The weakness of the political leadership forced it to distract public resentment into anti-Western channels, and the Western powers, whatever their policies had been, were cast for the role of scapegoats.

The consequences of this emphasis on propaganda have been disastrous in at least two respects. First, propaganda is the most vicious of the habit-forming drugs. It engenders group delusions which so root themselves in the minds of the propagandists themselves that they finally inhibit rational judgment of real issues. Drifting helplessly on waves of mass emotion, they become an easy mark for exploitation even by their enemies, provided these enemies subtly minister to the delusions which the propagandists have implanted. And when the political leaders find it necessary or opportune to change course, their own propaganda recoils on them and they find themselves branded as turncoats and traitors.

Second, because its content was merely political, propaganda has inhibited positive thought on real internal problems. No stable state can arise or endure without a basic social philosophy, accepted by the mass of its citizens, more or less consciously pursued in public life and private associations, and guaranteed by its laws, whether it be the *Respublica Christiana*, or the ideology of the Islamic Community, or *Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité*, or "Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness." Nationalism by itself is not such a philosophy; the "nation" is merely a political concept. In most Arab countries, indeed, it is not even a universally accepted concept, and has as yet acquired no inherent authority.

Thus the internal instability of the Arab World has been increased by the clash of different definitions of the content of the national concept. The

Westernized professional classes define it in terms of Western political and social institutions, plus naïve faith in universal education, or at least primary literacy. The professional armies define it in terms of military strength. The small Socialist and Communist Parties define it in terms of their own doctrinaire ideologies. All of them may and do profess their desire to relieve social pressures, and many are sincere therein. But their programs are designed to serve their special interests and in power give way to those interests in the competition for shares of the limited national revenue.

One factor, however, is common to all of them. All regard the masses as so much plastic material to be molded, without will or vision of their own. But the masses do have their vision, in terms of their Arab heritage through thirteen centuries of Islam. Politically, their aspirations are not narrowly national, but pan-Arab. Socially, their disillusion with the failure of national governments to meet their social needs is slowly beginning to find expression in new forms corresponding to the old religious associations, such as the Muslim Brotherhood (*el-Ikhwan el-Muslimin*), which demand a program of social order based on the principles of Islam and which through local lodges restore the lost sense of "belonging."

How such a program could be applied in the modern world is an open question. But these are only the first inchoate gropings toward a restatement of Muslim values in face of the invasion of Western values, and as such show an inherent vitality in Muslim society. Understandably the Westernized politicians and professionals view them with suspicion and disfavor, especially when they break into open political action. Yet since nationalism has hitherto manifestly failed to meet the social needs and aspirations of the Arab peoples, and even the new government in Egypt, though more positively affirming its good intentions, has not yet proved that it grasps the material or psychological dimensions of the social problem, these vital forces, even if repressed, will probably continue to find stronger and more coherent expressions and create new organs and institutions of their own.

To sum up, then. The Arab World is in the profound crisis of a dialectical process (outwardly concealed by a common hostility to the Western powers) which drags it in two different directions. On the one hand is the movement toward authoritarian regimes, whose principal aim is to build up the political and military power of the state and restore Arab unity by political alliances. On the other are tentative movements to rebuild the social organism on Islamic principles, and so recreate a moral reunion of the Arab peoples.

Although complementary in appearance, these movements stand on conflicting principles. The first gears social and economic development to Western-type administration, military organization, and

expansion of technical skills. Because these imported systems are artificial structures, imposed by the few, and not rooted in the national psychology, this program requires sustained propaganda and the use of state power to remold the life and thought of the nation to conform with the ideas and objectives of the ruling groups. The second stresses organic internal development, relating economic to social needs, not rejecting Western experience where consistent with these, but subordinating it to the directives derived from the Islamic traditions of the masses. But because there is no vitality left in the lingering remains of the old Islamic social organizations, its leaders must forge the appropriate new organizations and institutions to canalize their ideals — a task calling for a long period of germination,

probably often in conflict with the state, and continuing adaptation to changing social needs and situations.

Both movements are thus partial and provisional experiments toward adjusting Arab political, economic, and social life to the play of world-wide forces. Probably neither can by itself fill the inner void, but through their opposition and interplay there may in time emerge the solution by which the restless social problems of the Arab World can be satisfied in a social order which meets their psychological needs within the framework of expanding international relationships. Only then will the Middle Eastern countries gain the stability which is to their own greatest interest and to the interest of the world at large.

THE REBEL

by Albert Adib

Who are you?

I am a tyrant of fire and light.

And your heart?

It is the slave of my reason.

You are incredulous. You do not believe me.

My faith is stronger than adversity.

You are generous.

I don't worry about sweetness. I am protected by iron.

My benevolence is worn out. You are an unbeliever.

I have understood the passion to which people are victims. I have felt pity for them and found it to be not enough.

You are very magnanimous. Who are you?

The goal of your dreams and pardon for the perverse soul; hope of the unhappy exile, appeasement of unquenchable thirst . . .

The vision of things in the unknown corners of creation.

I am a mocking goddess; with a gesture I can brush away your certitudes.

I am a rock on which the flames of pride are broken.

One by one the mocking, bellowing fires are extinguished

In tumult and chaos.

Each victim is worth more to me than the stupidities of lovers.

I am the certainty of illusion, the true and the false.

And you, who are you?

I . . . I am someone passing by.

I am tenacious in generosity.

I am the one who thirsted and no longer thirsts.

I am the sleep of yesterday and the awakening of its distant echo.

I am the mirror of the soul that unveils itself. I am the pride of past years.

I am the obstacle.

I am the silence of those who plead and the weeping of the haughty.

I am the tears of eyes that can weep no more, the beating of hearts that are already dead.

I am the butt of your jokes.

I am you yourself.

And you, who are you?

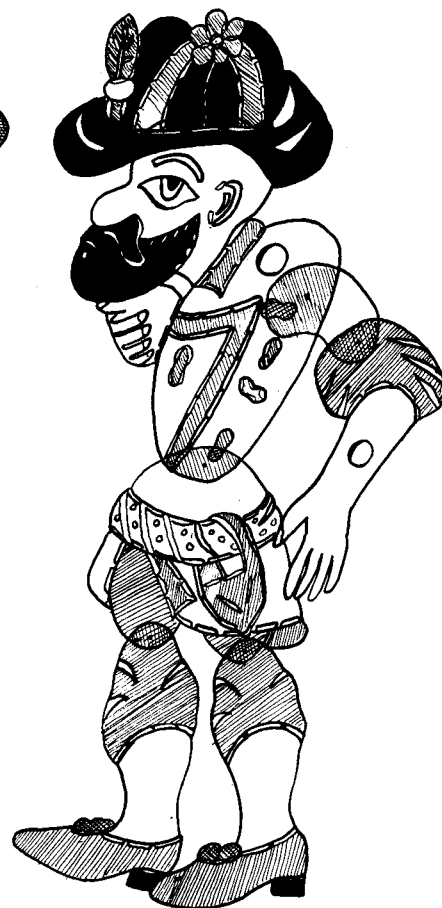
Translated by C. F. MacIntyre

THE ARAB SHADOW PLAY

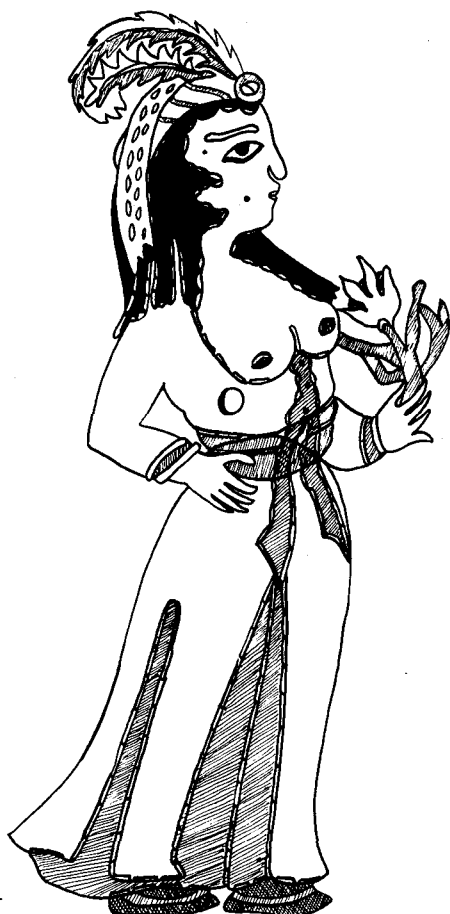
One of Asia's oldest forms of entertainment is the shadow play — still extremely popular throughout the Arab World. Outside a coffee house or in the market place the puppet master and his assistants manipulate the little leather figures, throwing their shadows on a white linen screen. The dialogue is spoken over a background of "mood music."



HAJIVAD



KARAGÖZ



A DANCING GIRL



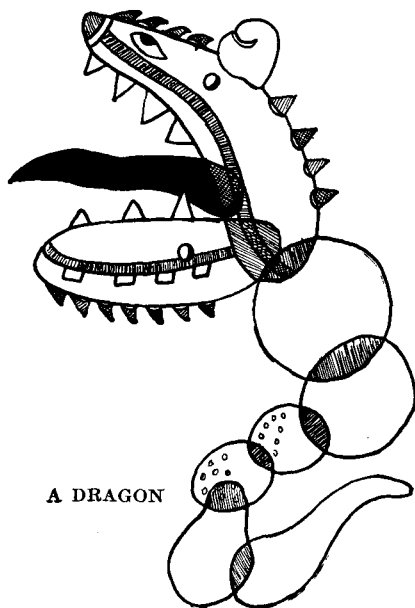
JINN

The plots of the shadow plays are flexible and freely improvised — sometimes including bits of yesterday's neighborhood gossip. Usually they pit Karagöz, archetype of the rogue, against his foil, the pseudo-aristocratic Hajivad. They appeal particularly to the uneducated lower classes who are amused by the stinging satire, often quite obscene, on the pretentious rich and the powers that be.



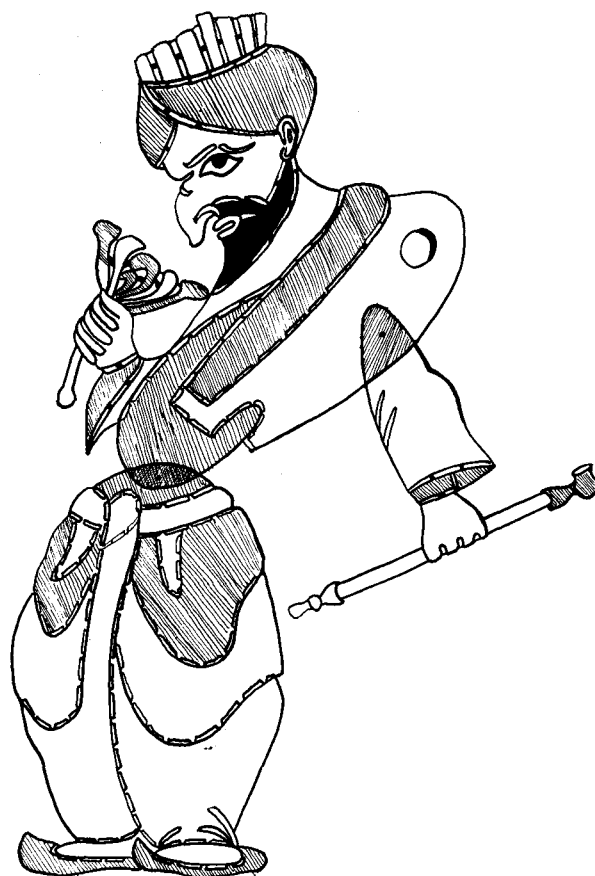
A WESTERNER

As with the Indonesian *wayang kulit*, the puppet figures are usually about 12 to 28 inches high. They are made of brightly colored, partially transparent leather and are manipulated by sticks inserted in the chests and limbs. Scenery is suggested by set pieces such as a ship, a bathhouse, or a brothel.



A DRAGON

The Arab shadow play is truly international in spirit. Some of its grotesque and ribald elements go back to the tradition of Greek mimicry which the Turkish conquerors preserved from the days of the Byzantine Empire. There are also traces of influence from the Chinese shadow play which was brought to the borders of the Arab World by the Mongols.



AN OPIUM-SMOKER

When movements and words are well synchronized the puppets become highly convincing. They can mimic the mannerisms of foreigners, the lurching walk of a drunkard. Opium-smokers are favorite subjects of amusement, while miraculous jinn and bellowing dragons especially delight the children in the audience.

Text by JACOB LANDAU
Drawings by JANE SALA

THE ERRAND

A Story

by YUSIF IDRIS

1

WHENEVER Cairo was mentioned, Shabrawi felt a shiver and realized he was not really alive. All his yearnings culminated in one wish — not a very great task for God to fulfill — opportunity and pocket money enough to travel to Cairo and live just one more day as he had when billeted there in army service. He longed in agonized hope for just one brief hour in Qubaisy or the cinema el-Ahali or with Master Craftsman Ahmed in Torgoman. In fact, he became noted for the sentence he repeated again and again: "I'd trade my whole life for just one hour in Cairo!"

But he was not forced to barter his life. Opportunity came unexpectedly and of itself. One day when he was sitting in the police station, just as he had every day for the past four years, a group of noisy people entered. Shouting and confusion filled the jam-packed station. But a few questions cleared everything up. Family, relatives, and neighbors from the nearby village of Kafr Goma had brought in a poor madwoman.

Shabrawi's heart pounded with hope between his ribs, for they could hardly send the woman to the hospital in Cairo without an escort. And who could be a better escort than he? He did not even have to ask it as a favor or use influence. The other policemen declined the commission with all its responsibilities; so, when he showed his willingness, he got the job. Immediately he sent Antar, the bus boy

of the buffet, to tell his wife to pack him some food in a handkerchief and send the fifty piasters hidden in the pillowcase.

In half an hour everything was ready: the letter from the town health inspector and the requisition forms for travel were in his pocket. It was hard for Shabrawi to believe it was all real, that he had only to put his foot on the train, and in a few hours he would truly see Cairo again — wander in its streets, ride in its streetcars, meet his old friends, and feast on roast spiced goat meat, that wonderful *neefa*, at Muallim Hanafi's.

Throbbing with unbelievable happiness, he went to the station, accompanied by more than a hundred people who implored him to take care of Zubaida and to be patient and kind to her.

Her father "winked" a whole rial slyly into his hand and her husband gave him half a rial. Shabrawi nodded knowingly with a wide fixed smile.

The procession attracted attention, and as it passed, people who knew Shabrawi would ask where he was going. He would answer modestly: "Just over there . . ."

And the questioner would persist: "Where's 'there'?"

Whereupon Shabrawi would reply even more unconcernedly: "Oh, just Cairo."

And happiness would tingle through Shabrawi's intestines like the tickling of crawling ants.

After a long wait, the Delta train arrived, and they got aboard. The woman sat quiet and motionless, and the train moved off under the care of Allah.

For the third time, Shabrawi carefully felt the papers in his inside tunic pocket. All was going smoothly as cream, so he took off his wide police belt and relaxed, almost forgetting Zubaida.

The Delta train finally finished its innumerable

YUSIF IDRIS, a doctor in one of Cairo's hospitals, has been widely acclaimed for the power of his language, and is generally regarded as one of the most promising young writers in Arabic. The Errand is from his first collection of short stories, published in Cairo in 1954, of which many first appeared in the famous Egyptian political and literary magazine *Rose el-Yusif*.

stops and stumblings, and crawled into the el-Man-surah station like a long black worm. Holding Zubaida's hand, Shabrawi crossed over the bridge, murmuring, "Your blessings, O Saint Zainab!"

When he asked for the Cairo train, he found it right there at the platform. They got aboard and he seated Zubaida by the window. The lemonade vendor came and Shabrawi drank two glasses in one gulp. He offered a glass to Zubaida, but she angrily pushed his hand away, so he patted her and sent that glassful chasing after the other two.

The train got under way. Zubaida looked out the window like a little girl, with a faint fresh smile on her lips, and as for Shabrawi, happiness was cracking his knuckles!

But before the train reached Senbellawain, Zubaida abruptly turned from the window, struck her breast, and with a strange look of accusation, shouted the mourning cry: "*Ya lahweel*!"

Shabrawi came running down from his lofty gardens of happiness, and anxiously asked, "What's the matter, sister? What's wrong, Zubaida?"

For answer she put her hand under her nose and with all her might hurled forth a *zaghruda*, that piercing trill of excited women. Trill followed joyful trill.

In a flash the passengers turned to stare. Shabrawi was shattered, dizzy. He tried to swallow, but his mouth was bone-dry. He gently patted her: "Never mind, O my sister! Do not be cross with me . . . be patient a little while . . . please . . . no need for scandal . . ." Zubaida quieted down.

But not the passengers. Their tongues wagged, first in whispers, then loudly, as they stared. One woman said, "She must be his wife, poor fellow . . ." A laugh resounded from the other end of the car. Two children climbed up on seats to gaze the better. Shabrawi had just opened his handkerchief to break his fast, but now he quickly knotted it up again.

A man, singularly unsurprised, asked: "This woman, what's wrong with her, Sergeant?" Shabrawi recovered his tongue a little: "Never . . . eh . . . nothing . . . She is . . ." He moved the fingers of his right hand in a circle beside his head. The man shook his whole body in assent.

But Shabrawi had hardly stopped moving his hand when Zubaida turned on him. Her features were now sharp, pointed, piercing, and at the top of her voice she screamed: "Nothing? What do you mean, nothing, you damn . . .!"

Shabrawi looked at her in real alarm as she advanced her face nearer and nearer his. He drew his head back till it struck the wall and held the handkerchief and its contents up between them. But she suddenly stopped, jumped up, stared with unsettled eyes at the car roof as if searching for something there, and finally shrieked with all her strength:

"Down with the Headman of our Village! Long live the King! Long live His Majesty the Chief

King, Mohammed Bey the Father of the Duck!" And she ended with an effervescent *zaghruda*.

The whole car jumped to its feet, and slumber flew from the eyes of the sleeping. The man sitting opposite them pulled his basket from under the seat and hurried away. In a second, they had half the car to themselves. A few passengers abandoned it altogether, while only curiosity held the rest.

Shabrawi's tunic looked as if it had been washed in his sweat. He tried to force Zubaida down into her seat, but she hit his hand and slipped away, still emitting her *zaghrudas* and shouting: "Down with our Headman! Long live His Majesty the Chief King, the Father of the Duck!"

The soda pop vendors and peanut sellers laughed, and their laughter dragged after it the laughter of the travelers. Even Shabrawi was laughing. But not for long. He was startled to see Zubaida lift up her dress to take it off. And she had absolutely nothing on underneath. He rushed to prevent it, but she beat him off, trilling her *zaghrudas*. A battle ensued. At last he managed to force her into her seat and tie her with a scarf a passenger offered him. But the cost of the victory nearly drove *him* mad: she had thrown out the window the expensive red tarboosh that had covered his head since the day he entered the service, leaving his almost bald pate shamefully naked. And even tied down, she shrieked her *zaghrudas*, and with every trill the Headman went down and the Chief lived long.

As they were approaching Belbais, however, serenity somehow re-entered her brain and she fell silent. The more daring passengers returned to their seats. But it was all Shabrawi could do not to throw her out the window. He was still fuming mad as the train entered Cairo station. He waited till they were the last, then took her arm as with pliers and roughly pulled her along. Such harshness was needless: she now walked beside him smooth as silk.

2

THERE at last was the dreamed-of big square, but the circumstances prevented recurrence of the good old memories. He immediately took the streetcar with Zubaida, who now looked just like everyone else. They got off at Ataba and took a shortcut to el-Azhar Street. There, cursing Zubaida, her father, and the ill-got rial, he spent it on a new tarboosh. But it felt heavy as a stone on his head.

The first thing to do was to get rid of Zubaida. Then, freed of responsibility, he would give himself entirely over to Cairo. The next streetcar was packed with people. He was lost in thoughts of his problems, past and to come. After a while he pulled himself together to see about Zubaida. She was pressing her body tightly, sensuously, against a white-collar worker. Her jaw was dropped in stupid contentment, and the effendi himself, pretending to read his newspaper, seemed equally satisfied.

Shabrawi jolted her to him. Contentment disappeared from her face and was replaced by fury. A *zaghruda* was trilled, the Headman went down, and the Father of the Duck was raised on high.

Immediately the conductor stopped the car and pushed them off, scolding Shabrawi for bringing such a dangerous person into a public conveyance.

They continued on foot toward the government buildings. Zubaida would not stop her trills. The whole of Mohammed Ali Street crowded around them, and the bigger the audience the louder the trills. Shabrawi, half-fainting, dared not lift his face.

Amid the hubbub, Shabrawi asked the guard at the gate for the governorate physician. The guard pitied him, for it was after six and there was no longer anyone in the government buildings.

"Then what shall I do now?" asked Shabrawi.

"Come back tomorrow," the guard said calmly.

"Tomorrow? Tomorrow! What do you mean?"

"Tomorrow in the morning."

The guard shouted to the crowd to disperse, which it did, callously joking over the incident.

Shabrawi pleaded to leave her in the governorate until morning. The guard looked stern and did not answer. Shabrawi understood. They went away.

How, he asked himself, was he to pass the night while this calamity was with him? But first he must rest: he was utterly exhausted, and it had been hours since he had eaten anything. They went into the nearest café in the Bab el-Khalq district. There he sat them down, pressing his shoulder to hers, careless of what the patrons might say. He ordered tea and a pipe, and they soothed him. But, as he relaxed, something began to happen in his insides, something that made him fidget in his chair. He realized that he couldn't bear it any longer: he had to go. With tormented face he asked the waiter, who pointed to a not-very-distant place.

But . . . Zubaida . . .

He looked at the man next to him. Because he wore an overcoat on top of a native gown, Shabrawi knew he was a governorate detective. So he was obliged to tell his story from hello to good-by, begging him at the end to watch Zubaida until he "did like the people." Scarcely awaiting his unwilling agreement, Shabrawi sped away like a bullet.

By the time he returned, Zubaida had transformed the café into a carnival. Apologizing humbly to the detective, Shabrawi roughly dragged her out after him. But where to go? Time was passing: the sun had already set. The powerful lights dazzled him, trying to remind him of happier days. But he was in another world. As Zubaida whooped out another enthusiastic *zaghruda*, Shabrawi thought that if he had a knife, he would slaughter her, even though he would be sent to prison for life. Prison! Why had he not thought of it before? A police station would be the best shelter for the night.

A bus . . . and in a few steps they were in front of the sergeant on duty at the police station of the

Saiyida district. The saga which Shabrawi told had by now reached a high pitch of polish.

But the sergeant only shook his head and said: "But this is responsibility, my dear fellow, as you know very well."

Burning with outrage, Shabrawi replied, "Right. Then put the two of us in custody."

"Also responsibility."

As he left the station, Shabrawi cursed all responsibility and especially this responsibility into which he had plunged like a water mug into a rain barrel.

3

WHEN he came to his senses, the idea of a hotel flashed across his mind, but he quickly abandoned it. They were two, Zubaida was a woman, and it would thus cost at least fifty or sixty piasters. That he could not afford, merciful heavens!

Feeling he could not go a step farther, he sank to the ground in front of the Mosque of the Saiyida, pulling Zubaida down beside him. Only shame prevented him from weeping. He was sure there wasn't a more wretched person in the whole world. Meanwhile, the dervishes in their religious ecstasy were milling around like so many mad ants; so when Zubaida let loose another *zaghruda*, it was lost in the general cacophony of the sheikhs' chanting the Koran and the women's chirping and the whirlpools of the praise-names and glory of Allah.

Shabrawi was surprised and delighted. Whatever Zubaida might do would not seem strange here. Indeed, it was he who seemed odd and out of place. He began to forget his sufferings and anger in his amusement at what was going on around him. He studied a sheikh lying sprawled by the wall, his head on his arm, watching the passers-by without showing the least interest in them. On his face was an expression of utmost contentment, as if he were the sovereign of the age. From time to time, he would bow his head, raise it again, gaze at Shabrawi, and in a long sarcastic drawl, say to him:

"Say: 'God is One!'"

And Shabrawi affirmed that He is indeed One.

Then the sheikh would slip back into his ecstasy.

Someone walking past flipped his cigarette butt to within the sheikh's reach. He picked it up, inhaled deeply, and contentedly emitted a great billow of smoke. Then, through the smoke rings, he gave Shabrawi a long serene gaze, and said:

"Say: 'God is One!'"

Shabrawi couldn't control himself and burst out laughing. He wished he could lie like the sheikh without cares or responsibility. But when "responsibility" passed over the tongue of his consciousness, he quickly turned toward Zubaida, only to find her yawning. He almost danced for joy.

The yawning didn't last long. Gradually her body grew heavier. Finally she fell asleep.

For the first time, Shabrawi looked intently into

her face. She wasn't "sweet," but all the same she had fair skin and her body was small. Her legs and feet were covered with mud and wounds, and there was a silver bangle round her ankle. While she was asleep, there was no distinguishing her from normal people. He noticed her dress was torn, exposing her thigh, and lowered his eyes shyly as he pulled the dress down to cover her.

The night advanced and everything grew silent. The followers of the saint lay snoring in profound sleep like monkeys exhausted by a long day's play. He was wondering what had wiped the anger from his mind, but only the snoring — enough to wake the saint in her tomb — was there to answer him.

He had resolved to stay awake all night. It was not easy. The long day — and the travel — had exhausted him, and the strain of long and panicky thinking had drained every drop of his strength.

The night lingered long against him as he barely kept awake, fixing his eyes on the clock in the square, trying to speed heavy, slow-gaited Time.

It was scarcely seven before he was back again in the governorate building, shooing away the people who swarmed like flies around them, attracted by the *zaghrudas* which uninterruptedly pulsed from Zubaida. At last the physician came, and after a long wait, they were before him. He leafed through the papers, and, writing on them, said, "Take her to the Qasr el-Aini Hospital to be put under observation."

Shabrawi took her and went out submissively. By one streetcar after another, they reached Qasr el-Aini. There another doctor listened to the downfall of the Headman and a long life to the Chief. He laughed enormously at her absurd answers to his questions. But in the end he recovered his gravity and said there was no vacancy in the observation ward. And he wrote this on the papers.

With his soul just under his tongue, Shabrawi asked, "But what shall I do?"

"Go back to the governorate."

"Again!"

"Yes, again."

So he went out, his despair returning. He was tempted to kill Zubaida and all the doctors and pretend he was equally mad. But he quickly drove away this innocent temptation.

He returned to the governorate panting. That doctor read what the other doctor had written, turned the papers over again, and startled Shabrawi by asking whether he had brought any of her relatives to Cairo. This was necessary, the doctor said, for filling out the hospital forms. He would just have to return to where he had come from.

Shabrawi was stunned. "Take her back to el-Dakahliya?"

"That's right."

Thinking it over, Shabrawi found that perhaps this *was* the best solution, until he suddenly remembered something.

"But this is impossible, honored sir: I have a requisition for only one return trip . . . for me."

"My son, it is necessary that a relative . . ."

"Please, honored sir, I beg you."

"My son, this is responsibility: not mine to bear."

The word "responsibility" burst Shabrawi's duodenum, but before revolt could overwhelm him and drive him to destroy everything, Zubaida interrupted the conversation with a lively trill. In less than a wink, she slipped off her shabby dress, rushed out, and ran naked through the yard. The stunned bystanders were paralyzed by surprise.

Shabrawi was first to come to; he ran after her with every bit of strength he could muster. Police and even some of the prisoners closed in and cornered her.

Shabrawi managed to seize her, but she struggled, shouting "Down with the Headman," and bit his hand. He screamed, and struck her in the face. Blood poured from her gums and lips.

Back in the doctor's room, a strait jacket was brought; it took four people to put her in it. She rolled on the floor trying to get free, while blood poured from her mouth, and saliva foamed around it.

Now the doctor filled in the forms quickly while Shabrawi watched her aghast, his body trembling at what she was doing to herself. Suddenly he *really* comprehended that she was insane, that she hadn't understood a word she had said, and wasn't really responsible for what he had suffered. And he realized that she had not eaten or drunk since she was with him — not even in town. A strange feeling of pity seized him as he saw her violently rolling, twisting, and hitting her head on the floor.

"Finished," said the doctor.

And thus Shabrawi's commission and responsibility were ended.

Earlier he had imagined that he would celebrate a night of charity for the sake of God if only this job would come to an end and he could get rid of Zubaida and all her mishaps. But now he received the news as though it concerned someone else.

The car arrived and Zubaida was put in it, still pouring forth her *zaghrudas* and hailing the majesty of the Chief, while all the bystanders laughed.

Moving like a wounded man, Shabrawi asked the driver to wait a few moments. He went out and bought a loaf of "*fino*" bread and some *halawa*, gave them to the policeman who was to accompany her, and, in a warm plea, said:

"By the Prophet, feed her and take care of her. Please be kind to her. Swear by your dead relatives that you'll be good to her . . ."

The car moved off and Shabrawi stole away. He went directly to the railway station, for his soul was gluttoned with Cairo and with the world. From time to time he would glance at the hand which had hit Zubaida, and his body would fill with a shudder of shame such as he had never felt before.

Translated by Ahmed Abu Zaid and William R. Polk

THE CHANGING ECONOMIC SCENE

Past Heritage and Future Plans

by WILLIAM R. POLK AND WILLIAM O. THWEATT

1

INLAND from the shores of the Eastern Mediterranean lies the Arab World. Although not a geographical unit, it is an area which time after time during the past three thousand years has been welded into empires and then shattered into tiny autocephalous townships. Periods of intensive internal economic activity and flourishing external trade have given way to periods of devastation, neglect, and isolation. Yet, under all ruling systems and in spite of great diversity in climate, natural resources, and population in the component parts, the area has retained a basic economic framework.

Some economies can be approached through statistics, but, for the Arab World, these are often not available, and, when they are, frequently inconsistent. Worse, even when correct, they can be misleading. For example, one basic figure is the "man-land ratio": in the Arab World forty million people live in an area half the size of the U.S.A. Seeing this, it may come as a surprise to learn that the area is now overpopulated; but when the vast deserts are subtracted — and the figure is corrected to "man-usable land" — the true picture becomes both clear and tragic. To visualize the situation we might toss a handful of coins on a small rug. That part covered by the coins would represent the area now being farmed; another handful tossed

among them would show the additional potentially arable land, which, in all, would total less than 5%, as compared with 60% in the United States. Moreover, while less than 15% of the American population is rural, the vast majority of Arabs are agricultural workers who must glean an existence from a farmable area the size of Missouri.

Frequently it is claimed that deserts can be made into gardens by huge capital investments for irrigation. Capital *can* improve the use of potential resources, but in the Arab World a basic scarcity of water sets strict limits on agriculture, for only around the fringes of the area is rainfall sufficient (more than eight inches) to support crops. Rivers must do the main job. The Nile now irrigates about six million acres and can, it is hoped (if Egypt secures the capital to construct the "High Dam"), make fertile another two million. The Tigris and Euphrates river system now irrigates seven million acres and may be able to supply another four and a half million. There are other rivers, of course, but they are fairly small, like the Jordan, which, unfortunately, is "mighty" only in Negro spirituals. Oases in the deserts support clusters of farms, but a heavy drain on underground water would be dangerous. The Bedouins of the deserts, with their sheep, camels, and "scratch" plows, are able, by migrating, to subsist in regions where year-round farming would be impossible. Distillation of sea water is useful for such towns as Kuwait, which has had formerly to import water from Iraq by ship, but as yet is far too expensive for agriculture. Thus, it is illusory to think in terms of vast development schemes: these can ameliorate but not basically alter the picture of the coins on the rug. Most of the area in the Arab World is always going to remain desert.

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In Arab cities and towns, considerable economic progress has recently been made. A number of light industries exist and others are planned, but all are limited by scarcity or lack of raw materials and the poverty of local markets. Population, meanwhile, has multiplied. In the past fifty years, the population of Egypt, where statistics are most reliable, has doubled and today most Egyptians are under thirty. Thus, with the "man-farmed land ratio" worsened by 40% since 1907 there have been vast migrations to the cities. And, even if every present government development plan works out perfectly, another 12% deterioration in the ratio is forecast by 1975.

It should be noted, however, that population is not the chief problem in certain of the Arab states: both Iraq and Syria have considerable slack to take up in the exploitation of their resources. And Lebanon, thanks to its location on the Mediterranean, can benefit as "middle man" both from transit trade handled by its ports and from passing rain clouds caught by its mountains. Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf Sheikdoms are necessarily thinly populated and, although they have huge oil revenues, they have small scope for domestic investment. Yemen, aloof and isolated until quite recently, is still an unknown quantity. Lastly, Libya and Jordan lack important resources and depend on foreign, British and American subsidies. In spite of their close cultural ties with the eastern parts of the Arab World, Tunisia, Algiers, and Morocco cannot be adequately treated in this article. Not only do their economic problems and the heritage of the past which affects those problems differ, but their present state of political flux makes it impossible to foresee what settlement will be arrived at with the French to whom they have attachments of various sorts.

2

BEFORE treating the Arab World economy in greater detail, it may be useful to examine how it became what it now is. The Middle East is profoundly conscious of history, partly, no doubt, because history has treated it roughly. In many ways the present is mortgaged to the greed and carelessness of the past.

The great river systems of the Nile, Tigris, and Euphrates were developed before recorded history. Under the Romans and Parthians, the Byzantines and Sassanians, large tracts of now-ruined land were profitably worked. Wars often devastated provinces, but the Arabs, invading in the seventh century A.D., found a prosperous, well-organized civilization. To them, it was indeed a "Fertile Crescent." Pleased with what they found, the Arabs patterned their administration on those of their Byzantine and Sassanian predecessors and also provided a *Pax Islamica*. Security of travel

from Central Asia to Spain, in the "Abode of Peace," stimulated trade. Industry and agriculture flourished. Baghdad, capital of the Abbasid caliphate and a city of almost a million people in the ninth century, with justification considered itself the metropolis of the world.

Hardly had Baghdad reached its prime, however, before the great empire began to crumble. Province after province broke away politically and economically, though still remaining in the Islamic religious community. In its weakness, the central government of the caliphate came to rely on mercenaries, mostly Central Asians, for its army and police, and these hirelings ravaged the civilian administration. The Abbasid treasury floundered and was replaced by a semifeudal system in which government departments and army units were assigned provinces to "milk" for their upkeep. Government became piracy, and, for the individual, the only reward for industry and success was confiscation. Little thought was given to the future, and untended, the intricate system of irrigation and drainage works disintegrated. Civil wars and Crusades followed; then, like a scourge from Central Asia came the Mongols. Having already conquered and devastated much of Russia and China, the Mongols swept into the heart land of the caliphate and in one ferocious assault virtually wiped out Baghdad in 1258.

More was to come. In 1400 Tamerlane ravaged Baghdad, Aleppo, and Damascus, carrying off the artisans and other skilled workers. Dreary generations of floods and plagues followed. Towns were abandoned, canals silted in, and the tradition of Arab craftsmanship, the wonder of the medieval world, died out. Today this legacy is painfully obvious. South Iraq is now a vast salt swamp while the patient work of centuries is mocked by miles of ruined irrigation dikes near Baghdad. Mosul, whose name was given by medieval Europeans to fine cloth, like most of the once-great cities, shriveled inside the ruins of its past glory.

Markets contracted, small townships became autarchic, and the desert invaded the town. Travel was no longer safe without armed escort, and by the end of the seventeenth century, the Arab parts of what had become the Ottoman Empire, were just a series of fortified town "islands" in a hostile sea of nomadic tribes. Early nineteenth-century travelers paint vivid pictures of the terror of travel even between Cairo and Suez or Jerusalem and the coast, not to mention the eight hundred miles between Damascus and Baghdad along what had been one of the world's great commercial highways, the Syrian Desert.

Restricted travel, however, promoted local arrangements which became an integral part of the social system. Local handicraft industries flourished, iron (in small quantities for local usage) was mined and smelted in Syria, the hills of Lebanon

were shaded by silkworms' mulberry leaves, and the mills were busy with the olive crops; the wealth of the desert was in camels and sheep, but most Bedouins plowed land and wove cloth. Kuwait, Bahrein, Sidon, and Tripoli were shipping centers and Jidda a great entrepôt on the Indian and African trade routes. In short, the area had an accepted economic life which, even if not so efficient as that we know today, did work. The breakdown in modern times of this old system has dislocated many familiar and accepted social and political institutions.

What has happened to the Arab World economy in the last century? Local industries have disappeared under the competition of Manchester's cotton and China's silk; the camel has lost the race to the automobile; and the introduction of the concept of private ownership of tribal lands, together with crop specialization and the rise of a money economy, has converted free tribesmen into peasants bound to the soil. Technological improvement in irrigation has brought both the blessing of bigger crops and the bane of the fearful disease Bilharzia. Even measures for improving public health, shocking as this may seem, have increased poverty for, without balancing factors, they have tended merely to multiply the population without raising its living standard.

Above all, the total impact of the West has been disruptive. Economically, entry into world markets, specialization of crops, new patterns of transportation, and the birth of the oil industry produced shattering changes. Psychologically, an expanded view of the world has led to greater hopes and dissatisfaction among the masses. And, politically, the European heirs of the defunct Ottoman Empire left behind a new set of ruling groups and new barriers and hostilities. Syria and Lebanon — as well as Tunisia, Algeria, and Morocco — were cut off culturally, politically, and economically from their neighbors and bound to France; Libya was attached to Italy; Egypt, Palestine, and Trans-Jordan to England; and Iraq to both England and British India. Thus, the various parts of the Arab World tended to develop differently, to have conflicting loyalties, and often, on achieving independence, to inherit the hostilities of their former overlords.

Finally, Arab cities, adopting Western economic and military techniques, have as in the heyday of the caliphate extended their control over the countryside. Whole groups of villages are often owned by town merchants, and, to the villager, the city, though a place of enchantment, is the den of the tax collector and the usurer. Centuries of exploitation have left scars of distrust, ignorance, and apathy. Thus, programs of social betterment today are apt to be viewed sullenly by "the men of the black land" merely as new guises for old abuses.

On the basis of these legacies of a harsh past, it

is perhaps easier to see the immensity of the task facing Arab social and economic planners and to evaluate their available resources, both material and human.

3

THE Arab World is a poor area. Not only is most of the land nonarable but it contains few minerals capable of economic exploitation. Oil is the famous exception, of course, but known deposits of iron, gold, lead, manganese, phosphates, sulphur, and zinc are small. Extensive surveys have been made to discover resources, but even if found their exploitation will require the creation of so-called "social-overhead" facilities — the large-scale development of transportation, irrigation, and power plants. Such projects form the nucleus of the various Arab governments' new development schemes.

These plans are ambitious. They call for the most modern engineering techniques for dams, hydroelectric plants, and port facilities. Western methods have strong appeal, but in some applications their efficacy is questionable. Poured concrete may not be so efficient for the heat of Baghdad as mud brick. And under certain soil and weather conditions, the "scratch" plow may cause less soil erosion than large tractor-drawn deep plows. Again, with limited capital available the combination of a few trunk roads fed by smaller tracks, which are often excellent in the desert, may be more rational than the planned networks of expensive highways. In short, Western techniques, based as they are on maximum capital and minimum labor, may not always be best in an area where capital is scarce in relation to land and labor.

Since the Arab economy, taken as a whole, has little accumulated wealth to invest, "ambitious" may be an understatement to describe plans for which most Arab countries lack sufficient capital to finance even top-priority projects. In development terms, oil is the area's most valuable resource. More than half of the world's proven oil reserves — about eleven and a half million metric tons — is in the Arab World. (This figure does not include Iran, which is not Arab.) Of this total, Iraq, Kuwait, and Saudi Arabia account for 92%, but Qatar, Egypt, and Bahrein also have important fields. All oil operations are now run by foreign concessionaires who employ large numbers of local nationals (in Iraq, for example, about fifteen thousand). Profits, split fifty-fifty, form a high percentage of state incomes (in 1955 Saudi Arabia received \$258 million, Kuwait \$189 million, and Iraq \$213 million), and local expenses of the oil companies and their employees provide additional income. All in all, the foreign corporations are the most highly organized and powerful business units in their areas of operation. Hence, they are both coveted and feared.

Large as they are, the oil reserves will one day

be exhausted, and if this temporary wealth is to bring lasting benefit to the Arab World, far-reaching changes must be made in its application to the total economy of the area. It is one of Fate's grim jokes that the countries richest in oil have the thinnest populations and fewest other resources. The classic example is Qatar. A thumb of land sticking out into the Persian Gulf, Qatar has a population of twenty-five thousand. "Before Oil," Qatar's B.C., the people subsisted by fishing offshore and grazing camels on the eight thousand square miles of waterless desert. Then oil was found in 1940, and by 1952 Qatar was producing 25.2 million barrels a year — worth, to the sheikh, about \$20,000 a day. Rags to riches? Surely, but how could the money be invested? Qatar has no water, and even its sand is of too poor quality to be used for cement. If its ruler follows the lead of Kuwait and Bahrein, he will build schools, hospitals, and sea-water distillation plants and then invest his surplus abroad.

To be put to work, constructively, "surplus" oil revenues must be moved to densely populated centers where there is scope for investment. Realizing this, the Arab ministers of finance have asked the Arab League to study a project for an Arab Development Bank. But past heritages beset this plan with obstacles: how will Syria or Egypt — much less Saudi Arabia — react to an extension of Iraqi influence by the development of Jordan, upsetting the balance of power between the Arab states? What will Great Britain do if Iraq sells its commonwealth securities to invest in Arab countries? And how will Lebanese Christians view a closer merger with Muslim Syria? Answers to these noneconomic questions must precede economic integration.

There is agitation for land reform throughout the Arab World, but above all in Egypt, where, as late as 1949, one per cent of the landowners owned about half of the country's productive land. Naturally, where big landowners dominate the government — and this, incidentally, has been the most visible concomitant of parliamentary rule in the Arab World to date — any land reform presupposes political change. Whence much of the recent political ferment. When political change came to Egypt in 1952 the new regime made land reform a priority project. And since the landowning ruling group has relied in the past upon foreign support to maintain the *status quo*, landowners and foreign powers have become identified in popular opinion as forces opposed to social and economic advance. Consequently, domestic reform agitation often parades under the banner of nationalism.

A related internal problem in such capital-deficient countries as Lebanon, Jordan, and Egypt is the general failure of the rich landowning class to invest the wealth derived from agriculture in local industry, which would provide employment

for part of the excess rural population and generally stimulate the whole economy. Instead, most of the big landowners either buy more land, hoard their money, or spend it on imported luxuries. In fairness, we must add that present conditions make profit prospectives for most private investment exceedingly discouraging. Consequently the large task of economic expansion has fallen by default where historically in the great river economies it has always been, on the state.

4

SO MUCH for the general picture. What is the present situation in the individual countries of the Arab World?

Egypt with twenty-two million people has the world's highest number of agricultural workers per acre of cultivated land. Therefore, beside "social-overhead" projects, Egypt aims at reclaiming 300,000 acres of desert by 1959, while improved seeding and better drainage on existing land should provide support for an additional 880,000 persons. Even so, as noted earlier, steady deterioration in the man-land ratio is expected to continue.

Since 1950, Egypt's electric supply has increased more than 50%, and completion of the Aswan hydroelectric project on the upper Nile in 1959 should double present capacity. Near Cairo, a German firm, guaranteed a minimum profit by the Egyptian government, is to construct an iron and steel plant capable of producing 200,000 tons a year, or about 85% of Egypt's needs, by 1958. At Suez, the government oil refinery's capacity has been raised from 300,000 to 1.3 million tons, and fertilizer production is expanding to meet all domestic needs. But, at the present rate of expenditure, it will take twenty years to complete the larger projects Egypt has begun to map out.

Jordan with 1.5 million people is almost exclusively agricultural, yet has only enough arable land to support half its population at subsistence levels. Moreover, it has one of the world's highest rates of population growth. After the 1948 war in Palestine, half a million Arab refugees fled to Jordan. They will probably stay but even excluding them — and counting on optimum development of new land projects — deterioration of the "man-land" ratio will only be temporarily checked and will again accelerate after 1975. Furthermore, much hinges on the Yarmuk hydroelectric and irrigation project, which will require a \$50 million investment and is now blocked by hostility between Jordan and Israel. Some improvement in productivity of existing land may be expected from work financed by British loans of \$20 million since 1950 (this figure does not include British military grants) and U.S. Point IV grants of \$30 million since 1951.

Development of the Red Sea port of Aqaba

should increase the export of phosphates, of which Jordan has the most important deposits between Tunisia and the Pacific Ocean, but not nearly enough to cancel out its trade deficit. Much of this shortage is now made good by British aid, but Jordan hopes to stimulate tourism at its Christian holy places and develop the Dead Sea potash deposits which may eventually meet its foreign currency requirements.

In Lebanon, which has a population of 1.3 million and also largely depends on tourism, several small irrigation and power projects are under way, but only the Litani River plan could materially affect the economy. The one-hundred-mile-long Litani, small by world standards, but with a drop of over half a mile in its last sixty miles, is tailor-made for power generation. Since the whole river lies inside Lebanon, this will dispense with the sort of political friction involved in development plans for the Nile (between Egypt and the Sudan), the Euphrates (shared by Turkey, Syria, and Iraq), and the Jordan. It is hoped that the Litani might add as much as 40% to Lebanese irrigated farm land. It would also quadruple the now insufficient electric supply, and thereby stimulate light industry. But, as the \$100 million required is ten times the country's total annual development budget, Lebanon has had to obtain a \$27 million World Bank loan.

A serious obstacle to rural development in Lebanon has been the high cost of credit. Interest rates run up to 40%; so a projected credit institution should be helpful to small farmers. In the present plan the government would put up about 40% of the capital and leave the rest for local investment.

Syria, with 3.3 million people, has no immediate population problem. Its current seven-year plan, started in 1953 and budgeted at \$185 million, is mainly of the "social-overhead" sort and is concentrated in the northwest triangle bounded by Aleppo, Latakia, and Homs. One major project is the draining of the Ghab marsh to reclaim 180,000 acres of once-prosperous land on the Orontes River. In transport, the Syrians plan a network of modern roads and an extension of the rail system to bring the northeastern "Jezira" farm lands into easier contact with the commercial center of Aleppo and the port of Latakia. Latakia is being developed as a rival to Beirut, and today, after a spectacular fortyfold rise since 1945, handles almost half as much cargo as the Lebanese port.

On the Euphrates at Meskine, about sixty miles east of Aleppo, the Yusif Pasha Dam is part of the second phase of the Syrian development plan. Expected to double the country's electric supply by 1960, it suggests the new tempo of development as it will cost half the amount spent by Syria on all similar projects in the preceding seven years.

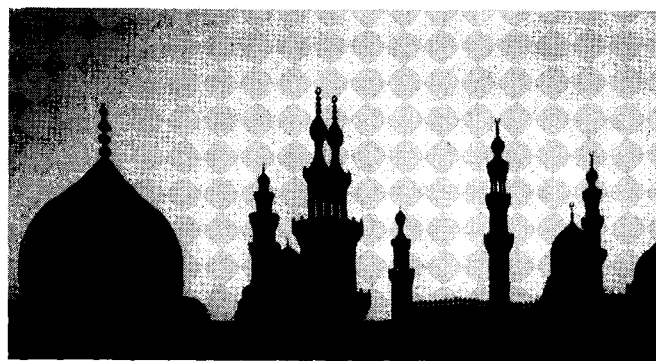
Iraq, with 5.1 million people, is the most fortunate of the Arab states. Its problem is not where to

find money but how to use what it has without causing runaway inflation. For several years, Iraq's Development Board has been spending oil royalties at the rate of \$70 million annually on irrigation, new industry and mining, building roads and bridges, and other "social overhead" projects. Under a new five-year plan begun last year the annual investment will rise to \$170 million yearly. Yet even at this rate Iraq will still have a large investable surplus. Will Iraq follow the lead of its southern neighbors, the British protectorates Kuwait and Bahrein, whose English advisers have channeled oil royalties into Sterling Area investments? Or will Iraq find it both more brotherly and profitable to invest its surplus in some of the other Arab states which do not have the oil bonanza? On this decision may well depend the success of all that is envisaged in the plan for the projected Arab Development Bank.

Libya, with a population of 1.1 million, is the other side of the coin to Iraq. As yet, few natural resources have been found in Libya although some American companies are now looking there for oil. With a huge surface area, Libya has only a shallow fringe of arable land within the rainfall belt and no rivers. Like Jordan, it depends largely on Western military expenditure to balance its \$28 million annual trade deficit.

As we said before, Saudi Arabia and the Persian Gulf Sheikdoms have vast oil royalties — over half a billion dollars last year — but, ironically, they have little else in their otherwise poor soil on which the money can be used with profit. Kuwait and Bahrein are wisely investing their surplus wealth abroad while carrying out a sort of welfare-state program for their people. Saudi Arabia offers few evidences of careful use of its revenues. Members of the royal family control vast investments in Egyptian real estate and little is done to better the lives of its people. Though it should be said that previous attempts at internal investment have proved unworkable for lack of water.

In summary, the Arab World offers no modern setting for the *Arabian Nights*; it has one spectacular resource — oil — but relatively little else. Improvement in the utilization of what resources it has, natural and human, can and will raise the standard of living somewhat over the coming decade, but, given the legacy of past waste and neglect and the competition of industrial Europe, profitable use of these resources will require a base of great public works. These must, for lack of sufficient private capital, be undertaken by the various governments. The Arab states have accepted the challenge and are now engaged in a race against a rapid population rise and, with it, among the masses in every country, increasing demand for a better standard of living. Whether the governments can do the job or not is the great political and economic question of the decade.



JOHN ROSS: *The Skyline of Islam*

CONTEMPORARY ARTISTS OF THE ARAB WORLD

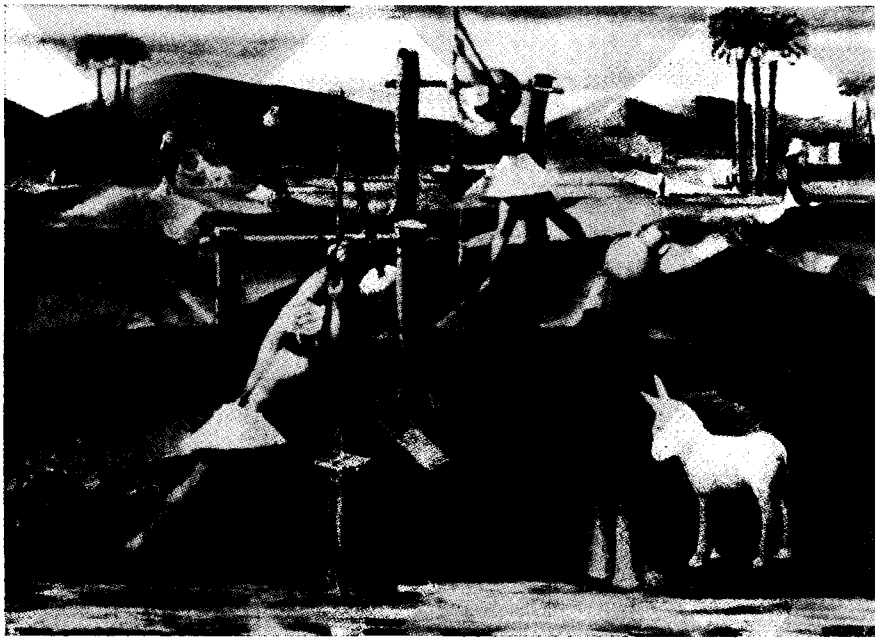
Because Islam did not encourage representations of the human figure, traditional art in the Arab World tended toward the abstract, finding its highest expression in the architecture of mosques and palaces, in the use of intricately patterned, colored tile work for wall decoration, in textiles and ceramics, and in calligraphy, both in tile and books. Thus a Muslim mosque is adorned not with paintings or statues of Mohammed but with beautifully designed patterns incorporating passages from the Koran or other sacred writings. The work of contemporary artists draws somewhat on this religious tradition, but far more on folk art, on the sculpture and tomb painting of the pre-Islamic civilizations, and, most of all, on the influence of modern European painting which has entered the Arab World along with technology, the automobile, and the radio. The miniature painting of Persia is much less of an inspiration to young Arab painters today than the work of the French impressionists or Picasso.



Photo Magnum

HENRI CARTIER-BRESSON: *Graffiti on an Egyptian Wall*

It is in Egypt that the impact of the West has been the greatest, and there are museums of modern art in Cairo and Alexandria. The painter Mahmoud Said, who studied in Europe, and the sculptor Moukhtar were the pioneers of the modern movement, which now includes a dozen or more younger artists of considerable talent working in a variety of schools, all strongly influenced by Europe. Said has painted the Egyptian scene with a deep, romantic affection and vivid color. Hamed Abdalla, a self-taught painter and lithographer, born in 1917 and a spokesman for the younger generation, seeks "to paint nature as I see it with my mind, not as it 'looks' to the eye." His *Lovers* has been engraved on crystal for the Steuben Glass collection of Asian Artists. Gamal Sagini, who studied in France and Italy and works in many media, is a professor at the Cairo Academy of Fine Arts. The subject of Hagra's sculpture *Fadilah* is an ancient one, the carrying of a body to the grave by friends and relatives.



MAHMOUD SAID (Egypt): *Shadoofs at Work* (1933)
Collection S. E. Youssef Zulficar Pasha



SAID: *The Donkey* (1927)
Collection M. Aziz Amad

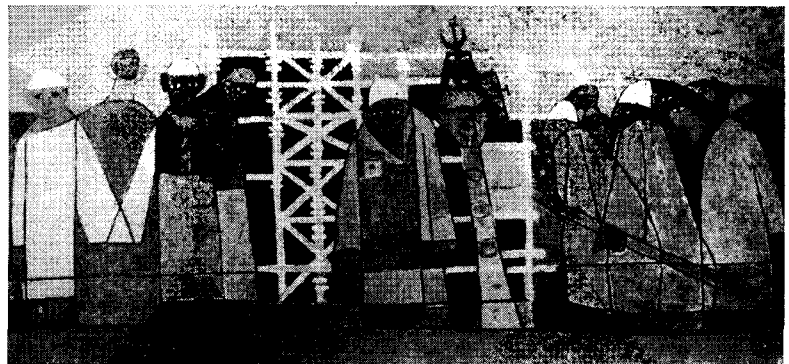


Photo Youssef Habachi

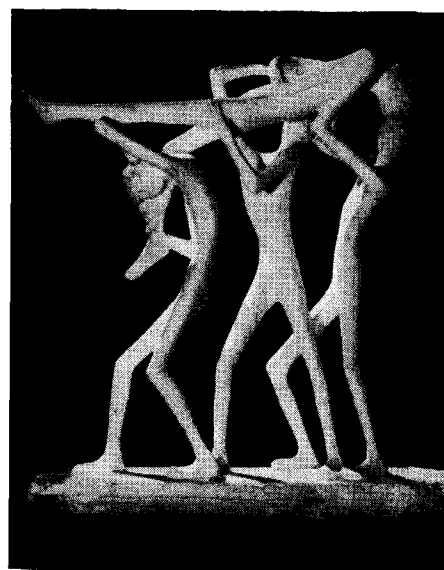
HAMED ABDALLA (Egypt): *Where Are They Going?*



GAMAL SAGINI (Egypt): *The Night* (copper)



ABDALLA: *The Lovers* (engraved crystal)
Collection Steuben Glass



HAGRAS (Egypt): *Fadilah*

GOURNA VILLAGE



Vaulted house roofs in the new Gournia

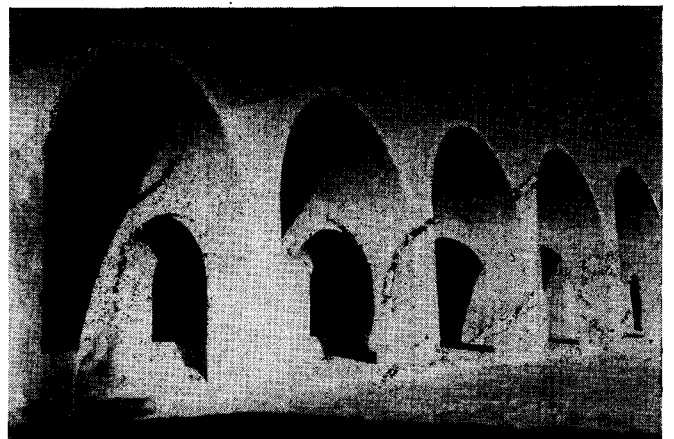
Both from an architectural and a sociological point of view, one of the most interesting projects among the development plans of the Arab states is Egypt's resettlement of the village of Gournia. Some 7,000 impoverished villagers are being moved from hovels on an arid hillside near the ancient necropolis of Thebes at Luxor to a new site where adjacent land can be irrigated for cultivation. The new village of Gournia is being planned in detail by the architect Hassan Fathi, who has based his designs on the needs of the community's traditional social structure and on the idea that the villagers must build for themselves, learning improved ways to use the local materials — chiefly sun-dried bricks made from mud and straw — which, with an average annual income of less than \$100 per family, they can afford.



A typical group of houses in the old Gournia where poor sanitation made malaria epidemics a scourge



At first reluctant to move, the villagers are now both healthier and happier in the new Gournia, where public buildings encourage communal activities which enrich their lives

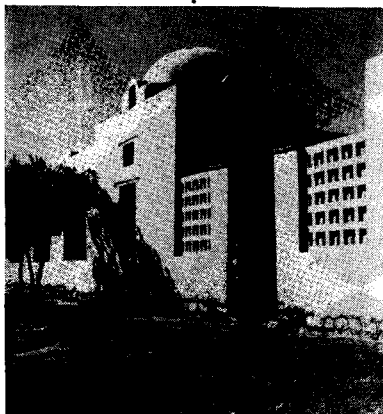


In the new market, vaulted stalls connected by lateral arcades provide shade for sellers, their wares, and their clients

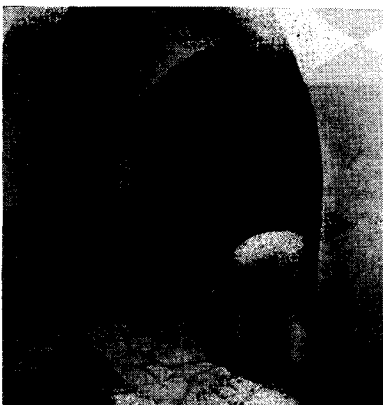
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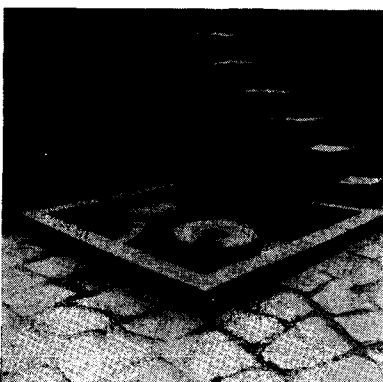
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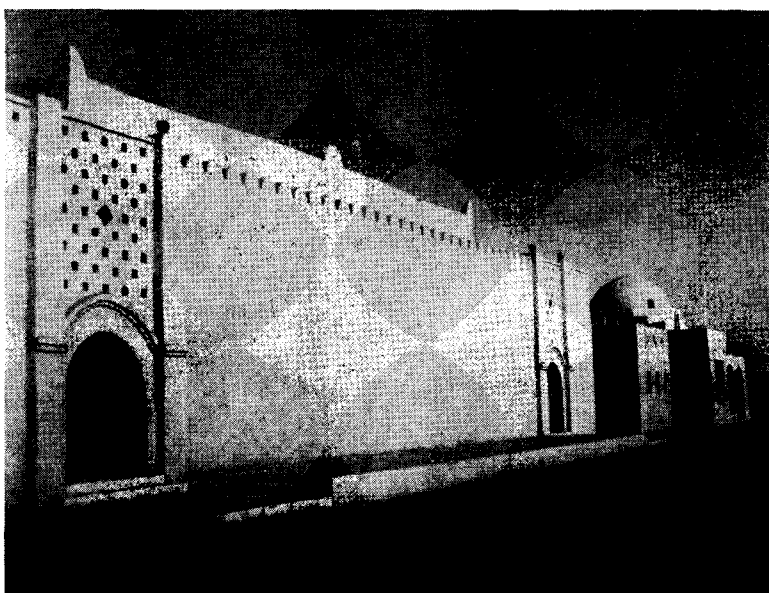


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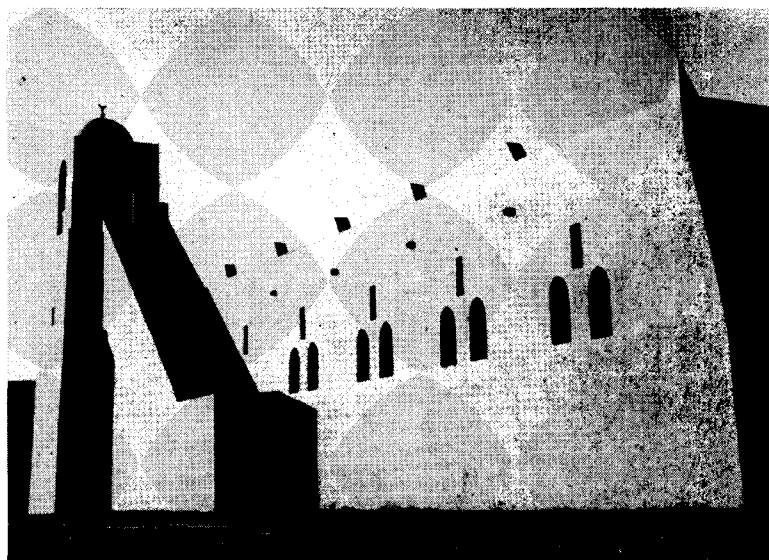


- 1: A street in the new Gournia
 2: Girls' school. There is also a boys' school and one for crafts
 3: A household baking oven
 4: A household laundry basin

For the new village of Gournia, Hassan Fathi has preserved traditional motifs for decoration and revived some ancient, yet still functional structural techniques, such as brick barrel-vault roofs which require no expensive lumber, and, for community buildings, a simple but effective air conditioning system which sucks a draft through a vertical shaft over beds of moistened charcoal. Separate stables for farm animals, covered manure pits, a clean water supply from neighborhood pumps, and proper drainage of waste will improve sanitation. Monotony has been avoided by varying the pattern of adjacent family-group dwellings and using frequent off-sets in an irregular street plan. Some of the Gournia youths trained as masons are already in demand to help reconstruct other nearby villages.



The new theater (left) where folk festivals and plays are staged, and films shown, and the town hall (right) which houses the post office, mayor's office, and community services



In the center of the village, the mosque has an open court planted with tamarisks and four diwan rooms for the different Islamic sects in the community



SELIM: *Young Girl*
(woodcut)



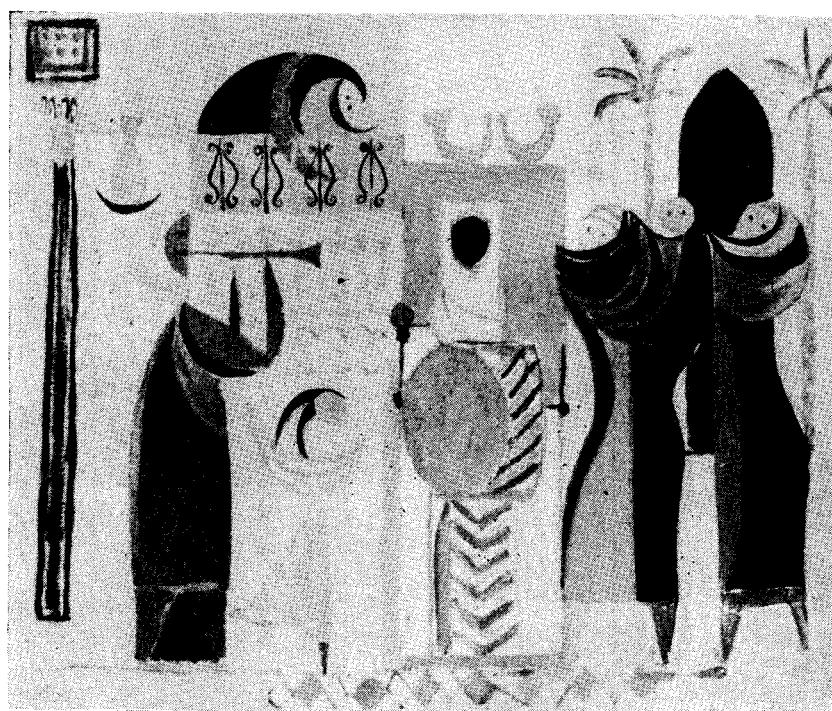
SELIM: *Man and Earth* (plaster)
Agricultural Bank, Baghdad



SELIM: *Girl* (wood sculpture)



JEWAD SELIM (Iraq): *Bull* (wood and brass)



SELIM: *Street Musicians*

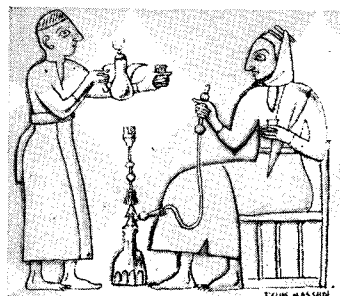
One of the most versatile and gifted of the younger generation of Arab artists is the Iraqi painter and sculptor Jewad Selim (born 1920). His talent won early recognition and it was made possible for him to study in Paris, Rome, and London. Returning to Baghdad, he taught sculpture at the Institute of Fine Arts and became the leader of Iraq's Modern Art Group. Like many other Arab artists today, Selim is experimenting in various directions to find a personal idiom which will blend the past — the rich inheritance from the Islamic, Babylonian, and even Sumerian cultures — with the present as it reaches him from the West. In an earlier generation, the "father" of modern Iraqi painting was Abdel Kadir el-Rassam (1872–1951), whose romantic landscapes, animated with small figures, suggest the French primitive, Henri Rousseau, though, actually, it was the painters of nineteenth-century Turkey who first stimulated the artists of Iraq, before they were exposed to the modern movements of Europe.



MAWRIS FARID NATHMI (Egypt): *Market Scene*



FAIK HASSAN (Iraq): *Bedouins*



HASSAN: *Narghile*

Collection New York
Public Library

In the 1930's, the Iraqi Ministry of Education sent five young men abroad to be trained in modern art techniques. Jewad Selim was one of them, Faik Hassan another. They came home painting like Europeans. And when the British sent Polish troops to Iraq during the war, there were among them some artists who further influenced the Iraqis along Western lines, especially toward an impressionistic style. This tendency is still evident in much contemporary work, though Faik Hassan, looking for inspiration to the scenes and customs of his own land and people, has gradually achieved a style of his own which is powerful and distinctive. Pat Roy (born 1931) grew up in Baghdad and did commercial art work for an oil company. In 1955 he came to the United States and has been studying and painting at Miami University in Oxford, Ohio. His *Blind Minstrel* was engraved on crystal for Steuben Glass.

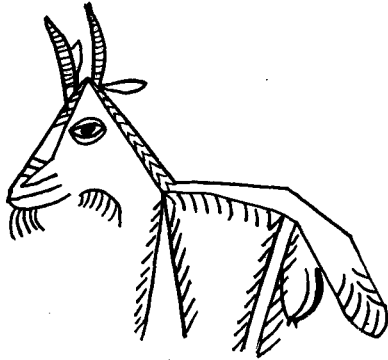
Collection New York Public Library



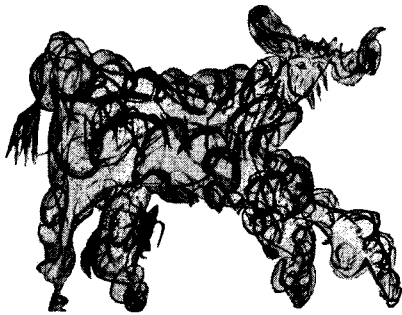
PAT ROY (Iraq): *Blind Minstrel*
(engraving for Steuben Glass)



ROY: *Narghile Smoker*



HAMRI (Morocco): *Sketch*



YACOUBI: *Mountain Goat*

Close contacts with France have helped to stimulate a vigorous art movement among the Arabs of North Africa, a number of whom have emigrated to Paris and become highly Europeanized. But the three young North African painters illustrated on this page, though at least one of them, Ahmed el-Yacoubi, has traveled extensively, have remained close to the folk-art tradition, achieving a simple gaiety and spontaneity which give their work the appeal of the stylized primitive. Yacoubi and Hamri live in Tangiers, Ben Allal in Marrakech.

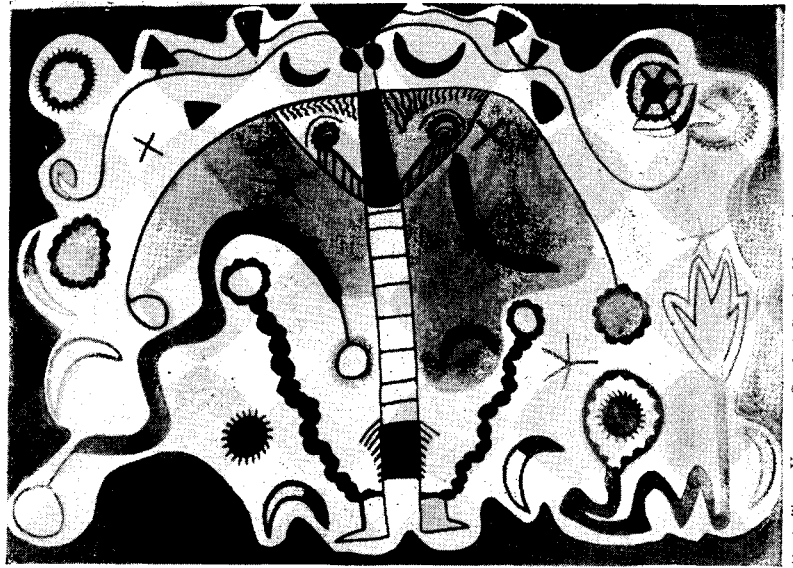


Photo Tony Vaccaro, © 1954 Cowles Magazines, Inc.

AHMED EL-YACOUBI (Morocco): *Happy Man Dreaming*



YACOUBI: *Morocco*



Courtesy B. Saint-Aignan & Editions P.E.F.A.

MOHAMED BEN ALLAL (Morocco): *At the Café*

THE PRESENT MOOD IN LITERATURE

Trends in a Period of Transition

by JAMAL MOHAMMED AHMED

1

NOT since the ninth century, when the Caliph el-Mamun, son of Harun el-Rashid, made his court a haven for men of letters, have Arab writers been so productive as they are today. In 1954, over four hundred books were published in Iraq alone, and over two hundred in Lebanon — five times as many as had appeared ten years before in 1944. In Egypt, some books have reached unprecedented sales figures: a recent biography of Christ by a Muslim writer has sold half a million copies, while *From Here We Start*, a book by a young Azhar-educated sheikh, which analyzes the problems of Egypt from a religious point of view, has gone into seven printings. In all the Arab lands, new literary groups and movements have been increasing in number and activity.

Arabic literature had its golden age — the flowering of its great classics — in the time of the European Dark and Middle Ages. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries its vitality declined, perhaps for want of genius but more probably because the strict conventions of form and style tended to ossify the language. Commentaries on the classics became more common than original works. Then, about a hundred years ago, the French came on the scene, opening wide the door to European culture. Attracted by their novelty and vigor, and particularly by their concern with the actualities of life, Arab intellectuals eagerly read and translated thousands of Western books. Newspapers were founded in the larger cities in the early 1900's, a new and challenging medium for

writers. To transmit to an avid public the vast new body of knowledge from the West, it was necessary to modernize the language, inventing new vocabulary and simplifying style. Emphasis shifted from refined beauty of language to the communication of information.

Thus traditional literary forms such as the *Maqamah* — a type of strictly rhymed prose which lent itself to rhetorical virtuosity — began to give way to Western importations like the novel and the short story. At about the same time, the Egyptian poet Mahmud Sami Pasha el-Barudi (1840–1904) took the lead in liberating poetry from the old sheikhly conventions. Political developments also influenced Arabic writing, especially after the Sultan of Turkey was forced to concede a constitution in Syria and Iraq in 1908. A bombastic and ornate style was useless to a political leader who wished to reach the masses. It could not express the new spirit of nationalism which was rapidly taking root in all the Arab countries. Literary prose moved closer to the spoken vernacular.

In the wake of World War I came an iconoclastic movement which largely completed the liberation of Arabic literature from the dead hand of the past. One of the landmarks of this revolution was a book of criticism in which Dr. Taha Hussein shocked his former teachers at the Azhar by a fundamental revaluation of pre-Islamic poetry. Armed with the equipment of Western scholarship and a youthful exuberance, Hussein denuded classical poetry of its accumulated sanctity and introduced new ways of appreciating it. His epoch-making criticism met with storms of abuse on social and political grounds but its literary lessons were accepted by the new generation.

JAMAL MOHAMMED AHMED, critic and historian, born in The Sudan, is an Oxford graduate who is now Professor of English and an administrative officer at The University of Khartoum.

Since that time, despite the handicap of total blindness, Taha Hussein has become one of the principal figures in contemporary Arabic literature. His autobiography, *The Stream of Days*, has been translated into English and a portion of it is included in this collection. A true liberal, who served with distinction in earlier Egyptian governments, he has been both a scholar and a sympathetic interpreter of the lives of the down-trodden peasant and the petty bourgeoisie in such collections of stories as *El-Muazzabun Fil-Ard* (*Those Who Sweat on the Land*).

Perhaps the most interesting storyteller of Hussein's generation was Ibrahim Abd el-Qadir el-Mazini, whose influence is still strong. El-Mazini's ingenious craftsmanship attests his wide reading in several European literatures; yet his work is deeply Egyptian in spirit. With a deft touch he can capture a passing mood or draw significance from the smallest incident; he sketches character in a way which tells much about the Egyptian philosophy of life.

Mahmoud Teymour, another prolific author of short stories (as well as novels and plays), has also recorded the Egyptian scene with affection and humor. His "Comedy of Death" in this collection is a fair example of the level of sophistication which Arab writers were able to achieve in their first attempts at fiction. To Western readers the story may seem slight — hardly more than a sketch — but one must remember that Teymour and his contemporaries were pioneers in a form which had never developed in Arabic literature as it did in the West and in the Orient. A number of Teymour's books have been translated into French and one, *Tales from Egyptian Life*, published in English in Cairo.

It is regrettable that British and American publishers have been so much less enterprising than their French confreres in translating books from the Arabic. Apart from our classics and the series of scholarly books sponsored by the American Council of Learned Societies, very little is available in English. To be sure, the Arab lands have produced no Hemingways or Thomas Manns, but there are several novels which would at least leave the reader with a memorable impression of a civilization different from his own.

One such book, which has been translated, is Tawfiq el-Hakim's *The Maze of Justice*, a stinging and at times very amusing satire on the red tape and essential inhumanity of the bureaucratic legal system in Egypt early in this century. Its hero is a minor official who cannot solve a rather simple murder case because the witnesses are afraid to give evidence and the prosecutors are more interested in the quantity of properly filled-out reports of investigations which can be sent up to the ministry in Cairo than in bringing the criminals to justice. The account of a typical day in a rural court, where baffled peasants are sentenced one a

minute for infractions of rules they cannot understand by a circuit judge who is only concerned about catching an early train back to the city, is almost as good as a scene from Gogol.

An even more remarkable book — perhaps the finest of the period — is el-Hakim's *Awdat el-Ruh* (*The Come-Back*). Borrowing the symbolism of the resurrection in the ancient Egyptian *Book of the Dead*, el-Hakim constructed a powerful novel whose theme is the reawakening in Egypt after the revolt of 1919.

Tawfiq el-Hakim has also achieved distinction as a dramatist. His *Seven Sleepers of Ephesus*, based on a story from the Koran, raises provocative philosophical questions about the meaning of time. The "sleepers" are Christian martyrs who return to life after three hundred years and discover what has happened to their faith and the world in the interval. In the end, disillusioned, they prefer to return to death. Time is real and the past cannot be recaptured. "Just living is valueless," one of them says. "Life, abstract and shorn of the past, is less significant than death. In fact, there is no death. Death is the present without a past."

Almost all of el-Hakim's plays are modern reinterpretations of ancient themes. He has ranged freely through early Christian, Japanese, Greek, and Arab scriptures and legends for his subject matter, always, as in the scene from "The Death of Mohammed" in this collection, using the old stories to mount his own highly original speculations. It is only natural to ask how such cerebral fare goes down with the theater public. The answer is that such plays are more read than performed.

One of the curious features of Arabic literature is the checkered life of the stage. Drama, except for such folk manifestations as the puppet shadow plays and the passion plays of the Lebanese mountain people, was unknown to the Arabs of old. But as soon as contact with the West was established in modern times, Marun el-Nakkash (1817-1855) produced a number of translated and some original plays in Beirut, and the initial public response was encouraging. When the Khedive Ismail built a splendid opera house in Cairo in 1869, many prominent actors and producers migrated to Egypt. It looked as if Cairo would become the center for theater in the Arab World. Several eminent actors came to the fore, but, with their passing, interest in the stage petered out. Recently new companies have been formed in Cairo and Beirut; they have great difficulty, however, in competing for audiences with the radio and the cinema.

2

TO ILLUSTRATE the transformation that has come over Arabic poetry, I should like, before giving examples of contemporary work, to quote a typical classical poem. Here is one by el-Mutanabbi, who

wrote in the tenth century, paraphrased by Omar Pound in a meter which retains some of the intricate patterning of the original:

Shame kept my tears away
But 's brought them back again.
My veins and bones seep through skin
Graining *her* iv'ry face
with lines anew.

Unveiling shows pale veil beneath,
As woman's Rhetorick
Of inlaid gold and pearl
In filigree marks cheek
and jowl.

Her night of hair she parts in three,
(To make for me four nights of one?);
Pale moon reflects her day of face,
That she and I may double see
as one.

Now let us make a leap of a thousand years, always remembering that Arabic poetry went on with very little alteration in style through that long span of time, to a very influential poem written in Egypt after the First World War: Abbas Mahmud el-Aqqad's "Biography of Satan" has been called the "Waste Land" of modern Arabic letters. It heralded the revolt against poetic orthodoxy and was composed of six cantos, each made of several stanzas varying between seventeen and twenty-four lines in length, these interspersed with traditional verses in the old *Qasida*, ode, form. Here is a typical passage from it:

Satan felt superior to his own wiles,
Superior to those who followed him like sheep.
The debauched and the saintly
Seemed far too much alike to him.
Why bother to corrupt
Those who had lost all trace of good?
And if they had not lost it,
Why rob them of what they had?
Was it worth coveting?
Poor Satan! He had lost his faith in evil.
It had lost its power. Poor Satan!
What a spectacle: a devil
Losing faith in evil!

For el-Aqqad, Satan's loss of faith symbolized the upheaval of values which the war and Western influence produced in the Muslim world. "I was swept," he has written, "with an injurious scepticism and a violent irritation which shook all my basic beliefs. Every human condition was distorted in my view, and I could no longer see any wisdom or meaning in life. It became distasteful in all its forms and purposeless."

If the intellectual crisis drove el-Aqqad to look inward and express his despair in myth, other poets of the period took another road and tried to come to grips directly with social problems. Notable among these was an Iraqi, Maruf el-Rasafi, who

changed the whole tenor of poetry in his day by portraying most movingly the scenes of poverty in the big cities and the impact of new wealth on the country.

From sympathy for the poor to revolutionary protest is but a short step, particularly in a society where economic inequalities are so extreme. If the rich have received their share of vitriol from our younger poets, so too have the Western "exploiters" who are always linked with them in the minds of the masses. Here speaks a typical modern anti-European:

Here am I, an Egyptian guerrilla,
Sniping at British soldiers in the Suez,
With a hope of eternity in my heart,
And a ruinous hate.
Here am I by my machine gun;
And my father is there,
There, in upper Egypt,
An old man breaking his back in the pasha's fields,
He is old and nearly done for,
But a young hope stirs in him, too.

And here is the anti-pasha:

Sleeper, awake from your night of torture!
Wake to the oncoming dawn!
Toil is our lot, our only inheritance sweat.
But I have sworn to give my life
So that my son will have a better one.
Comrade, what are we but two gaping wounds,
Oozing with blood and pus?
But we are spirits, too,
Roaring, though we are chained.
Listen, my brother, crying is not enough.
Only diamond cuts diamond!

The accent of these lines is familiar but what the typical Arab radical dreams about is not so much world revolution and fellowship with other workers as independence from Western economic domination, which, he believes, will lead eventually to a status of world power and influence for the bloc of Arab states. No Arab can forget the former glories of Islam, or that Muslim rule once stretched from the Ganges to Gibraltar.

3

SUCH aspirations are most effective as subjects for poetry when they are coupled with an intense personal lyricism. The Tunisian poet Abu el-Qasim el-Shabi, who died at the age of twenty-five, fought passionately for the liberation of North Africa from France, but at the same time he steeped himself in the writings of the Muslim mystics and identified the nationalist struggle with his own battle against the illness which took his life in his prime. "Ruin and shatter my body as you will," he wrote. "Silent as rock, I shall not heed." And again, in one of his most moving poems, "The Will to Live," we find him challenging his own and his countrymen's affliction:

Fate must respond
 If a people will to live.
 Night must go
 And chains must break.
 Grasp life with tenderness, embrace it,
 Or die where you stand.
 So nature tells us,
 So the hidden spirit speaks.

Blood roared in my veins;
 There was a blizzard in my heart.
 O Mother Earth, I cried,
 Do you hate all humanity?
 Blessed, she answered, are the unyielding,
 Blessed those who brave the tides.
 Cursed are they who lag behind.
 Life is alive and buoyant;
 It loves its image,
 It hates the dead.

Among the poets who are reaching maturity today, I find the work of Abd el-Wahhab el-Bayati of Iraq especially moving. His blending of the old and the new, of social consciousness with personal emotion, gives his verse meaning to a wide public. In "The Cottage" he ends a conventional ode in a way which suggests familiarity with the innovations of E. E. Cummings or William Carlos Williams:

Oh nights of loneliness in my remote cottage,
 Oh frustration of the melancholy fields!
 The season of love and harvest will always remain,
 A dream to dream; enjoy its charm.
 I have watered my seeds with blood,
 Ignoring sharp thorns to tend the plants;
 Yet sometimes wished, in my despair,
 That they had never grown.

The spring
 The spring
 Passed over us
 It robbed our souls
 And passed.

A softer, more delicate note is struck in the verse written by women, among whom Nazik el-Malaïkah of Iraq, Fadwa Touqan of Jordan, and Jalilah Ridah of Egypt are outstanding. In the more progressive countries Arab women are achieving emancipation, but there is still, in the work of these poets, a touching appeal for greater spiritual freedom, as in these lines of Fadwa Touqan:

My soul is in torment, distracted
 By its own yearnings and ambiguity of desires.
 Eager to penetrate the unknown,
 It breaks the walls of its solitude.
 The call of something still incomprehensible
 Draws it from the silence of its loneliness.

Some of the best modern Arabic poetry comes from Arabs who emigrated to the New World, such as Ilia Abu Madi in the United States and other important Arabic poets in South America. The

"Emigrant Poets" added a new emotional depth to Arabic literature in the 1920's and 1930's. Such writers as the Lebanese author Kahlil Gibran, whose books have sold in the hundreds of thousands in the United States, drew in part on the mystical heritage of the religious East. In part they tried to interpret Arabic culture and society to the West. But always, an intense love of homeland is the key element in their writings.

It is difficult, and perhaps unfair at this stage in their careers, to single out one or two of the younger generation of prose writers — so many deserve mention — but, if I may share my own personal enthusiasm, I would call attention to the Egyptian Yusif Idris and Suhail Idris in Lebanon.

Yusif Idris, who is represented in this collection, is simple, direct, and always striking. A doctor by profession, he has a sharp eye for detail and makes his points with effective similes that are often drawn from the speech of the fellahin. Humor, and sometimes an unsentimental pathos, give his stories a depth that carries them beyond mere realism.

Suhail Idris, whose first novel appeared two years ago, is perhaps more ambitious, both in subject and method. His *El-Hai Latin*, a story of Arab students in the Latin Quarter of Paris, betrays the influence of the existentialists and makes use of the stream-of-consciousness technique, but is a sincere attempt to come to grips with important problems. His students must make the hard choice between Western ways of life and thought and their Muslim heritage, a decision which is complicated by their contacts with French girls whose concept of love is so totally different from that at home.

I hope that I have managed to convey a little of the vitality and variety that exist in Arabic literature today. Our Arab civilization is moving rapidly into a new era. It must accomplish in a few generations what the West had several centuries in which to do. The rigid traditions of Islam must find a common ground with science. An antiquated social system must find viable solutions to its problems. Politically, we are torn between two powerful ideologies. Our writers are responding to these stimuli, and the ever-growing market for their work is making it increasingly possible for them to live by it. Their greatest problem, I think, is to achieve detachment and perspective. The first enchantment with Western ways has passed — our intellectuals are becoming more selective; they are re-evaluating the Muslim heritage and they are fearful of what seems to them the excessive depersonalization of the West — yet, because they are newcomers in so many literary forms, they must still look Westward for technical background. If our writers can find their balance and keep it, the richness of the Arab scene and the drama of a great social transformation will surely provide them with material for a literature as vigorous as that of their classical age.

THE COMEDY OF DEATH

A Story

by MAHMOUD TEYMOUR



THE doctor entered the room of the sick servant, Mustafa Hasan, accompanied by the eunuch of the women's apartments. It was a dirty room with one narrow aperture, through which streamed thin threads of the sun's hot, scintillating rays; its furniture was old and broken, the most prominent pieces being the rush bed with its filthy, tattered bedclothes, and the wardrobe, whose mean exterior gave no clue to the valuable objects it held.

Mustafa Hasan had been extremely stingy with himself, so that he had been able, in the course of his life, to save two hundred pounds in gold, to which he clung more tenaciously than to life itself.

The doctor felt the patient's pulse, bared his chest, and examined his lungs. He told the eunuch in a low voice that the man could not live more than a couple of hours.

Hardly had the doctor left when the sick man opened his eyes. He was at once attacked by an incessant cough which left him exhausted.

Mustafa Hasan had been a slave of the late owner of the mansion, a pasha, by whom he had been bought at the age of eight. The boy had shown signs of intelligence and energy, which so pleased the pasha that he had him trained in agriculture and estate-management. But before long Mustafa Hasan proved himself unworthy of his master's favor, and his education did him no good. So the pasha took away the high positions he had given him,

and neglected him rather disgracefully. In the end, when Amm Murgan, the old doorkeeper, died, Mustafa Hasan was entrusted with the vacant post.

And doorkeeper he remained till his master died, after which his mistress, the new head of the mansion, took pity on him and pensioned him off. A year ago he had been taken ill with lung trouble, so severe that all hope of his recovery was given up. And now he was breathing his last.

After the eunuch had escorted the doctor to the entrance, he went in search of his mistress to her private room on the top floor. He found her sitting on the prayer carpet, reading Ya-Sin, a chapter in the Koran, while the old woman Koran-reciter sat and listened. Hearing the eunuch enter, his mistress raised her gold spectacles and looked up inquiringly.

"What did the doctor say, Bashir Agha?" she asked.

The eunuch, a portly man like a sack of suet, did not reply at once, as he was puffing badly after having climbed the stairs. His mistress agitatedly repeated her question. Bashir Agha brushed his hand over his eyes with a show of deep sorrow.

"Is Mustafa Hasan dead?" the lady shouted.

By this time the eunuch had recovered somewhat and was breathing normally once more.

"Not yet, madam; but I'm afraid he's almost at his last gasp," he hastened to reply.

Two tears rolled down the lady's cheeks.

"Verily we belong to God, and to Him we return," she murmured in a resigned tone.

"The Fatihah be read over your soul, Mustafa Hasan!" the Koran-reader said in her rasping voice.

All three began reciting the opening chapter of the Koran. Bashir Agha saw by his watch that it was ten o'clock.

"Mustafa Hasan will die at twelve . . . exactly

The many short stories, novels, and plays of MAHMOUD TEYMOUR, one of Egypt's most prominent writers, are widely read throughout the Arab World. The Comedy of Death takes place before World War I, and forms part of his Tales from Egyptian Life, a collection of stories published in English translation. Born in 1894, he has been called the Maupassant of Egypt.

as the midday gun goes off," he said to himself.

He went out and made for the sick man's room, to guard the door; for he had appointed himself Mustafa Hasan's official heir, that he might take all he pleased of what the man left.

As soon as the news got about that Mustafa Hasan was dying, the servants flocked from all sides towards his room. They found, however, that Bashir Agha had locked the door and was sitting in front of it, vigorously flourishing a thick stick to scare away anyone who might think of storming the room.

"Has Mustafa Hasan died?" they eagerly asked.

"He's breathing his last," Bashir Agha replied haughtily.

When it was plain that there was no way of gaining admittance to the room, the group dispersed, though a few of its members lingered round the eunuch, talking.

The children crowded outside the window of the room to see Mustafa Hasan dying. One, vigorously defending the position he had secured in front of the window, exclaimed: "Goodness! His belly's so swollen it's almost touching the ceiling."

Cursing the speaker for blocking the best view, another boy cried: "Sparks are flying out of his eyes! His mouth is spitting blood! Fire, blood, fire, blood. . . !"

He took to his heels, repeating the words in a frightened wail. The others tore after him, terror-stricken, into the street, where they gave highly colored accounts of the deathbed scene.

The eunuch's watch marked eleven.

"Only one hour more till death comes to you, Mustafa Hasan," he murmured. "You will journey to the other world, and I shall seize what I please from your rich estate."

He turned to Amm Madbuli, the foreman, an aged man of pious appearance, and whispered in his ear: "In an hour's time Mustafa Hasan will be dead. What shall we do with his estate? Wouldn't it be best to divide it among the servants?"

The old man shook with joy, but feigned indifference.

"Do what you think fit," he replied.

"I shall give you some shoes, three galabias, and a blanket."

"God grant you long life! But won't you choose something for yourself?"

"No. Nothing at all . . . I shall hand over the purse of money to my mistress."

The cleaner heard them and drew near.

"I trust you won't forget me, master," he besought the eunuch.

"I shall not forget you, Othman. I shall give you a lot of slippers. The dead man has a stock of expensive red ones."

Delighted at this promise, Othman replied: "God prosper and bless you, sir! But won't the cashmere shawl also fall to my share?"

"Of course."

Othman kissed the eunuch's hands in thanks. Abd el-Qawwi, the water carrier, approached, for he had heard something of what they had been saying. He loudly protested against their secret plotting.

"I have done the dead man many services. Shall I receive nothing from his estate?"

"Did you think I'd forgotten you, you saucy fellow?" roared the eunuch.

Abd el-Qawwi was delighted.



Nina Johnson-Davies

"God keep you always with us! I want very little," he said, in an ingratiating tone. "First, the thick black shoes that used to belong to the pasha. Secondly, the new tarboosh that Mustafa Hasan bought last year and hasn't used. Thirdly, the shawl he got for the Feast, which, to this day, he's never worn. Fourthly . . ."

But here Amm Madbuli, the foreman, interrupted the water carrier, shouting:

"You won't leave anything for anybody else. We want to distribute the estate fairly. There are many servants here. What will be left for Sheikh Abd el-Hayy, the Koran-reader, and Ali, the cook, and his lad, and Sayyid Mutwalli, the dustman, and . . ."

They heard a faint wail issuing with difficulty from the room; it sounded like a voice from the grave. They listened: it was the sick man calling. The eunuch stiffened, and cold sweat poured down his forehead.

"The hour has come," he told them. "Friends,

Mustafa Hasan is breathing his last. Let us go in."

Opening the door, he entered; the servants surged in after him. They drew near the sick man, gathering round his bed. Mustafa Hasan raised his head a little, caught hold of Bashir Agha's hand, and asked him urgently, in a shaky voice:

"What did the doctor say? . . . I heard you discussing my estate . . . Is it all over with me?"

Bashir Agha lowered his head and did not reply. The sick man's face paled, and a violent trembling seized him. He had a bad fit of coughing, after which he lost consciousness. They all thought that he had passed away; and there was an awe-struck silence. Then they turned their eyes towards the eunuch. He realized what was in their minds, and drawing near to Amm Madbuli, the foreman, whispered a few words in his ear. The man nodded and, approaching the sick man's head, groped under the pillow for the cupboard key. At that moment the supposed dead man opened his eyes; Amm Madbuli withdrew his hand, pretending that he was arranging the bedclothes; but he leaned towards the sick man, and said gently:

"Give me the key, Mustafa, so that I can get you out a woolen galabia and a thick coverlet. I see that you're shivering with cold."

"It's not necessary, Amm Madbuli," the sick man muttered. "I want to keep my galabias and coverlets for use later."

He took the other's hand and began shaking it nervously, his face contracted like a weeping child's.

"I shan't die, Amm Madbuli," he mumbled, in a voice choked with tears. "I shan't die, shall I? I feel a bit better already."

He opened his eyes and tried to sit up in bed.

"I want to get up . . . I feel new strength coming into my body . . . Leave me alone, Amm Madbuli; I am not as weak as you imagine."

But he had difficulty in breathing. His head dropped to the pillow, and his chest heaved convulsively. His eyes started from their sockets and his mouth opened and shut in its wild search for air. His whole body shook violently. In the end blood flowed from his mouth, and he lay quite still.

Amm Madbuli approached and covered up the body; then, quite openly, he put his hand under the pillow and took the key, which he handed to Bashir Agha. The eunuch immediately told the men to move the cupboard outside. They came forward and heaved at it. After some difficulty they managed to carry it to the door, but it slipped from their hands and broke open. Some of them saw their chance for surreptitious plunder. Others openly pushed aside the broken boards and snatched what they could. A battle of pillage raged, and the whole crowd became embroiled.

The eunuch, anxious about the purse of money — his share, which he had put aside exclusively for himself — kept on shouting in his aristocratic voice, telling them to stop their plundering. But nobody

paid any attention. Innate greed burned in their hearts, deafening and blinding them; they became like hungry wolves fighting over their prey. The eunuch saw that action was needed — the time was one for deeds, not words. He came forward, rolling up his sleeves, and, with furious roars, joined in the battle. He pushed this one, kicked that one, butted some and bit others.

At last he reached the shattered cupboard. He threw his enormous body at it, shielding it from sight, and stretched out his hand to where the purse lay — he knew its exact position — and extracted it without difficulty. Then he rose, leaving the others to secure their share of the estate, each according to his strength.

The eunuch went off to his mistress and tactfully informed her of the slave's death, asking her to be so good as to give him the expenses for the funeral. She handed him a large sum, which he took straight to his room. After he had made the door fast, he opened the purse — his booty — and emptied its contents into his lap. Then he counted out, avidly and in great excitement, the two hundred pounds. When he had finished, he rubbed his hands with joy, and carefully put the money away in his cupboard.

"The best thing you ever did, Mustafa Hasan. The best thing . . ." he muttered. "You were stingy with yourself that others might enjoy your money after . . ."

By this time the servants had finished their plundering. They carried away what they had stolen, leaving the dead man no company except the shattered and empty cupboard.

At four o'clock on the same afternoon, the funeral procession of the slave, Mustafa Hasan, set out. It was led by a group of blind sheikhs, chanting stridently: "There is no God but God . . ." Behind the coffin walked the crowd of servants, headed by Bashir Agha. All of them, except the eunuch, were wearing the new clothes and shoes they had stolen from the dead man. Everyone was satisfied with his gains, save Abd el-Qawwi, the water carrier, who grumbled to his companion:

"Is it right, after all I did for him, that I should get nothing worth mentioning out of it? Look at that black fellow, Othman, wearing the new shawl and cashmere sash. Look at his new tarboosh and his red slippers. There's Amm Madbuli; do you see that beautiful woolen galabia? — not to mention the new blanket and the dozen pair of socks . . . As for me, what have I got?"

Bayumi, the school usher, looked at him.

"What did you get, Abd el-Qawwi?"

"Nothing but these clumping shoes. The departed bought them for ten piasters in the second-hand market," the water carrier shouted.

The eunuch turned round to him, and spat on the ground, bellowing:

"Shut up, you damned fool! . . . you idiot!"

Translated by Denys Johnson-Davies

MOHAMMED THE MESSENGER

IN THE crossroads trading town of Mecca, half way up the spice route from Yemen to Damascus, in 570 A.D. Mohammed was born. Of much of his life fact and legend merge into a single hazy picture. From the Koran and from the Traditions handed down by his followers it seems clear that Mohammed was born into a poor branch of Mecca's ruling tribe and was an orphan from early youth.

When about twenty-five, Mohammed became business agent to a rich, elderly widow and soon married her. The marriage was a happy tender one; Khadijah encouraged her young husband, and with her capital he became a respected member of the merchant oligarchy which ruled Mecca and controlled Arabian trade. Until forty, in fact, Mohammed's life reads like a minor success story. Then came God's first message: "Recite in the name of the Lord . . ." The stunned Mohammed is said to have pleaded, "But what shall I recite?" In terror and confusion, wondering if he were mad, Mohammed told Khadijah his vision. She comforted him, but an agonizing period of Divine silence followed; then revelations began in earnest and Mohammed doubted his mission no longer. What he recited is the Koran, Islam's Bible (Chapter One is reproduced here). The Divine messages warned against men's evil ways and social injustice.

Curiously, medieval Western ignorance of Islam led to the charge that Mohammed, a "fallen" cardinal, had set himself up as a god. The Koran — to put Mohammed in perspective — related histories of previous prophets, some Biblical and some local, whose unheeded warnings foretold grievous Divine punishment — probably made more vivid for Mohammed's audience by ruins and rock carvings of previous civilizations in the Arabian deserts.

Mecca's rich citizens scorned him and most of his early followers were poor people and slaves. In nearby Taif his preaching failed totally; he was stoned out of town. Returning to Mecca in despair, he talked to any who would listen. Some of his hearers, from feud-ridden Medina, proposed on behalf of the pagan Arab and the Jewish tribes that Mohammed come there, probably more as an honest and neutral arbitrator than as a man of God. After careful negotiation, Mohammed seized the chance. Sending his followers ahead in small groups, he slipped away from Mecca in August, 622, and fled north. The Muslim calendar dates from this

flight or Hegira; it was the turning point in Mohammed's career and marks the birth of Islam as a unified system of life, both spiritual and secular.

People began to listen to Mohammed, to believe in him and want him to lead them. In the next, and last, ten years of his life Islam's worldly power was extended over the tribes and towns of Arabia. A brilliant series of diplomatic and military moves created a veritable empire and two years before his death Mecca, which had scorned him, surrendered to Mohammed. With great sagacity and tact, he won over his old enemies, destroyed their pagan idols, and made their shrine, the Kaaba, the symbol and center of the Islamic faith on earth. But these were more than years of expansion; Mohammed fought against time to build a cadre of true believers and to create for them a new Sunna or way of life blended from Arab custom and Biblical precepts. Foreseeing that his death would unleash rebellion, he labored to shore up his incipient community. History testifies to his success. The tribal revolt which came was directed outward into the world to

conquer what became the Islamic Empire. In rapid sequence it engulfed the Persian Empire and half of the Byzantine; within the century Islam spread eastward to India and Central Asia and westward as far as southern France. Today, in the Islamic year 1376, it is the religion of about 350 million people.

It is hardly surprising that Mohammed is a controversial figure. To Muslims he is the messenger of God — *rasul allah*, the last prophet, the Arab prophet.

More than this he is the exemplar of human conduct; his acts and sayings form a source for legal decisions. At once prophet and ruler, Mohammed left a legacy of a new way of life successful in his own times, flexible enough to allow for great growth, and rich enough to compete successfully with the older universal religions. Yet hostility to Islam has led some of his non-Muslim biographers to label him an imposter or adventurer, and to try to explain his revelations as the result of epilepsy, hysteria, ambition, or simple theft from Judaism or Christianity. The first to scoff at these facile explanations was Carlyle in his study of heroes, and most scholars now take Mohammed's sincerity for granted. For him indeed the Koran claims little: Islam is the religion of Abraham; Jesus, though not the son of God, is of virgin birth and unlike all other men is taken alive into Heaven; "Mohammed is but a messenger like those who have gone before," the deliverer of God's message in Arabic.

بِسْمِ اللَّهِ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ
الْحَمْدُ لِلَّهِ رَبِّ الْعَالَمِينَ ﴿١﴾ الرَّحْمَنِ الرَّحِيمِ ﴿٢﴾
مَلِكِ يَوْمِ الدِّينِ ﴿٣﴾ إِيَّاكَ نَعْبُدُ وَإِيَّاكَ
نَسْتَعِينُ ﴿٤﴾ اهْدِنَا الصِّرَاطَ الْمُسْتَقِيمَ ﴿٥﴾
صِرَاطَ الَّذِينَ أَنْعَمْتَ عَلَيْهِمْ غَيْرِ الْمَغْضُوبِ
عَلَيْهِمْ وَلَا الضَّالِّينَ ﴿٦﴾

ISLAM PAST AND PRESENT

The Basic Beliefs of the Muslim Faith

by ISHAQ HUSSEINI

1

ISLAM is today the religion of more than 350 million Muslims (or Moslems or Mohammedans) occupying a wide belt stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, across Africa, parts of Europe, and Asia.

Partly because of the importance of the Muslim habitat (or *dar el-Islam*) in world affairs, the West has begun to take special interest in studying Islam and is trying to understand its relation to the life of the Muslim. And it is no exaggeration to say that the Muslims themselves are showing a similar interest in studying the reality of Islam, in order to know to what extent they may be able to adopt modern ways without losing their religion. In recent times there have been two parties amongst the Muslims: one maintaining that religion should be sacrificed for the sake of modernization, and the other that modernization should be sacrificed for the sake of religion. Between these two groups there is now a third, whose number is increasing, which sees a possibility for reconciliation between modern life and the old religion. The modern Muslim thinkers find in the principles of Islam a flexibility which allows them to explain and interpret with the greatest freedom while still keeping the faith intact. For example, one modern writer has said, "Obedience to the commands of nature is obedience to God. The natural laws are a part of what is called angels. They are the executive principles for this world and the executive authorities through which the will of causation is realized."

But before we analyze these attempts to reconcile traditional religion with the needs of life in the modern world, let us examine the nature of Islam. I, as a Muslim, will try to sketch in as briefly and impartially as I can what all the schools of thinkers in Islam accept as its basic tenets.

If it were not for the outward manifestations of unity in any religion such as churches, mosques, religious books, ceremonials, and the like, it would be permissible to say that each individual of any faith understands his religion in his own special way. Therefore, there can be many definitions for religion; yet the definition nearest to truth is almost always to be found in the inspired books of the religion. The Koran is the Book of Islam. Revealed to Mohammed between 610 and 632 A.D., it contains 114 suras, including six thousand verses.

If we read the Koran carefully, we find that "Islam" was attributed to those who believed in one sole God from the time of Abraham to that of Mohammed. So Abraham is the father of the belief in divine unity, is at the head of all prophets, and it was he who called the Muslims by the name "Muslims" (Sura 22 verse 78).¹

The meaning of unity in Islam comprises first the surrender to God (3/19; 2/112; 31/22), which means directing one's self to Him as the only, the one God, who has no partner, and worshiping Him, relying upon Him, and giving up one's self to Him. Secondly, it comprises doing of good. These basic principles — unity and good works — are so close they are almost one, but the Koran stresses: "Allah forgiveth not that a partner should be ascribed unto Him. He forgiveth (all) save that to whom he will. Whoso ascribeth partners to Allah, he hath

¹ References are to the Pickthall translation of the Koran, which is available in the Mentor Books series.

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indeed invented a tremendous sin" (4/48; 22/4).

This is Islam, according to the statement of the Koran. It is evident that since the revelation to Mohammed the Muslims have passed through many stages and varied circumstances. Some individuals confined their practice to the uttering of the affirmation of faith. Others elaborated the basis of religion by drawing upon the traditions of the prophet, his companions, and their followers. But the original idea of unity is dominant among the majority of Muslims, and is still the most important characteristic of Islam.

The special message of Islam is twofold. It first completes the message of the previous prophets — and we must not forget that Muslims recognize the Judaic prophets such as Isaiah and Jeremiah who have also been adopted by Christianity — by putting an end to the dispute between the Nestorians and Jacobites about the nature of Christ; Muslims believe that Christ is of the Spirit of God, not God Himself, because God "begetteth not nor was begotten. And there is none comparable unto Him" (112/1-4). In other words, Christ, for Islam, is a prophet, not part of the Godhead. Then the Koran goes on to support the message of Christ, and to reproach those who denied it: "And verily We gave unto Moses the Scripture and We caused a train of messengers to follow after him, and We gave unto Jesus, son of Mary, clear proofs (of Allah's sovereignty) and We supported him with the Holy Spirit. Is it ever so, that, when there cometh unto you a messenger (from Allah) with that which ye yourselves desire not, ye grow arrogant, and some ye disbelieve and some ye slay?" (2/87).

Islam is thus seen as a continuation of the true spirit of religion as revealed by God to the earlier prophets: "Say (O Mohammed), We believe in Allah and that which is revealed unto us and that which was revealed unto Abraham and Ismael and Isaac and Jacob and the tribes, and that which was vouchsafed unto Moses and Jesus and the prophets from their Lord. We make no distinction between any of them, and unto Him we have surrendered" (3/84).

Mohammed underlined the necessity of obedience to the orders of the earlier prophets: "Say: O people of the Scripture! Ye have naught (of guidance) till ye observe the *Torah* (the Mosaic Law) and the Gospel and that which was revealed unto you from your Lord" (5/68). The Koran blames the followers of the Jewish *Torah* for a number of serious faults: setting covenants aside (2/100), adding to the *Torah* (2/79), or distorting it (4/46, 5/3), believing in a part of the *Torah* and disbelieving other parts (2/85), slaying the prophets wrongfully (4/155), taking usury and devouring people's wealth by false pretenses (4/161). It appears that the idea of race and religious distinction had spread among Jews and Christians alike, so Islam ridiculed it,

demanding a proof for its validity (2/111), asserting that all are but mortals of His creating (5/18), and that God created people as nations and tribes in order to know one another, and the noblest in the sight of God is the best in conduct (49/13). In other words Islam had entered a house whose inmates were disagreed and whose furniture was disordered, desiring that peace and order be re-established.

The fundamental teachings of Islam differ little in their essence from those of the Bible. Prayer and fasting are originally found in Judaism and Christianity. They differ only in form. The Muslim prays five times a day, bowing and kneeling as did the ancient Semites, and he fasts during a whole month (Ramadan) from sunrise to sunset. Pilgrimage to Mecca is similar to pilgrimage to the Holy City of Jerusalem. Legal alms is a kind of organized charity which Christ stressed, and it is similar to income tax in modern times in that its amount depends upon the income of the taxpayer. Islam forbade the eating of carrion, blood and swine-flesh, and forbade gambling, drinking wine, committing adultery, and usury, actions also prohibited or condemned in the Old and New Testaments.

Islam received the unique stamp of Mohammed's success. Unlike other prophets, he lived for some years as the head of a state of his own creation and to which he gave laws. Mohammed shaped laws pertaining to marriage, divorce, inheritance, and similar matters, aiming at the reform of generally recognized customs. He restricted the number of wives a man might have to four — but on condition that equality be maintained among them. Women had no rights of inheritance; the new code granted them the right to half of men's share. Slavery was then widespread; Islam outlawed it except for captives taken in war, and for these it provided ways of regaining freedom. Wine-drinking was gradually controlled and usury forbidden. The caste system, then in vogue, was abolished, as was the cruel practice of burying unwanted female babies alive. Mohammed realistically balanced social welfare and prevailing custom. The first learned jurists in the period after the spread of Islam followed his lead, emphasizing the spirit rather than the letter of the law. But in later centuries a legalistic hardening of the arteries set in — an unquestioning acceptance of authority became the rule and customs and conventions were frozen to the point where little social change or progress was possible.

2

WITHIN a century after its founding Islam spread until it reached the borders of China in the East and France in the West. In this vast territory the original Muslims, the Arabs, formed only a small part of the total population. Some of the peoples who were absorbed into Islam, such as the Persians, the Indians, and the Chinese already had great

civilizations, literature, culture, and authority, even superior to those of the Arabs themselves. This feat of conquest has long been regarded as almost miraculous; it is clear, however, that there were good reasons for it, among them the similarity of Islam to Christianity and Judaism, the decay of heathen creeds, corrupt rule, tyranny of one class over others, and the lack of economic and social balance resulting therefrom. A further factor was the basic spirit of tolerance in Islam itself, despite its strong compulsion to proselytize among other religions. So Islam continued to spread until it became the religion of millions in Asia and Africa, and even of a fairly good number in Europe, particularly in Albania and Yugoslavia.

In this process of expansion, Islam interacted with foreign religions and cultures, influencing and being influenced. If the chief locus of influence was literary and linguistic, there was also exchange at the most profound levels of theology. Abbas Mahmoud el-Akkad — a modern Egyptian writer — has suggested that if Christianity could be summarized in one word it would be "Love," and that the key word for Islam might be "Truth." This, of course, is an oversimplification, yet it is true that over the centuries the two religions transmitted to each other something of the kinds of feeling and thinking which these terms imply. As Rome moved toward a position of mediation between God and man, Islam, more in the spirit of the Christian Reformation, preserved the teaching in the Koran of Allah's closeness to man. The Koran says: "Unto Allah belong the East and the West, and whithersoever ye turn, there is Allah's countenance" (2/115), and, "And We are nearer to him (man) than his jugular vein" (50/16). There is no priest in the Muslim's mosque praying *for* him; he directs his prayer directly to the Deity. There is no doubt that the world was in need of this doctrine, just as it was in need of the Christian doctrine that came before it. It received these two doctrines at their destined times.

Islam was much affected by the cultures over which it spread. New religious and philosophical schools were set up as a result of interaction between Islam and Greek philosophy; it also absorbed certain Indian and Persian mystical tendencies. The Mutazilites subjected the texts of religion to Greek rationalism while the Sufis brought in an element of mysticism and ecstasy, which Islam had lacked. Dervish preaching on the necessity of meditation between God and his slave, man, led in some periods and regions to a sort of cult of saints. The stimulation of these various tendencies produced a series of brilliant philosophers who were studied with respect in medieval Europe.

The rapid spread of Islam over a huge area broke down a number of the social ideals of the early Muslim community. The spirit of Islam — Mohammed's reform of the society he had found —

allowed a certain laxity to develop later: multiple marriage became a problem and easy divorce an evil, while the social equality of early Islam gave way to the customs of the conquered despotic empires.

3

IT is against the backdrop of a long and wearisome "Dark Age" that modern Islam must be viewed. It must be remembered that at least 70% of the Arabs today are illiterate, and that, at the same time, the new stimulus to change in Islamic society is, unlike the outside stimuli in earlier eras, almost entirely secular. Traditional Islam was a complete "way of life" in which social conventions and religious beliefs were closely integrated. Today Islam is moving toward a position more like that of Western religion, with separation of church and state. This is reflected in education.

There is no school in Muslim countries in which religious studies do not exist. But the teacher of religion is usually not also a teacher of the secular studies. The two fields are becoming entirely independent of each other. Thus Egypt, for example, has alongside of and separate from its ancient Azhar — the world's oldest university — three modern, secular universities which are largely Western in organization and spirit.

The central problem facing Arab Muslims, and indeed all Muslims, today is how to find a new way of life — Islamic in character — which will be half-way between the East and the West and which will provide the internal stability necessary to enable Muslims to face their problems independently. The Arab World can borrow technology from the West but it must find the answers to its deeper problems within itself. One need only observe book-buying habits to see the strong interest in Islam still alive today. In Cairo any book discussing Islam is sure of a big sale. This shows that people are not drifting away from religion. It is a fact also that the world struggle between democracy and communism has led Muslims to make a fresh evaluation of their religion to see where it stands in relation to these two conflicting movements.

How far does Islam really penetrate into the hearts of Muslims today? What tangible effects does it have in their lives? There is no simple answer and much depends on exactly what is meant by Muslims. Those who have a good understanding of Islam — unfortunately, the minority — are inspired by their religion with pride and self-respect, and a desire for freedom. The Muslim Brotherhood is the extreme expression of this side of Islam. Hasan el-Banna, the founder of the movement, called on Muslims to be "leaders in their countries and masters in their homelands." There is no wonder that the past glory of Islam arouses feelings of pride and desire for freedom. This spirit underlay this century's continuous revolts against foreign

rule, and we see it at work now in North Africa.

Islam inspires its followers to cleave to the Islamic community and be absorbed by it. I indicated above that Islam emphasizes the freedom of the community at the expense of the freedom of the individual. The truth is that the individual enjoys vast freedom, so long as he remains inside the Muslim community. But if he goes against it, he loses his liberty, or to put it more precisely, he loses his standing in Muslim society. Sheikh Mohammed Abdu — the great reformer, who died in 1905 — once wrote, "If someone says something implying unbelief in a hundred ways and implying belief in one single way, his words should be taken as belief rather than unbelief."

Islam inspires its followers to sanctify the mind, reject the miraculous, and meditate on God's creation to confirm belief. Mohammed did not prove the validity of his message by miracles. The Koran is full of verses which call us to the knowledge of God through reason alone. Abdu maintained that Islam demands faith in God and His unity through rational inference, and that the belief in God should come before the belief in the prophecies. "It is not proper that the belief in God should be taken from the words of the prophets nor from the revealed Book, because it is unreasonable to believe in a Book revealed by God, unless one already believes in the existence of God."

Islam instructs its followers to believe in this world and the world to come in such a way as not to have one overpower the other. The Muslim has the right to enjoy the pleasures of this world, because it was created for him. "But seek the abode of the Hereafter in that which Allah hath given thee and neglect not thy portion of the world, and be thou kind even as Allah hath been kind to thee, and seek not corruption in the earth; lo! Allah loveth not corruptors" (28/77). And there is a well-known proverb widely spread among Muslims: "Work for this world as though you will live forever, and work for the next world as though you will die tomorrow."

Different Muslims have reacted to the incursion of Western ideas diversely. The Egyptian writer, Ahmad Ameen, said frankly: "The reform of Islam will come about in two ways: one, by separating science from religion, and advancing in science as extensively as possible; the other, through the practice of absolute *ijtihad*." *Ijtihad* means "free interpretation," and Ahmad Ameen goes on to explain: "We do not mean by this the use of the mind only and the blind imitation of the foreigner, but we mean that kind of *ijtihad* achieved by those who are qualified, a kind that would understand its aims, and also understand Western civilization and its aims; then allow or prohibit in the light of these two kinds of understanding."

Another contemporary Muslim writer has advocated implicitly that free interpretation should be

applied to matters pertaining to Islamic doctrine and not to matters of jurisprudence alone. But the conditions of Muslims today do not yet permit this absolute freedom of interpretation, though they are moving toward it.

A third position, which calls for the separation of religion from the state, but not from society, has been advocated by Sheikh Ali Abdel-Razik in his book *Islam and Principles of Rule* and by a powerful writer of the younger generation, Khalid Mohammed Khalid, whose *From Here We Start* has been widely read. While, to be sure, the Muslim Brotherhood disagrees with this line of thought, the majority of cultured Muslims tend to endorse it. In fact, almost all the Muslim world now uses secular civil law, with some slight Islamic modifications, rather than the old religious code. Only the laws covering "personal status" — marriage, divorce, inheritance, and the like — have remained unchanged. And even the old Muslim code is civil to some extent, particularly in marriage, which is carried out by a written contract, the conditions of which are dictated by both parties. There are also certain traditional concepts which facilitate the modification of Muslim law; the idea of "free interpretation" applies in this field, as does that of "consensus of opinion." Thus if enough Muslims unanimously agree upon a certain matter it becomes a religious law. The Muslim Brotherhood's call to return to religious legislation is clearly one of its program's weakest points, and has caused continuous disputes with the various Egyptian governments to this day.

The jurist el-Banna expressed the liberal view when he wrote: "We should know that the glorious Koran is not based upon the laws. . . . It contains six thousand verses, and the total number of verses concerned with laws does not exceed five hundred. The Koran is concerned rather with the training of character and the cleansing and purification of the spirit." This means that legislation should be considered a means and not an end. Ahmad Ameen went even further, claiming that only fifty verses of the Koran and seventeen Traditions of the Prophet were really concerned with law. He called for absolute free interpretation on condition that the spirit of Islam be truly understood. And not long ago the Egyptian Minister of Waqf (Muslim Endowments), who is a learned man of the Azhar, approved of Muslims paying and receiving interest on charitable trust investments — a "modern" point of view which is nevertheless in keeping with the spirit of Muslim legislation.

The time has come, I believe, for Christians and Muslims to understand that they are in the same boat: if it sinks they will all sink; if it remains afloat, they will all be saved. There must be sincere co-operation in both the spiritual and material life. And this will only be accomplished with a sound basis of mutual respect, confidence, and tolerance.

THE PILGRIMAGE

A Story

by **DRISS CHRAÏBI**



TO MY astonishment, the driver of the bus from Casablanca to Fez told me that his name was Julius Caesar. He explained himself:

"Why not? Just because I'm an Arab do I have to have a prefabricated name like Ali bin Couscous?"

I smiled. He displayed his identity card.

"See. Look at that."

It was true. Last name: Caesar. First name: Julius. Son of Mohammed bin Mohammed. Presumed born in 1912, in the village of Aglagal, Tas-kemt tribe, Marrakech, Morocco. Occupation: Chauffeur. Nationality: Citizen of the U.S.A.

"How did you arrange that?"

"The commander of the region, of course." He laughed. "One of those old-guard colonials we need more of. He sees Morocco as a land of mystery and adventure and I was able to take care of a little private matter for him."

I was staring at him.

"And you," he asked. "What's your name?"

"Driss Ferdi."

"Haj Fatmi's son?"

"Haj Fatmi Ferdi's son."

"*Enfer!*"

He spat on the windshield and gestured toward my mother, who was invisible except for her eyes and the tips of her fingers.

"What have we? Sister, wife, or grandmother?"

"My mother."

He said "*enfer!*" again, then went up to a pair of pensive Chleuhs, Berber tribesmen, and slapped them on the back encouragingly. They climbed onto the roof and found places between a row of barrels and a canoe. My mother and I then occupied their seats. Julius Caesar stepped over a pile of chickens with their legs tied together and turned back to appraise his passengers.

"Coreligionists, listen! Perhaps among you there are cowards, pregnant women, cardiac cases, or individuals subject to vomiting and diarrhea. Let them get off immediately and consign their persons to a French company like the C.T.M. or Valéna who will guarantee their safe delivery by a stamped document . . . Well?"

No one moved.

"Perfect!" concluded Julius Caesar. "Let no more be said and let's get this Chevrolet roaring like Old Man Adam. Because . . ." he shoved his cap in place, ". . . either I get this pile of nuts and bolts cracking or she'll kill us all!"

He seized the steering wheel. "Ready?"

"Ready!" yelled the mechanic.

He slammed the door and the bus jerked forward in a cloud of smoke. My mother murmured through her veil but I couldn't make out what saint she was commending her soul to. She closed her eyes and did not open them again.

Julius Caesar drove well. In the first hundred yards, he grazed a sidewalk, broke up a procession of Franciscan monks, and squashed a Pekingese dog. Slumped down in the driver's seat, he held the wheel disdainfully between his thumb and his index finger, as he would a cigarette. Now and then he turned around to grin at me. He enjoyed a citizenship that allowed him to brush aside all traditions, shackles, and subterfuge. The road

DRISS CHRAÏBI was born in Mazagan, Morocco, but has lived in France for the last ten years so that his work reflects in certain ways the French attitude toward the Arab. Our selection is from his novel *Le passé simple*. Dr. HELEN RIVLIN, a research fellow at Harvard's Middle Eastern Studies Center, is a specialist on nineteenth-century Egypt.

ran dizzily beneath him, like a river in full flood.

Julius Caesar accelerated, swerved, honked. Buildings, eucalyptus, roadway fled past and out of sight in the wink of an eye. The Berber facing me was reading a newspaper. The bus swayed and rattled. My mother was feeling for my hand. I relinquished it to her. She held it in her thin hands like a little bird — a presence, an aid. As a young girl she had been cloistered. As a wife, my father, our Lord and Master, had locked her up at home. At first. Then he had gotten her pregnant seven times, in very rapid succession. The result was that, with no servant and continually pregnant or nursing, she no longer saw any significance in an open door. Her last trip dated from her wedding day.

Beneath her white haik she was festively dressed: a salmon-colored caftan, a *badia* of woven silk and silver thread, a heavy girdle of gold, and a dozen bracelets on each wrist. She was going to Fez.

In Fez she would strike her head against the gravestone of her late father the Marabout. The Lord and Master had expressed a desire that she do this. A few moments before morning prayer.

Her eyes were closed and her chest held rigid, and I knew that my mother was uneasy. This bus was transporting her swiftly toward the city of her people which she had left very long ago. And very long ago she had resigned herself not to cry any more and not to beg that just once before her death she be permitted to return there — as if to Mecca, the dream of a half-billion believers. She was far away from the square, white house of concrete where we lived — and Julius Caesar's foot was pressed down on the gas pedal.

Joy? She was probably overcome with joy. This air was different air, these other passengers — behind her, in front of her, beside her — really existed, and how many houses had sprung from the soil since her last trip! And the sounds of life, the shivers of excitement, the new people. She closed her eyes. The right hand of the Lord and Master would suddenly reach out and all this would disappear.

Julius Caesar was a demon and the bus was an infernal machine. But she would welcome an accident. The Koran was clear on this point: "Whoever shall perish during the course of a pilgrimage shall automatically be admitted into the kingdom of heaven."

Suddenly, Julius Caesar slammed on the brakes. We were in front of the Customs barricade. The sergeant who opened the barrier was half asleep. An interpreter helped him. The first wore a service pistol slung from his shoulder and the other a small leather pouch. Behind them was a tight group of Arab soldiers, armed with submachine guns, men like those the Lord and Master employed on his lands to do the work of draft animals.

I lowered the safety-glass window and filled my lungs with the hot, dry air. The choral of cicadas

SOUNDS AND MUSIC

by HELEN RIVLIN

MUSIC is the constant companion of the peoples of Arab lands. In the cries of street hawkers, in the chants of peasants in the fields, in the songs of Bedouin herdsmen, in the cantillation of the Koran, and even in the popular tunes which blare forth from cafés, music is never absent from the stream of life. To Westerners, its pervasive mixture of sounds often seems harsh and monotonous: partly because music serves as a background to language and partly because the musical idiom, based on a different concept of beauty, requires an educated ear to be appreciated.

Music was a popular medium of artistic expression long before the Islamic period. The huda or caravan song, whose meter may have been suggested by the camel's pace, is perhaps the most ancient. However, the songs of the singing girl and poet-soothsayer, accompanied by the lute, reed pipe, and tambourine, entertained audiences in the earliest recorded literature.

Islam has long regarded music with deep suspicion, relegating it to the category of forbidden pleasures, but pagan love of music was so strong that eventually it entered the service of religion in the adhan or call to prayer, one of the most memorable sounds of the East, and in the religious rites of the mystic orders as well as in public and private ritual ceremonies.

Harmony as we know it does not exist in Arabic music which, like the plainsong, has developed horizontally rather than vertically. Its bases are melody and rhythm. In the eastern Arab World, the melody is derived from one of the twelve principal modes (maqamat) or six secondary modes (awazat) and is usually set to one of eight rhythmic modes. The vocalist may be accompanied by one or more instrumentalists who play the same melody but whose rhythm may be independent of the melodic rhythm and may even be composed of several rhythms to form a sort of rhythmic harmony. The melody, whether sung or played on instruments, can be embellished by the zaida or gloss, and it is by his ability to improvise with the zaida that the artist is judged.

An orchestra consists of at least a woodwind, a drum, a tambourine, and a string instrument, of which the most common is the rabab, a sort of one-stringed ancestor of the violin. But the psaltery, pandore, lute, qitara (precursor of our guitar), and others are found along with a great variety in sizes, shapes, and sounds of flutes, oboes, and drums.

Like other aspects of the Arab scene today, music is caught in the controversy between those who are Western-influenced and who wish to follow Western forms on the one hand and on the other those who desire to keep Arabic music within the classical Arabic tradition which they consider offers rich possibilities for internal growth. The purists feel that to use Arabic melodies in the framework of Western music would so alter the Arabic as to make it unrecognizable. The future of serious music is uncertain, but even if it incorporates aspects of the Western idiom, it must express the musical character of the Arabs and embody the best of their musical traditions.

deafened me. I leaned my head out and saw a jeep, two motorcycles left one on top of the other with the engines running, and a sentry box topped with the tricolor flag.

"How many chickens?" asked the interpreter.

"Twenty," said Julius Caesar.

He had taken off his cap and was dusting it off on the steering wheel. His eyes were crafty, with a touch of unrest, and a reserve of menace.

"Too many," said the interpreter reproachfully.

"Many too many. Tax or arrangement?"

"We'll see."

"Good. How many passengers?"

"Sixty. Forty-two seated, the rest standing, besides the two Chleuhs up there . . . And me."

"Too many," repeated the other. "Many too many. Tax or arrangement?"

"We'll see," said Julius Caesar.

"Good. And the barrels?"

He rubbed his hands together. Gently. Methodically. One fine day he had received his diploma. Later they had named him interpreter at the Customs House. He had his place in the sun.

"Seven," replied Julius Caesar.

"And what do they contain?"

"Gunpowder."

The interpreter started.

"For the nationalists from Sebou," Julius Caesar calmly added. And he gave his identity card to the sergeant. The latter examined it. Nothing in this Godforsaken place could affect him any more.

"Pass," he said.

Julius Caesar put on his cap, let in the clutch, and shifted through the gears. He was humming the *Marseillaise*. The *Route Imperiale* opened before him. He hadn't been born a lord, he had become one. He made fun of laws, Arab soldiers, rifles. He accelerated. Once he had been a jackal among

other jackals, hunting rotten flesh. He had become a wolf—it was as simple as that. A wolf in the middle of a fat flock of sheep. How much was morality worth?

A white halo encircled the sun. The asphalt shone like a mirror; it was bordered by enormous mulberry trees and merciless immobile expanses of russet barley fields—not a house, not a fence. I looked away from Julius Caesar and began scrutinizing my vis-à-vis, who was still reading his newspaper. He was young with steady eyes, and his lips were moving. There was something odd: unless he was a fakir working a miracle he could not possibly be reading that paper.

I said to him, "Tell me, brother, is any of the news good?"

He glanced at me, uttered a little cough, and turned his attention back to the paper, moving his lips all the faster.

"It's like every day, brother," he replied. "You don't read, do you?"

"No," said I prudently.

"That's a pity."

I had listened to him very politely and then stood up. After all, he could read his paper. Julius Caesar smiled at me in the rear-view mirror. I grasped his shoulder affectionately.

"Look here. If the son of Haj Fatmi Ferdi needed you some day, would you be willing to help him?"

"Sure!" he said. "You'll find me at the Bousbir every other evening."

And, although the highway was empty, he sounded a long blast on the horn.

Returning to my seat, I excused myself to the Berber and turned his newspaper to the normal position. He was reading it upside down. He made a ball of it and solemnly stuffed it into his pocket.

Translated by Henry Carlisle

TWO LEBANESE MOUNTAIN POEMS

by Michel Traad

TELL THAT NEIGHBOR GIRL

Tell that neighbor girl
Who's been asking for me:
Tell her: he has sold
The paradise that is her
At a poor bargain
And leans here singing
At a tavern door.

Translated by Mounah Dhouri and Jall Winslow

FINGERS

The girl with the green eyes
That are all promises,
Who is picking yellow roses
In the spring
Loses her ten fingers among them
And plucks their tips
With the rosebuds.

A MUSLIM PASSION PLAY

Key to a Lebanese Village

by EMRYS PETERS

1

DURING the late summer of 1952, I had the good fortune to be residing in a Lebanese village during the performance of a religious folk drama which proved to be, for a Western visitor, a moving and significant experience. My good fortune was by no means unique; others, notably Sir Lewis Pelly in 1897, have studied the traditional passion plays of the Arabic villages and have used them to illustrate points of Muslim theology. But I was more interested in the sociological aspects.

First, however, it is necessary to account for the religious content of the drama. When the Prophet Mohammed died without male issue in 632, the succession to the leadership of Islam was left in doubt. The early caliphs, who based their claims to the succession on their relationships to the Prophet's daughters or in-laws, led troubled reigns and perished often enough at the hands of assassins. In time, however, a larger and larger number of Muslims came to recognize Mohammed's son-in-law Ali as the first true Imam, and they formed a group which eventually became known as the Shiah sect. The Shiites in turn are subdivided according to how many of Ali's successors they recognize, and thus the Muslims of the village in which I was visiting are called the "Twelvers."

During the squabbles over the succession, Ali's younger son, Husein, became a rallying point for those who were discontented with Muawiya and his son Yazid, usurpers of the caliphate. Husein received letters of support from the leaders of a number of powerful factions, and he decided to seek in

Iraq an army with which he could challenge Yazid on the battlefield. He proposed to rely, first, on the support of the citizens of Kufa. When he had approached Kufa with his small band of followers, he sent his cousin Muslim to sound out opinion within the city, but Muslim was promptly caught and beheaded. Dismayed and unwilling to risk entering the city, Husein and his followers withdrew a short distance to the west and encamped, but the governor of Kufa, Ubaid Allah Ibn Ziyad, who had recently been appointed by Yazid, believed that Husein's presence was a threat to established authority and quickly sent out forces to deal with him.

The first group was led by a certain el-Hurr Ibn Yazid el-Tamimi who transmitted to Husein the order that he return immediately to Mecca but at the same time privately warned him against the governor's intended ambush on the road. Husein stood his ground. Next the governor dispatched an army under Omar Ibn Sad. Outnumbered, Husein retreated to Karbala, which is now a celebrated Shiah shrine. Although he was unable to persuade Husein to surrender, Omar Ibn Sad was nevertheless reluctant to attack the Prophet's grandson. Therefore the Caliph Yazid ordered another detachment, under a certain Shimr, who was given express orders to end the affair. The battle of Karbala (680) was the result. Husein's outnumbered band was cut to pieces and Husein himself was slain. His head was taken to the caliph in Damascus.

Husein's fate is ritually re-enacted each year by Shiah Muslims throughout the Arab World. It is a drama of the deepest religious and cultural significance, and at the same time it provides an important clue to the social structure of life in a rural Arabic community.

Dr. EMRYS PETERS, who lived with Bedouin tribes for several years, is now making a study of a Lebanese Shiah village. Born in Wales, he studied at Cambridge and Oxford and is a lecturer in social anthropology at Manchester University.

But in order to understand the sociological aspect of the drama, one must first know something about the organization of an Arab village.

In terms of religious geography, the village which I visited lies on a border; Shiah Muslims predominate in the area and in the region which extends southward to the Israeli border; immediately northward lie the communities of the Lebanese Christians; to the northeast are the strongholds of the Druze. No Sunni, as opposed to Shiah, Muslims reside permanently in the village.

Of the 1,362 villagers, thirty-five are Christian; the rest are Shiah Muslims. The Shiites are divided into two large groups, those who are authorities on religion and the lay-folk who are unenlightened. The authorities are in turn subdivided into the Sayyids and the Sheikhs. The Sayyids, who claim lineal descent from the Prophet, are thought to possess an innate religious power which gives them the right to bless; traditionally they pray for the sick and the dead, write amulets, attend funerals and marriages, and bless the ceremonial occasions of the village. The Sheikhs, on the other hand, who are nondescendants, have won their authority by their own studies of Shiah dogma, religious ritual, and the law; they are particularly expert in the laws governing marriage and land tenure. They act as witnesses, conduct marriage ceremonies, and give advice in cases of divorce. They also lead public prayers at festivals and funerals and are generally in charge of teaching religious knowledge to qualified young people.

The forty-five Sayyids in the village compose one homogeneous family group, but the Sheikhs are of two families. In fact, of the 226 Sheikhs, only 183 are traditional Sheikhs as I have just described them. The other forty-three, recently humble folk, have acquired Sheikhly status by accumulating wealth and giving their children a European type of education. To distinguish them, it is convenient to call them "secular" Sheikhs.

The remaining majority of the villagers, 1,056 in all, are technically ignorant of religious matters. However, 207 of them are petty traders who have a higher literacy than the 849 peasants.

This religious division among the villagers is reinforced by an equally sharp economic division. The Sayyids and Sheikhs, despite recent forced sales, are the big landowners. Since their rank prohibits them from engaging in menial labor, their lands are worked exclusively by hired peasants. Income from this source, plus their fees for religious services, enables them to live reasonably well and sometimes to accumulate modest wealth. Formerly the Sayyids received regular religious dues from the peasants in return for writing letters, solemnizing marriages, and saying prayers. But nowadays these services are performed chiefly on the basis of fees.

The plots of the peasants and petty traders are

often no more than one hundred yards square, and neither group could live from its land alone. Hence most of the peasants derive their income from working two or three plots for a Sayyid or Sheikh. The shopkeepers augment the income from their land with the speculative gains from trading — speculative because the peasants rarely pay cash but instead draw goods against a percentage of their uncertain harvest. Thus the shopkeepers' accumulation of capital is very slow, and they are seldom able to relax in a position of assured economic well-being.

A third criterion, that of marriage, can be used to define the social structure of the village. Thus among the Sayyids and Sheikhs a very small proportion, less than two per cent, marry peasants or petty shopkeepers. Most marry within their own family groups; the rest marry into similar family groups in other villages. Less than half of the peasants and shopkeepers, on the other hand, marry into their family groups; they intermarry much more readily with other families and turn often to other villages for their marriage partners. But very rarely does a peasant or shopkeeper elevate himself through marriage to be a Sayyid or Sheikh.

The small number of Christians in the village share the economic footing of the Shiah peasants. They own small plots of land and in addition they are blacksmiths and coppersmiths — professions considered undignified by the Muslims. The Muslims, of course, hold that Christians are ritually polluting; intermarriage and even interdining are strictly banned. Yet at ceremonies the Christians are paid deference, and at funerals, for instance, they walk at the head of the cortege with the more notable Sheikhs. The Christians participate not only in the secular but in many of the religious affairs of the village.

Thus we see a village in which, so far, modern or Western notions have made very little progress. Century-old religious and cultural habits prevail almost exclusively, blended in a purely native tradition. Long it has been since such a complete identification of religious, economic, and social sanctions has occurred in Christian society.

2

ALTHOUGH the form of the Husein miracle play differs somewhat in different localities, it is always associated with the first day of Muharram, the Muslim New Year. In the village I visited, the drama itself came on the tenth day and provided a climax to a crescendo of ceremonial mourning.

The mourning began with ceremonial sittings, held each night in eight houses and preceded by coffee or, if the host were wealthy, tea. Separate sittings were held for women. Each sitting began with a twenty-minute address, intoned by a Sheikh; his subject might be the lives of the first three

Shiah Imams or, more often, a graphic description of the battle of Karbala. Invariably toward the end of his recitation the speaker developed a more and more emotional tone, and his hearers burst into loud sobbing, beating their foreheads.

Apart from their religious content, these sittings were used politically. The two Sheikhly candidates for mayor, who were to meet in an election a few weeks later, were particularly generous hosts. One even hired two Sheikhs to speak at each sitting. The guests, of course, carefully compared the hospitality offered them by their different hosts, and they were quick to praise those who provided a second round of coffee or tea and added cigarettes or sweets. To confer honor on the host, guests would invariably ask the congregation to repeat the opening sura of the Koran in honor of the dead of his family.

On the seventh night, the sittings were replaced by a procession through the village. First, a band of men, stripped to the waist, beat their chests as they marched. Next came the village poet, followed by a group of men who shouted the couplets he had composed in honor of Husein. Then about fifty half-naked boys thumped their chests like the adults, calling out, "Oh Husein! Oh Abbas! Oh Thirsty One!" The rest of the men simply marched behind.

In the next night's procession, those who had beaten their chests now flailed their backs with chains, bruising the flesh through rectangular holes cut in their thin black tunics. Behind them marched a new group of chest-beaters, followed by the poet and his chorus, the small boys, and the miscellaneous men.

On the ninth night, the first group appeared equipped with swords. Clothed now in shrouds, the men beat their foreheads with the sword blades. The chest-beaters of the previous night flailed their backs, and a new group took up the chest-beating.

The emotion of grief, on this ninth night, rose to a pitch of utter abandon. The procession, led by one of the Sheikhs who had previously addressed the ceremonial meetings, marched to and, if possible, through the houses where the sittings had been held. At each, the procession halted while the Sheikh intoned a particularly moving passage, and the beholders sobbed, "Tomorrow Husein will die," and beat their foreheads in near-hysteria. The occupants of houses along the route wept unrestrainedly as the procession passed, the women waving black rags, as at funerals.

These processions, lit fitfully by flickering oil lamps, accompanied by dolorous chants of death and thirst and by the thuds of the flagellants, mounted each night in emotional intensity as they re-enacted the three-day prelude to the battle of Karbala and Husein's death. On the ninth night, the shrouded figures lent an added note of somberness to the frenzied proceedings.

Then, till the early hours of the tenth morning, a book on Husein's life and death was read aloud from cover to cover at various Sheikhly houses. Anyone was allowed to read, new readers replacing those who tired. Not a word was said by the listeners. At the end, the audiences were led in special prayer; at one point, as Muslims, all faced south to Mecca, and at another, as Shiites, they bowed toward Karbala in the east.

At about eight o'clock on the morning of the tenth day, a crowd of several thousand assembled on the village common ground. Another procession formed and began to circle the common — first, men from the village, led by the poet and standard-bearers carrying the furled flag of the village and the black mourning-flag; then came delegations from ten other villages, equipped with similar flags. The men called out the names of the heroes of Karbala and repeated the poet's couplet:

On the day of the battle of Karbala
The earth and the sky wept.

Hundreds of people gathered from the surrounding region, some permanent villagers, others summer visitors, until most of the Shiah villages in that part of the country were represented.

The audience, too busy greeting friends and finding comfortable places under the fig trees, took slight interest in these preliminaries. Pushcart traders did a brisk business in sweetmeats; an open-air coffeehouse was crowded. The sun was still low, the air pleasantly cool, the children not yet restive. For half an hour a younger Sheikh had been holding forth again on Husein's life — a theme beginning to pall after nine days' repetition — when suddenly, clad in earthy brown and with green turbans (the colors of heaven), Husein and his band marched onto the field. The play had begun.

3

FIRST came el-Hurr, with a handful of soldiers. After trying vainly to send Husein back to Mecca, he went over to Husein's cause — later to die fighting at his side. I was a little surprised by the unnecessary prominence given his part until a member of the most important Sheikh family told me with pride that el-Hurr was one of his ancestors.

Next, to the loud drumming and discordant music of the local band, Omar Ibn Sad's forces galloped on to the field, heavily armed and clad in pink, a color of hell, though not the deepest. Lengthy parleys to reach a compromise proved, of course, fruitless.

Distant drums and rather jaunty music announced the next detachment. As it rode on, the drums went wild and the instrumentalists blew for all they were worth, regardless of the notes. Gurgling camels, neighing horses, wailing women, screaming children, and the cries of the new war-

riors created a furor, for these were Shmr's men who would kill Husein and ride their horses over his bleeding body. They were clad in deepest and most hellish scarlet, and heavily armed. Shmr, in a tunic of chain mail, had a helmet whose side-pieces almost hid his face, while a scarf was wrapped around his chin and his eyes were concealed by dark spectacles. The hope was that this would conceal the identity of the actor — but his voice soon gave him away. All asked one another, "Who is taking Shmr's part?" but no one answered, since to be identified as Shmr would be the worst of Shiah insults.

The pandemonium hushed while Shmr announced his intention to slay Husein. Now several incidents brought angry cries from the crowd. In one, Husein and his band, though gathered for noonday prayers, were assailed by a shower of arrows. In another, Husein's half-brother Abbas fought his way to the river Furat, sole source of water, which had been cut off by the enemy. Unwilling to drink while women and children were thirsty, he filled a vessel to carry back, but troops intercepted him and smashed the water jug. Abbas slew several but lost his right hand; undaunted, he continued to fight left-handed. This hand also was cut off, and he dexterously seized the sword in his teeth, only to perish in the last rush. Even more touching was the scene in which Husein carried his infant son to the river for water. The enemy offered to give the child water themselves, but instead treacherously killed him.

Next, a Christian, who happened by, brought a momentary cheer, for, impressed by Husein's sad tale, he generously embraced his cause. But though he fought valiantly, he too was killed. Husein's moment had come. Left almost alone, he slew many enemies and braced himself, bleeding from his wounds, for his last thrust. Crying out that the religion of the Prophet Mohammed should never perish, he battled until, exhausted, he sank to the ground. An enemy soldier, come to behead him, fell back when Husein opened his eyes. A second was repulsed in the same way. Then the blasphemous Shmr himself came forward; faced with Husein's stare, he too wavered, but finally delivered the fatal blow.

Though Husein's death ended the play proper, the carrying of the survivors into captivity in Damascus was symbolized by a procession to the market place. In front rode an enemy soldier carrying on a pike an effigy of Husein's head — "such a beautiful face, washed in blood." Behind the captives came all those who had played parts on the enemy side; they wore shrouds, and their faces streamed with blood from foreheads cut open by the village butcher.

At the market, Husein's son, Ali the Younger, captured because he was too ill to fight, sat astride a camel and stirred the throng with a prophetic and

eloquent announcement to the victors that Husein's struggle had not been in vain. All lamented loudly, women waved black rags, sobbing men beat their heads in despair. "Look at them now," said a Sayyid, pointing to the victors. "They are the ones who killed Husein. Their grief is so great that they would prefer to die themselves." He added, indicating the young man on the camel, that his own family was descended from Ali the Younger.

The procession wound slowly round the edge of the square, so that all the onlookers could take to heart its plain moral. And the people remained in mourning for the rest of the day.

4

THE drama of Husein's passion is of primary importance in Muslim theology and offers as well an interesting specimen to students of comparative religion. But it has other points of interest too. It is one of the most intense and genuine folk ceremonials still being performed in the world, and one wonders, of course, how much longer it can resist the crasser temper of our times. (Already the tradition is weakening: during the performance which I witnessed, several of the more thoughtless young men in the village spent the day in the coffeehouse, listening to the village's only radio.) Moreover, the play affords us a valuable insight into the social dynamics of village life.

For instance, the traditional, as opposed to the "secular," Sheikhs of the village control the script, choose the costumes, and rehearse the actors; above all they cast the parts in such a way as to symbolize and reinforce the distinctions between classes and groups in the village. In the performance which I saw, the parts of Husein and his prominent followers, including women, were taken by Sayyids and Sheikhs. If a few peasants were recruited as rank-and-file followers, it was only because there were not enough Sayyids and Sheikhs to go around. Husein himself was acted by a namesake, the Sheikh who was considered the ablest speaker at the mourning ceremonies. Abbas was played by a well-respected Sayyid. Husein's sisters and Ali the Younger were played by traditional Sheikhs. No petty trader was included on the hero's side, and the secular Sheikhs were not allowed to participate at all. Even the Christian was acted by a sophisticated, traditional Sheikh.

On the far more numerous enemy side, however, there was not a single Sayyid or Sheikh, but only petty traders and peasants. Omar Ibn Sad, for instance, was played by the village muezzin, who gives the calls to prayer and washes the bodies of the dead — a kindly person, one who was reasonably well informed on religious matters, but still a peasant. Shmr's army, all peasants, included the village's worst citizens, men who idled away their time at cards in the coffeehouse. The "accursed"

role of Shimr was taken by an empty-headed and very unsavory character who had been jailed for stealing a friend's donkey. Even he would have refused the role had he not been paid for it.

Hence the social structure of the village was built into the play itself, acquiring thereby all the religious overtones of the age-old tradition. That structure, unmistakable in the content of the play, was given, in fact, a truly mystical significance, and the play itself argued eloquently though covertly for the continuance of the social *status quo*.

The villagers saw in Husein's struggle not an effort to win the caliphate but a fight against evil. The Sayyids and traditional Sheikhs, who claim, many of them, direct descent from Husein and his followers and who arrogate to themselves those roles in the passion play, identify themselves with the forces of good in the drama. Similarly, in real life it is they who pray regularly, who tend the sick, say prayers over new graves, regularize marriages, and in general are the bearers of Shiah culture. In terms of the values accepted by the village, they are good. The peasants and petty traders, on the other hand, those who play the forces of evil in the drama, often in real life flout the religious rules, through ignorance if not through intentional culpability. Without Sheikhly control, they might pass off their irregular unions as marriages or commit other grave offenses. Because the peasants and shopkeepers are ignorant, they are forgiven their sins; they blaspheme, they play cards openly for money, they are lax in their prayers, they drink, and so on. The play, reinforcing the role of the Sayyids and Sheikhs as the ones who maintain order and virtue in the village, casts the peasants and shopkeepers in their real character as the irresponsible.

In the processions, it was the peasants who punished themselves, the Sayyids and Sheikhs who looked on and mourned. And after the hollow triumph on the theatrical battlefield, the peasants learned the true nature of their moral defeat in the village square, where the eternal validity of Shiism and the position of the Sayyids and Sheikhs as keepers of the true way of life were announced in one stirring and symbolic recitation. The lesson could not be plainer.

But if the passion play is an annual promulgation of social and economic law, it must not be forgotten that it is also a recurrent experience of the deepest religious, cultural, and aesthetic meaning for the inhabitants of the village, high and low alike. It makes them true participants in their own history, it gives their lives a continuing element of symbolic pageantry. How shall these profoundly necessary spiritual and cultural values be preserved while at the same time the social and economic structure of the Lebanese village is transformed, as it inevitably must be? This, in essence, is one of the fundamental problems which Arabs face today.

THE ARABIC LANGUAGE

ARABIC belongs to the Semitic family of languages in which Hebrew, Aramaic, Phoenician, and other tongues of the Middle East are also members. In the form we know it, Arabic was developed in the sixth century by poets who sang to the Bedouin tribes of north Arabia. It is their verse which forms the body of classical Arabic literature and their usages which are taken as the models for Arabic grammar. The economy of their expression, to those whose familiarity with Arabic is restricted to the lush prolixity of *The Arabian Nights*, is striking: the task of the poet was to suggest, by an exacting choice of words, the essential features in brilliant, brief snapshots of the desert scene. The poet was led by the structure of the language, which elaborated a triconsonant "root" into various sorts of verbs and nouns by a set pattern of vowel and consonant changes, into meter and rhyme; these in turn tended to lock words into independent verses which in recitation form a staccato of visual images. It was to these images, not to the narrative, that the audience responded; indeed, the subject matter in the earliest-known poems is already so stylized as to indicate that the poet took the framework for granted and devoted his individual genius to sharpening the brilliance of the kaleidoscope.

This was the language from which the Koran emerged in the early seventh century. However, even in the earliest verses where Mohammed stays within the traditional pattern, the reader is conscious of a straining, a forcing of the language into new ranges of thought and reflection. While still retaining the vivid imagery, for example in the description of hell, Mohammed gradually developed a new prose style capable of sustained argument and of expressing the abstract ideas of religion.

In the period of expansion of the Islamic Empire, Arabic was forced to become an imperial language of administration; this it was able to do by Arabicizing Byzantine and Persian terms and by drawing on its immense inner resources of vocabulary and grammatical flexibility. Its last major stimulation was the contact with Hellenism when Arabic was forced to develop a fully articulated rationalizing language. The latter, however, was never the language of poets and writers but was only a sort of jargon, like a medical language, which faded as Hellenism ceased to stimulate Arabic culture. And, without new sources of inspiration, Arabic was left to live off its own fat for many centuries.

Connected with the Arab "awakening," as with the Irish, Turkish, and Jewish revivals, has been a renewed fascination with the linguistic roots of national culture. Individual Arabic scholars, learned academies, government agencies, and even radio stations are attempting to adapt Arabic to the needs of modern society fast enough to prevent the deluge of Western technical terms — names for things like telephone and such wholly new fields as chemical engineering — from reducing Arabic to a lifeless shell of cultural memories. Today the spread of literacy and the increased self-consciousness of Arabic culture are potent forces in this linguistic revival.

THE WILL OF THE SAINT

A Story

by DHU NUN AYYUB

1

EVEN the most wicked devil would not dare harm Sayyid Ibrahim, the son of Sayyid Ismail." In my fear I clung to my father's youngest wife, hiding my head between her little breasts. The weather was bitterly cold, and we were on our own, for my father had left us to go out to visit another of his wives, saying he would be back within an hour. However, an unexpected downpour came on, and the wind blew up a gale, howling and moaning like some prisoner in torment. The door of our little hut quaked under the blast, and almost blew wide open.

My childish fear did not disappear until Father's youngest wife calmed me by saying, "Abu Hasan, God's blessed saint, will guard you from all evil, for the whole village is under his protection. But your father is in his special favor, for were it not for him, our shrine would still be a patch of ground like any other, for the people to make water on and defile, all unaware that under the earth lay a mighty saint to intercede for us. Your father had been living here in this village for four years when the saint came to him in his dreams, and said, 'O Sheikh Ismail, it was God that sent you to this village to show the people my resting place, and to save them from the punishment that will overcome them for their present sinful course of action, even though what they do is done unwittingly. For once one of them made water on my grave, and so now I have

afflicted the village with a drought, so that the corn is withered, and the milk runs dry.'

"The next day your father went and took his stand in the middle of the village, and raised his voice among the people to warn them of the punishments of this life, and of the life to come. I saw him myself in the middle of the market place, with the people all round him looking penitent, and he shouting at the top of his voice, 'O worshipers of God, here in your own village is a saint, though you are all unmindful of this honor. He came to me in a dream to complain that animals pass over his grave, and no one pays respect to the soil where he lies.' The people all shouted, 'Show us the place, and we will build a shrine over his bones, so that we may be protected by him from misfortunes.' Your father replied, 'This night I shall wrestle in prayer, to see whether God will direct us to him.'

"That night the whole village spent waiting for the first rays of the sun. Your father prayed. He went out into the fields at midnight, stopping here and there to say, 'There is no God but God' and 'God is most great.' The next morning everyone came crowding to his house to inquire how the affair of the patron saint had turned out, and whether he had led your father to his tomb. 'Let every one of you who is descended from the Prophet come out with me, raising his voice in praise,' said your father, 'so that we may go together to uncover the grave, for I have found it. But have care, for should any come forward who are not of holy descent from the Prophet Mohammed, their sight will be taken from them, and their hands withered. Now, let us see, who is of holy descent here?' But it so happened that in the whole village, the only man of the family of the Prophet was your father, so he had to go out all on his own to a plot

Born in 1909, DHU NUN AYYUB, once a schoolteacher and later a member of Parliament, is one of Iraq's leading writers. His story is excerpted from the novel, Doctor Ibrahim, first published in Baghdad in 1936. The setting of the book is an Arab village near Mosul, as it was fifty years ago. This novel, a satire on the Westernized Arab intellectual, was widely acclaimed at the time of its publication.

of land a hundred yards from the village; there he stopped and raised his spade. He began digging, reciting all the time, 'There is no God but God.'

"After he had dug down a few feet, he raised his hand, holding in it a lance that flashed in the sun, and with the lance, something green — a turban cloth. At the sight of these objects in the light of day, the whole crowd raised a shout. Everyone rushed out to the field as soon as your father had pushed some earth back over the relics, for fear they would dazzle the sight of any that looked on them, and turn them blind. In no time they had the dome you now see built over the shrine. On the very next day the rain came pouring down, just when the people had given up hope of ever seeing it fall again. The rivers filled, the corn grew, it was a year of years, one of bounty and blessings. Your father became the keeper of the shrine, the shrine a name to swear by, and our village a center to which people came in pilgrimage from all the villages round about, bringing sacrifices and offerings to the saint. Indeed one of them dedicated his most beautiful daughter to the saint if he would grant him a son. This man's wife had up till then given birth only to daughters, and she was now expecting once more. After a night spent by the tomb, she gave birth to a son, and the man brought his daughter as a thank-offering to the saint. She became your father's second wife. By a year before the time when you were born, the population of the village had doubled, and more and more people began to move here, till it became as big as you know it today, though before your father it was no more than a desert, with hardly a soul living here."

My father's youngest wife carried on, telling me stories about the sheikh my father was until a good part of the night had gone by; then she blew out the lamp, and put me in the only bed there was in that hut, so I slept in my father's place on the hard mattress, with her at my side. I snuggled to her soft body, in search of warmth, and felt her arms pressing me to her breast. It was then for the first time that I realized that I loved this woman who had failed to have any children of her own more than I did my own mother.

It was not long before disagreements arose between the two women, and my brothers took sides against me. Life became hard for me, and I clung all the more to that soft body, and wished she really could be my mother. If my father would make no distinctions in favor of any one of his wives, then I would, and would prefer this woman to my mother, for was she not prettier than she, not so fat, and far kinder to me? I do not know how many kicks and cuffs from my brothers, and harsh words from my mother, I endured in the course of this devotion of mine. Once they hatched a little plot against me, trying to get me sent out to work in the fields, saying I was quite old enough, and

that other boys in the village of my own age worked gladly. At this my father stormed in their faces, "What he does is my concern, and my concern alone! It is not you who are responsible for feeding him, and bringing him up. By God's bounty I have been made capable of supporting five like him, so do not go poking into his affairs after this!" How glad I was to hear these words of my father's! I felt I wanted to kiss his beard for them. My father was very fond of me, because I was the youngest, and because I loved his youngest wife, who had no children of her own. And this was how the three of us, I, and he, and his youngest wife lived in complete concord.

2

I WAS eight before I saw one of the gendarmerie for the first time. That was when our village had attained such notoriety that the Ottoman government was obliged to carry out an investigation. So they sent an inspector and three gendarmes. When the news reached the village, everyone in the vicinity turned out to rejoice at the unusual mark of honor, and anyone with any case to bring up, and all the important people came along. My father led the way, dressed in his best, looking most imposing in his green turban, with his white beard. The official rose to kiss his hand as he approached. I was with all the other village children, gaping at all these people squatting on the carpets that had been spread for the occasion.

One man among the visitors particularly attracted my attention: he was dressed in the same way as my father, even excelling him in his clean white robe, his turban, milky white, and his raven-black beard. The expression of this man struck me by its sternness. I could hear him questioning my father: "Where do you teach the children of the village the Word of God? Who teaches them how to perform their prayers?" My father amazed him by saying that the children learned to pray from their parents, and that they had no need to learn to read; he taught them the poems in praise of the Prophet, because the saint Abu Hasan had instructed him to do so, but he had not instructed him to do anything else, and to disobey Abu Hasan was to cause drought.

Everyone in the village looked at my father obediently when he spoke. His authority over them was more than spiritual, for half the land around the village had been made over to him, and constituted as an inalienable estate, a quarter being in the name of the saint, and a quarter in Father's own name. One could see that the black-bearded man had realized the state of affairs from the outset, for he hurriedly added, "There can be no doubt that Abu Hasan is one of the most powerful of God's saints — may God's blessing and peace rest upon him. He has chosen you out to be heir to his

property, and to speak in his name. My first object is to acquire sanctity by approaching his grave, presenting my homage to him, and to you who speak in his name. You know well that Abu Hasan is not pleased if any pay reverence to him with impure intentions. I have been filled with the thought that the saint desires someone to be your servant in the village, and to teach the children to read the scriptures, and so here I am, blessing the bounty of Abu Hasan."

The man stood up when he had finished speaking, and humbly kissed my father's hand, quoting, "God has appointed servants for his saints, and for those of his elders who are righteous."

I watched the frown on my father's brow relax, and heard him say, "No doubt. Before asking the guidance of the saint, I shall fast tomorrow. I shall pray to Abu Hasan to communicate his will to me."

Soon after they all got up to go to the shrine, my father leading, followed by the man with the black beard. As they entered the shadowy building, they kissed the saint's green turban now hanging over the tomb, then, after reciting the opening chapter of the Koran, they all left again, except my father and the man with the white turban. I heard my father addressing him by the title of Mullah Mohammed.

The whole of that day they spent in retreat, and on the following day my father announced the will of the saint that Mullah Mohammed was to be a servant of the saint's mosque, to teach the children of the village the Koran, Holy Tradition, and religious knowledge. Everyone rejoiced at this news. The next day we all came flocking to see the mullah, anxious to see what he would do. After we had all kissed his hand, and he had seated us round him, he gave each one of us a sort of book on which were black signs. I was quicker than all the others in opening mine, and I saw inside what looked like a lot of little insects crawling about. Some of them were curled up, and some of them stood up straight. The mullah told us to do as he did. "We will open the first page of the book," so we opened it. He pointed to the first of the little insects, and said, "Alif" (the letter A) and asked us to repeat the word after him. So we repeated the word, at which we remained awe-stricken and overjoyed. We spent hours on this lesson, and I was the best in the class. The mullah was pleased.

I hurried off to my father, with the mullah, who asked me in my father's presence to repeat the letters of the alphabet, and I repeated them, with a great flourish. "Bless my soul," said my father patting my back in his pride, "this is one of the miracles of Abu Hasan. I have seen in a dream that this lad is going to be a very important man, who will glorify the religion of God; he will raise aloft the banner of Abu Hasan." The news soon got round the whole village, and my mother rushed

up all excited. That day my brothers did not dare try to annoy me. Once again I was free to enjoy the peace that I found so sweet.

One afternoon, while we were playing, I heard one of the village boys say, "Hashim can too. He has learned to say the alphabet, right up to the end." And indeed Hashim had learned to recite his letters, even quicker than I, and to read off the whole lesson from beginning to end without the slightest difficulty. I flew into a rage, and went off crying to my father. When he had heard my tale, he said in a consoling tone, "The Devil must have taught him, to rouse the wrath of Abu Hasan. Mullah Mohammed must know the way that the Devil is setting about ensnaring these boys."

The next day I noticed that the mullah had a big stick. After seating me beside him, he addressed my little companions. "The Devil has taken up his abode in the hearts of some of you, and has driven you to be enemies of our saint. Anyone who gets the stick from me will cry out, 'God save me from Satan.'" He made a start with Hashim, the one who could recite quicker than I, and belabored him with the stick while the poor boy repeated 'God save me from Satan' over and over with tears in his eyes. The mullah then proceeded to the others, and after completing the expulsion of the Devil, he said, "Learn this once and for all, if any of you master the lesson before Sheikh Ismail's son, it must be because the Devil has taught it to you, to trouble our saint."

From that day on, the others were no longer anxious to show off. Indeed, if, by the intermeditation of the Devil, one of them had learned faster than I, he would make sure that one or two mistakes should slip in, as if by chance, out of fear of the big stick, and of hell-fire.

3

BY THE end of the first year, we were reading a few verses from the Koran; after three years, the mullah announced that I had learned the Koran. He requested the present that was his customary due, and people were invited to the celebration. I remember the village children gathered together with their best clothes on; the mullah lined them up, and went in front, between two green banners, banging a little drum, and reciting prayers to which the children gave the responses. I walked beside the mullah, wearing a new robe that had been specially ordered for me from Mosul, covered with gold braiding and fine designs. After a circuit of the village we returned to my mother's house. As we drew near, I saw that one of my brothers was waiting with a fatted lamb that he slaughtered at my feet. We went indoors where glasses of sugar-water were handed round. My father then stepped up to the mullah and placed in his hand a full purse; presents were distributed among the

children; they ate their fill and the party broke up.

That day was the first time I saw my mother and my father's youngest wife really at peace. There they sat, side by side, in the perfect contentment that my attainment to such a degree of knowledge had brought them, all secret hates and rivalry banished from their minds by it. My mother went out of her way to be nice to the youngest wife, who in her turn made a great show of happiness, and smothered her with servility. My eldest brother said to my father, by way of a joke, "He will succeed you as sheikh of the shrine, and servant of the saint." My father shook his head, and said, "He is meant for greater things than that. This village will be no place for him. He will go to visit the big cities, and will be a mighty man. That is what the holy saint has told me. In any case the saint has chosen Abdu Sami as my successor." This Abdu Sami was my half-brother by my father's third wife, a stupid lad, better at fasting and prayer than reading. He had already learned by heart the texts my father used, and how to conduct the ceremonies and affairs of the shrine. He did not go to the mullah's lessons because he thought it might lower him in our estimation.

I was very happy to hear my father say these words, for I was consumed with longing to see the cities that the peasants talked about so much, saying how great were the caravanseries there, and how large the taverns, how long the streets of covered markets, where you could walk for half an hour without seeing the sun, and about the things to eat and drink. . . .

And so I went on to college, where I spent two years. It was a troubling time for me because almost every day the religious principles that I had kept in my heart from childhood suffered some shock at their very foundations. A bitter war raged between these principles and the new scientific truths that swept away everything in their path, obliterating many an old wives' tale from my brain. And often it seemed that part of my life was being swept away with them. I suffered terrible spiritual torments. If only I had been given a true religious upbringing, instead of one mixed with all sorts of fantastic tales and fancies, this bitter conflict would never have occurred, for religious truths, and the general sense of the Koran do not contradict scientific truths, or conflict with them. But when religious beliefs based on ridiculous fantasies are instilled right from the beginning, they will be rejected as man's intellect develops, sometimes destroying the entire foundation for true religious belief.

I spent those years between doubt and certainty, hounded by my thoughts and preoccupations. Then one day I perceived that my reverence for the saint and his shrine at home had ebbed away. I was on my way back to the village, and the saint with his tiny dome-shaped tomb and its ridiculous

decorations suddenly seemed to me like a cat that puffs himself up in his attack to look like a lion. Yet when the shady sanctuary came into sight I felt again the pull of its power, as strong as ever. Before the familiar place, knowledge seemed to fade away. Something compelled me to go to the saint as soon as I arrived, even before I went home. On entering the shrine, I found myself kissing the turban over the tomb and saying the opening chapter of the Koran. I left amid the gazes of the villagers, to the astonishment of the mullah, and my father's great joy. In this way I showed that the city and the college do not destroy faith, as the mullah had warned.

But all this did not mean that my doubts were gone; rather they were strengthened. I was impelled to the tomb again to see if I could find something either to dispel or confirm my doubts. I walked round the shrine to examine the surroundings. The lance caught my attention. My father claimed that it had belonged to the saint, and that wearing the green blood-spattered turban the saint had fought for the true religion with it against unbelievers in this very region. But the lance had already gone rusty. The turban had faded after the passing of what was nearly twenty years.

I began to wonder, with my new-found knowledge, why the turban and the lance had not deteriorated if they were buried in the earth for so many years? How was it possible that the turban was bright green, and the lance shining when my father found them? If they had survived in the ground why did the saint allow them to decay after their discovery? Then again, nobody had seen the saint's remains except my father, who feared their splendor would blind others, so he said. This wave of doubt shook my faith, and I took refuge at once in prayer, to drive off the Devil. I resolved to sleep at the tomb, to pray there that the saint would give me a sign. I chose for that purpose Friday night, our Muslim Sabbath. I told nobody about my plan for fear that the doubt behind it would be guessed, but after the evening prayer I simply slipped away. The way was deserted, the night pitch-black. Already the tomb seemed like some dreadful form standing guard by night over the village, to drive off anything that might disturb the peace and quiet of those that lived there.

4

AS I DREW near the shrine's gate I thought I heard the noise of whispering. Was the saint awaiting me? Fear spread through my body. I started to go back, then forced myself to go toward the voice. It was coming from the window of the room in which my brother slept, so that he could look after the shrine. As I came up to the window I recognized that it was my brother's voice. It was quite clear, and I heard him say, "O Sada,

I cannot sleep if you do not visit me, and close my eyes with your slender fingers." And I heard the voice of Sada reply, "By the saint, O Abdu Sami, if I were not afraid of those who might spy on us, I should come to you on the days of the full moon as well."

He replied to her, "The saint will protect us, so fear no evil." But she answered, sighing, "I am afraid for you; my husband is a hard man. He loves me, and has little respect for the saint. Perhaps he would kill you if he should find out how we meet here." After this snatch of conversation I could hear the murmur of kisses, and muffled laughter. Hardly believing my ears, I thought this must surely be the doing of Satan. I realized that I must not interfere for fear of the scandal. I went to the tomb to pray to the saint to lift the veil from my eyes.

I opened the door gently, and entered the shrine, feeling the awe of the place stealing over me. In the middle of the room appeared the imposing form of the tomb. The shadows it cast moved on the floor as the flames of the lamps danced. I heard a noise of snoring which was soft, but which grew as I entered. I looked round the tomb, to find where it came from, and discovered my father stretched out on a mat on the far side. I saw no reason to wake him, so I spread my prayer mat, and began to go over all the prayers that I knew. I spent nearly an hour in this way, till my eyelids grew heavy with sleep. So I lifted the hangings over the tomb and kissed them time after time, asking the saint to grant me guidance.

I then stretched out my mat on the damp sandy floor to ease my cramped legs. I rested my head on my arms, and began to think of my brother in Sada's arms, kissing her near the saint, without the saint breaking my brother's neck. I remembered hearing similar stories about Christian monks told by the boys at school, and how these stories had delighted me and made me laugh because they attacked unbelief, and the enemies of the true faith. But here was my own brother doing the same thing, "the distance of two bows' lengths," as the Koran has it, from the tomb of the saint. Would he be struck down for it? I imagined that the saint would rise from his tomb, take his lance, and fall upon the traitors. He would strike them through their filthy hearts.

While I was plunged in such fancies, I heard a noise at my side. On the wall I saw the shadow of a man slowly getting up. My blood froze in my veins from fear. I thought my fancies must have come true. I went on watching the shadow as if I were paralyzed, not daring to breathe. I saw his hands go to his middle. Then he squatted down. After scraping a hole in the ground with his hand, there gushed forth a stream. I could hear the noise in that silence quite clearly. Then he turned back the earth into the hole in which he had made

water, went back, stretched himself out, and the interrupted snoring was soon resumed.

I slowly came back to possession of my rational faculties which had left me in my fear. I began to wonder how my father could have dared to make water near the tomb of the saint, who was capable of blinding one's sight and breaking one's neck. Then I knew that my perplexity was resolved, and my doubts had changed to certainty. I laughed out when I thought how my prayers and devotions had not been in vain. For the saint had answered my prayers, and all my doubts were cleared away by what I had seen. I thought how all the conclusive proofs that I had studied were none of them so effective as that.

I stole away after making sure my father was fast asleep. As I left I caught a glimpse in the light of the stars of the figure of a woman who had slipped away before me. When I came to my home, I saw my mother, anxiously looking out for me. I told her I had been to sleep at the saint's tomb. I asked her about Sada, the wife of Abbas, and why she went out to the shrine. She answered that Sada had not had a child for seven years. My brother had told her to sleep near the grave of the saint for a week every month while the moon was on the wane. I told my mother I felt quite certain that God would accord Sada a fine son.

The morning after that night of miracles I went out to the saint's tomb, and entered with firm steps. I smiled a wise experienced smile. After kissing my father's hand and the hangings over the tomb, I turned my gaze on my father's grave face — a gaze of respect and honor greater than I had ever accorded him before. I had found out that he and he alone was the saint and the divine power that ruled the minds of all those people and governed their souls and their means of livelihood. He was in this district of his more powerful than the Sultan's government. He had risen in my estimation from the rank of a devotee to that of a god.

When the pilgrims and worshipers began to appear, I sat down and read the Koran. I hung back till the place was quite empty. Then I hastened to the lance and cast my eyes on the marks stamped on it. After much effort I succeeded in reading the strange inscription. On the middle of the pattern was engraved "Made in Mazenderan." At this I felt sure that the green turban was "made in Mazenderan" too. I laughed and went to the tomb, and said humbly, "O mighty saint, if the villagers knew what I know, they would wake up once and for all, and would chase my father away, demanding their property back. So if it were not for you, I and all my family would be poor dervishes, getting our living by begging, as my father did. Indeed, perhaps I and my brothers would never have come into being."

The time of my childhood had come to an end.

Translated and abridged by Pat Harvey

THE DEATH OF MOHAMMED

A Scene from a Modern Play

by TAWFIQ EL-HAKIM



DRAMA as a recognized form of Arabic literature is of very recent introduction and cannot be said to have found as yet a popular place alongside the more traditional "readings" of poetry and stylized rhymed prose. But there have been in recent years a number of attempts to apply dramatic form as we know it in the West to the traditional subject matter of Arabic literature. The play *Mohammed* by the Egyptian novelist and short-story writer Tawfiq el-Hakim is one of the most interesting of these efforts. In it, el-Hakim has *written* very little; rather he has extracted the lines of the play from the text of the *Hadith*. This collection of "Traditions" was gathered in the centuries after Mohammed's death, and is made up of the reported sayings and doings of the Prophet of Islam and his associates. Because of the semi-sacred nature of his material, el-Hakim could take few liberties; the words were there and he has tried not to add to them or alter them. Further, because the words were spoken thirteen hundred years ago they are at least as strange to the modern Arab ear as is King James Biblical English to the modern American. However — and it must be admitted that this cannot be translated — every word is steeped in emotional flavor and is evocative of a set of sentiments which are absorbed in the process of growing up in every Muslim family.

Islam has always been at once a religion, a state, and a code of conduct. The basis of all three is set out in the Koran. These "rules" reflected the society of Mohammed's own times, and later, in changing circumstances, had to be augmented or reinterpreted. In this process close study was made of the way Mohammed himself had gone about things in his own life, and family traditions and even gossip and odd bits and pieces of information

were memorized and eventually handed down to posterity.

The energy with which the life of the Prophet was mined can only be understood as the desperate attempt made by the whole community to produce a new Sunna (code of life) to replace the older, tribal codes undermined by Islam. Actions in new situations were thus justified by a sort of "legal fiction" based on some action or comment attributed to Mohammed. Thus, the *Hadith* has become canonized as a source of law and ethics second only to the Word of God, the Koran.

Needless to say, the action and the various characters of el-Hakim's play are at least as well known to an Arab audience as stories of Jesus and the Twelve Apostles would be to an American audience. This, however, affects the modern Arab playwright differently from what one might suppose: rather than being the delight of the Islamic equivalent of a Sunday school, the play is *ipso facto* beyond the pale. The sacrosanct stature to which Mohammed was raised in the centuries after his death — in direct contradiction to Koranic instructions — makes performance of the play impossible. Indeed, a film intended to portray the Prophet in a most pious way was banned by the censors in Egypt, supposedly because an actor would have played the part of Mohammed.

The following (from the last act of the play) deals with the tremendous emotional stress brought by the death of Mohammed to his young and insecure community. Tradition indicates that in his life some of his followers had already ascribed to him superhuman attributes, despite his constant denial that he was "more than a messenger." Some seem to have assumed that he would live until he had converted the world to Islam or that his

"death" would only be a cover for his rise to heaven, as the Koran explains the rise of Jesus. The portrayal of the bitter dispute over his death is surprisingly graphic; this strife was to be temporarily put aside by the trial rebellion which followed

Mohammed's death. When this was quelled or diverted, however, the conflict was to break out anew and to remain a constant tension within Islam. Thus, in this scene, we can see the seeds of much of the subsequent history of Islam.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

AISHA: *The favorite wife of the Prophet.*

OMAR: *Later to be Second Caliph (successor) to Mohammed.*

ALI: *Son-in-law, cousin, and Fourth Caliph of Mohammed.*

ABBAS IBN ABDEL MUTTALIB: *Uncle of Mohammed, formerly a strong enemy now a warm supporter; ancestor of the Abbasid Caliphs of Baghdad.*

ABU BAKR: *Father of Aisha, First Caliph, and Mohammed's most trusted supporter.*

MOHAMMED: *The "Messenger" of God (also called Ahmed, meaning "most praised").*

FATIMA: *Daughter of Mohammed, wife of Ali, and ancestor of the Fatimid Caliphs of Egypt.*

GABRIEL: *The Angel who delivered the Koran to Mohammed.*

THE ANGEL OF DEATH

BURAIRA: *A woman of the household.*

EL-MUGAIRA: *One of Mohammed's followers.*

(THE SCENE is the house of Aisha. — The Prophet is on his deathbed, and his womenfolk are behind a curtain which hides them from his male relatives and companions.)

OMAR (*enters and whispers to Ali and to Abbas*): The people are asking how the Messenger of God is this morning.

ALI (*whispering*): He has entered upon the morning, thank God, much better.

ABBAS (*looks at the face of the Prophet and whispers*): I swear by God, I recognize death in the face of the Messenger of God, just as I have recognized it in the faces of my brothers.

ABU BAKR (*touches the Prophet*): O Messenger of God, truly you are weakened and are suffering very much.

MOHAMMED (*in a weak voice*): Yes. . . . I am suffering as much as two men like you can suffer.

ABU BAKR: You shall have double recompense.

MOHAMMED: Yes, by Him in whose hand is my soul, there is not a Muslim pained by sickness or any other distress who will not be unburdened, as the tree drops its leaves, of his sins by God. (*The sound of yelling and crying is heard from the mosque, the place of prayer in Mohammed's house.*)

ABU BAKR (*whispering to Ali*): What is this noise in the mosque?

ALI (*whispering*): I fear that Abbas has gone out to tell the people!

MOHAMMED (*points toward the curtain which separates the mosque from the living quarters*): Who are those?

ALI: The companions — the men and the women — are crying for you.

MOHAMMED: What makes them cry?

ALI (*with a low hesitating voice*): They fear that you will die. . . .

MOHAMMED (*feverishly*): Pour on me the contents of seven cups of water from several wells, and bring me an ink pot that I may write for you a testament which will save you from going wrong.

OMAR (*whispering to the men around him*): Pain has overcome the Messenger of God. You have the Koran. And the Book of God suffices us.

ABU BAKR: Nay . . . draw nearer. Let the Messenger of God write for you.

ALI: No . . . what Omar says is right . . . (*The argument grows more violent among the men.*)

MOHAMMED (*speaking impatiently to them*): Get away from me. . . . Get away from me . . . !

ABU BAKR: We have become heavy on the Prophet in his suffering. . . . Let us go. (*The men leave, and Aisha and the other women emerge from behind the screen.*)

AISHA: O Messenger of God . . . you are anxious and vexed. . . . Had any one of us women behaved in such a way you would have been astounded at her.

MOHAMMED (*musings to himself*): Verily pain weighs heavily on the believer in order that he may be forgiven for his sins. (*Fatima weeps, not understanding Mohammed's words.*) Don't cry my child . . . but say that we are dedicated to God and to Him we are returning. To every person on earth, there is a compensation for every calamity.

FATIMA: And even you, O Messenger of God, must go through this?

MOHAMMED: Even I.

AISHA (*to Fatima*): He is exhausted from the fever.

MOHAMMED (*starting up slightly in his bed*): Aisha, what did you do with that gold?

AISHA: What gold?

MOHAMMED: The six dinars which I had.

AISHA: I have them.

MOHAMMED: Mohammed will not be worthy of his God if he meets Him with this gold in his possession . . . Spend it all on charity. . . . The Prophet must not be inherited.

AISHA: I shall spend them.

MOHAMMED: Please God, let me die poor . . . don't let me die rich, and put me among the miserable. (*He lies down as though to sleep.*) Now I can rest.

AISHA (*putting the head of the Prophet on her breast*): O Messenger of God! I beg God for your recovery and for your good health!

MOHAMMED (*fixing his eyes toward the sky — as though soliloquizing*): Nay! Pray for me to meet the Most Exalting of Friends.

AISHA (*silent tears falling from her eyes*): You were given the choice and you have chosen; this I know by the One Who sent you with the Truth.

MOHAMMED (*in a barely audible voice*): A cup of water.

AISHA (*to the women*): Quickly! Bring me a cup of water. (*They bring a cup.*)

MOHAMMED (*wets his hand and wipes his face*): God help me against the anguish of death!

FATIMA: Oh, how pained you must be, Father!

MOHAMMED: Your father has no more pain after this day. . . . Draw near me, O Gabriel! Draw near, Gabriel. O Gabriel, come to me. (*He sees Gabriel, who has come down to him.*)

GABRIEL: O Ahmed, God has sent me to you as an honor to you, as a bounty to you, and uniquely to you, asking you about that which He knows better than you. He asks how you feel.

MOHAMMED (*staring intently and speaking from the heart without anything being evident to those who stand around him*): I find myself, O Gabriel, afflicted and grieved, O Gabriel.

GABRIEL (*pointing to an angel standing behind him*): O Ahmed, this is the Angel of Death who asks permission to enter unto you — and he has never asked permission from any of the sons of Adam before you nor will he ever from those after you.

MOHAMMED: I grant it to him.

THE ANGEL OF DEATH: O Messenger of God . . . O Ahmed! Verily God has sent me to you and has ordered me to obey you in anything that you bid me to do: if you order me to take your soul, I shall, or if you order me to leave it, I shall.

MOHAMMED: And you will really do what I tell you to, O Angel of Death?

ANGEL OF DEATH: Yes, because I was ordered to obey what you command.

GABRIEL: O Ahmed, verily God longs for you.

MOHAMMED: Go ahead, Angel of Death, and finish the task you were ordered to perform.

GABRIEL: Peace upon you, O Messenger of God! Today is the last time that I will descend to Earth. (*The two angels rise, leaving Mohammed a still corpse.*)

AISHA (*notices the Prophet has become heavy on her breast, so she lays him down on the bed and covers his face with his mantle, crying shrilly*): Come to me! Come to me!

THE WOMEN (*seized with anguish and fear*): What is it?

AISHA: O, my lost one! The Messenger of God has died! The Messenger of God has died! The Messenger of God has died!

FATIMA: Father . . . O, Father!

THE WOMEN: O, mourning!

FATIMA (*sees the body and screams out*): Father . . . Father . . . O, Father, whose abode is paradise. . . . O, Father, whom we commend to Gabriel. . . . O, Father, how close to his Lord is he!

AISHA (*weeping and sobbing*): The Messenger of God has died! Oh the pain of my heart! O, calamity! Now our link to God has been broken away from us!

BURAIRA (*rushes into the room*): Omar and Abbas and some men with them are requesting permission to enter to see the Prophet!

AISHA (*to the women*): Hide yourselves behind the curtain! (*The women hide themselves, weeping the while.*)

OMAR (*enters and hurries up to Mohammed, raising the cover from the Prophet's face*): O . . . he has fainted. And how deep is the faint of the Messenger of God! (*One of the men, el-Mugaira, looks at the face of the Prophet.*)

EL-MUGAIRA: O, Omar . . . By God! The Messenger of God is dead!

OMAR (*furiously*): Liar! The Messenger of God has not died . . . but you . . . you're a man whom deception has trapped! The Messenger of God shall not die until the hypocrites are destroyed. (*Abbas looks at the face of the Prophet but does not answer; then Omar, Abbas, and the men leave.*)

THE PEOPLE (*off stage*): Is the Prophet dead? . . . Has the Prophet died?

OMAR (*shouting off stage*): O, you people . . . I don't want to hear anyone say that Mohammed has died. But he has only been summoned — just as Moses the son of Imran was summoned when he stayed apart from his people for forty nights. And, by God, I hope that any man who says that Mohammed has died will have his hands and feet cut off!

THE PEOPLE (*off stage*): Do not bury him. . . . He has not died!

A MAN (*off stage*): Verily the Messenger of God has been raised — just as Jesus the son of Mary arose, and he shall return!

ABBAS (*off stage*): Does anyone from among you have a statement from the Messenger of God about his death? If so, then tell us.

THE PEOPLE (*off stage*): No! We have no such statement.

ABBAS (*off stage*): And do you, Omar, have anything such as that?

OMAR (*off stage*): No!

ABBAS (*off stage*): Witness then all of you that only a liar can now say that he has any sort of statement about his death after Mohammed's death. And, by God! — who is None but the One God — the Prophet has surely tasted death, and his body will surely decay, just as have those of all men. So bury your companion. Does God put one of you to death only once and put *him* to death twice? He is more precious to God than that. He did not die until he had made the "way" clear and manifest, had allowed the lawful and outlawed the forbidden, had married and divorced, made war and peace. . . . And no shepherd conducting his sheep to the mountaintops was more enduring or persevering than was the Messenger of God on your behalf.

THE WOMEN (*behind the curtain*): Did the Messenger of God die or has he not died?

FATIMA (*comes out, draws near the body, and contemplates the face of the Prophet for a long time; then bursts out crying*): The Messenger of God has died.

ABU BAKR (*enters and rushes up to the body, raises the shroud from the still Prophet, and kisses him, crying*): Would that I could exchange my father or mother for you. Blessed are you alive and dead. As for the death which God decreed for you, you have tasted it. Now never again can a death strike you down. (*He returns the cloak over the face of the Prophet and leaves.*)

OMAR (*off stage*): O, you people! By God, the Messenger

of God is *not* dead. 'His soul has only ascended just as the soul of Moses ascended . . . !

ABU BAKR (*off stage*): Calm down, Omar, and listen!

OMAR (*continuing*): And, by God, the Messenger of God will never die until certain people lose their hands and tongues!

ABU BAKR (*off stage, calling out loudly*): O, People . . . (*He recites from the Koran.*) "Mohammed is but a messenger, messengers the like of whom have passed

away before him. Will it be that when he dieth or is slain, ye will turn back on your heels? He who turneth back doth no hurt to Allah, but Allah will reward the thankful." And whosoever of you worships Mohammed, know that Mohammed is dead, but he who worships God, know that God is ever living and cannot die.

THE PEOPLE (*off stage*): The Prophet of God is dead!

Translation and introduction by William R. Poll

DR. CHOUMAYYIL'S CAT

by Taniyous Abdouh

The white cat, my friends, the cat of our master, the eminent savant,
is white as cotton from freshly opened boles, and soft as silk.
She is deaf . . . except to the boiling of pots,
and dumb . . . except at mealtimes.
She can crouch like a lion, or be as innocent as an antelope.
What is so fine to watch as her swift movements
when she has spied a bird in the branches;
but when she has lost interest, because she cannot reach it,
the gleam in her pupils dies out, as if her heart were broken.
She saunters arrogantly among the doctor's guests . . .
One might call her a small only child.
But it's not the guests that she cares about;
what she likes is her dinner, appetizing and plenty of it!
And when our master comes home and sends word to the cook,
she jumps in his lap and from that throne rules everything as if she were an emir!
He presses her tenderly to his breast
and often will even carry her off to bed in his arms.
"My daughter," he calls her, and she, if she could, would call him "Papa."
And sometimes she makes herself a pleasant bed for a nap
right on the pages of his *Origin of Species*.
With a smile he indulges her, and she lies there basking in happiness.
As for us, if we dared to disturb her,
We'd get a roar from him for our pains.

Translated by C. F. MacIntyre

THREE PROVERBS

A hunter went killing sparrows one cold day. As he
carried on the slaughter, his eyes were streaming.
Said one bird to another: Look at the man crying.
Said the other: Never mind his tears, watch his hands.

Have patience over a bad neighbor: either he'll
move, or a calamity will come and shift him.

Honor lives in the manes of horses.

Translated by Herbert Howarth and Ibrahim Shukrallah

A CHRONOLOGY OF ARAB HISTORY

c. 500–630: Classical Age of Arab Poetry.
 570–632: Mohammed.
 610–632: Revelation of the Koran to Mohammed.
 622: Hegira, beginning of Muslim (lunar) calendar.
 633–647: Islam conquers the area of present-day Iran, Iraq, Syria, Jordan, Israel, Lebanon, Egypt, and Libya.
 653: Codification of the scattered passages of the Koran into a canonical text.
 656–661: First civil war and religious schism lead to the establishment of the Umayyad caliphate at the new capital in Damascus.
 670: Muslim Empire conquers Northwest Africa.
 674–679: First Muslim siege of Constantinople.
 711: Muslim conquests of Spain, Sind (part of modern Pakistan), and Central Asia.
 732: Charles Martel checks Arab advances into Europe at Battle of Tours, France.
 750: Overthrowing the Umayyad caliphate, the Abbasid dynasty becomes the ruling caliphate and moves the capital eastward to Iraq, where Baghdad is built.
 750–800: Using Aristotelian logic to formalize Arabic language, philologists begin written poetry collections.
 759: Arabs in Europe withdraw to Spain, holding it in part till the Christian conquest of Granada in 1492.
 845: Poet Abu Tammam dies; collected finest Arabic poetry in the *Diwan el-Hamasa* or poems of bravery.
 800–850: Plato, Aristotle, and other Greek classics translated into Arabic. Advances in mathematics and astronomy.
 10th Century: Flowering of Islamic culture in Baghdad, Cordoba, Cairo, and other far-flung Muslim metropolises. Sufism, Islamic religious mysticism, spreads.
 965: Mutanabbi, famous post-Islamic poet, dies.
 969: Fatimid dynasty conquers Egypt, founds El-Azhar Mosque-University.
 969–1008: Hamdhani originates rhymed prose novellette cycle, *Maqamat*, an outstanding example of Arabic pure linguistic technique, perfected by Hariri (1054–1122), and still popular and widely imitated.
 c. 1000: First drafts of *Arabian Nights* from popular, originally Indian, tales.
 1003–1071: Ibn Zaydun of Cordoba, great Spanish-Arab poet.
 1059–1111: El-Ghazali, Islamic scholastic philosopher.
 1099: First crusaders conquer Jerusalem.
 1187: Sultan Saladin reconquers Jerusalem.
 1232: Construction of Alhambra Palace, masterpiece of Moorish-Islamic architecture, begun in Granada.
 1258: Mongol Prince Hulagu of the empire founded by Ghengis Khan in 1203 sacks Baghdad.
 16th Century–1918: Arabs form part of the Ottoman Turkish Empire, established in the fourteenth century.
 1798–1802: Napoleon occupies Egypt. Introduces Arabic printing press and Western scholars.
 1805–1848: Mehmet Ali the Great lays foundations for Egyptian state; conquers Sudan, Syria, Arabia. Introduces cotton and modern industry into Egypt.
 19th Century: Dismemberment of the Ottoman Empire; French occupy Algeria (1830) and Tunisia (1881), British annex Aden (1839) and conquer Egypt (1882).
 1866: Founding of the American University of Beirut.
 1890's: The concept of nationalism, introduced into Arabic by mid-nineteenth-century translations from French, becomes a major element in Egyptian and Syrian thought. Popular press rises in Egypt.
 1908: Founding of first Egyptian secular university.

1910–1916: Gradual split between Arabs and Turks in Ottoman Empire politics.

1911: Italians partly conquer Libya.

1912: Morocco becomes a French protectorate.

1914: Ottoman Empire enters World War I on German side; British declare Egypt a protectorate.

1916: British defeated in Iraq and at Gallipoli. Arabs enter war on the British side.

1917: Arab discovery of secret British-French-Russian plans for partition of the Ottoman Empire without consideration of Arab independence leads to British pledges. British capture Baghdad and Palestine; issue Balfour Declaration on Jewish "homeland" in Palestine.

1918: Damascus captured by Anglo-Arab forces; armistice with Ottoman Empire.

1919–1920: Mandates imposed on Iraq, Palestine, Trans-Jordan, Syria, and Lebanon. Anti-British revolts in Egypt and Iraq. French conquer Syria.

1920's: Period of material growth and governmental organization furthers rapid spread of education and increases antforeign feeling and revolts in Syria and predominantly Arab Palestine.

1927: Oil production begins in Iraq.

1932: Iraq gains independence and joins the League of Nations. Ibn Saud, who had conquered Arabia in 1926, becomes king of Saudi Arabia.

1936: Anglo-Egyptian treaty officially ends British military occupation of Egypt.

1937: Oil discovered in Kuwait, production begins in Saudi Arabia.

1938: Opposing Jewish immigration, Arabs demand independence and revolt in Palestine; quelled by British army as were previous uprisings in 1929, 1936.

1941–1945: Declaring Syria and Lebanon independent (1941), French refuse to evacuate but permit constitution to be in force (1943). Mounting tension throughout the war leads to French bombardment of Damascus (1945). British intervention causes French withdrawal from Syria. Invading Iraq, which had attempted to sever relations during the war, British force Premier Rashid Ali into exile in Saudi Arabia.

1945: To gain Arab solidarity, Egypt, Iraq, Trans-Jordan, Saudi Arabia, Syria, Lebanon, and Yemen form the Arab League in Cairo.

1947: Oil development begins in Qatar.

1948: Britain ends mandate and withdraws from Palestine. War, still under truce, ensues between Arab states and Israel. Almost a million Arabs flee to surrounding countries.

1952: Major General Mohammed Naguib as titular leader of army junta, dethrones Egypt's King Farouk. He proclaims Egypt a republic in 1953 and is succeeded by Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser in 1954.

1953–56: Rapid economic development in eastern Arab lands. Sporadic North African warfare with France. Independence of Morocco and Tunisia.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON THE POETS

TANIYOUS ABDOUN, who was born in Lebanon, published many poems, novels, articles, and translations before his death in 1926. ALBERT ADIB, a prominent Lebanese writer, is editor of the literary magazine *El-Adib*. KHALIL MATRAN, a well-known Arab poet, is also an historian, journalist, and translator of Shakespeare. Though born in Lebanon in 1871, he has for a long time lived in Egypt. MICHEL TRAAD is a Lebanese poet who writes in the colloquial style of the mountains.

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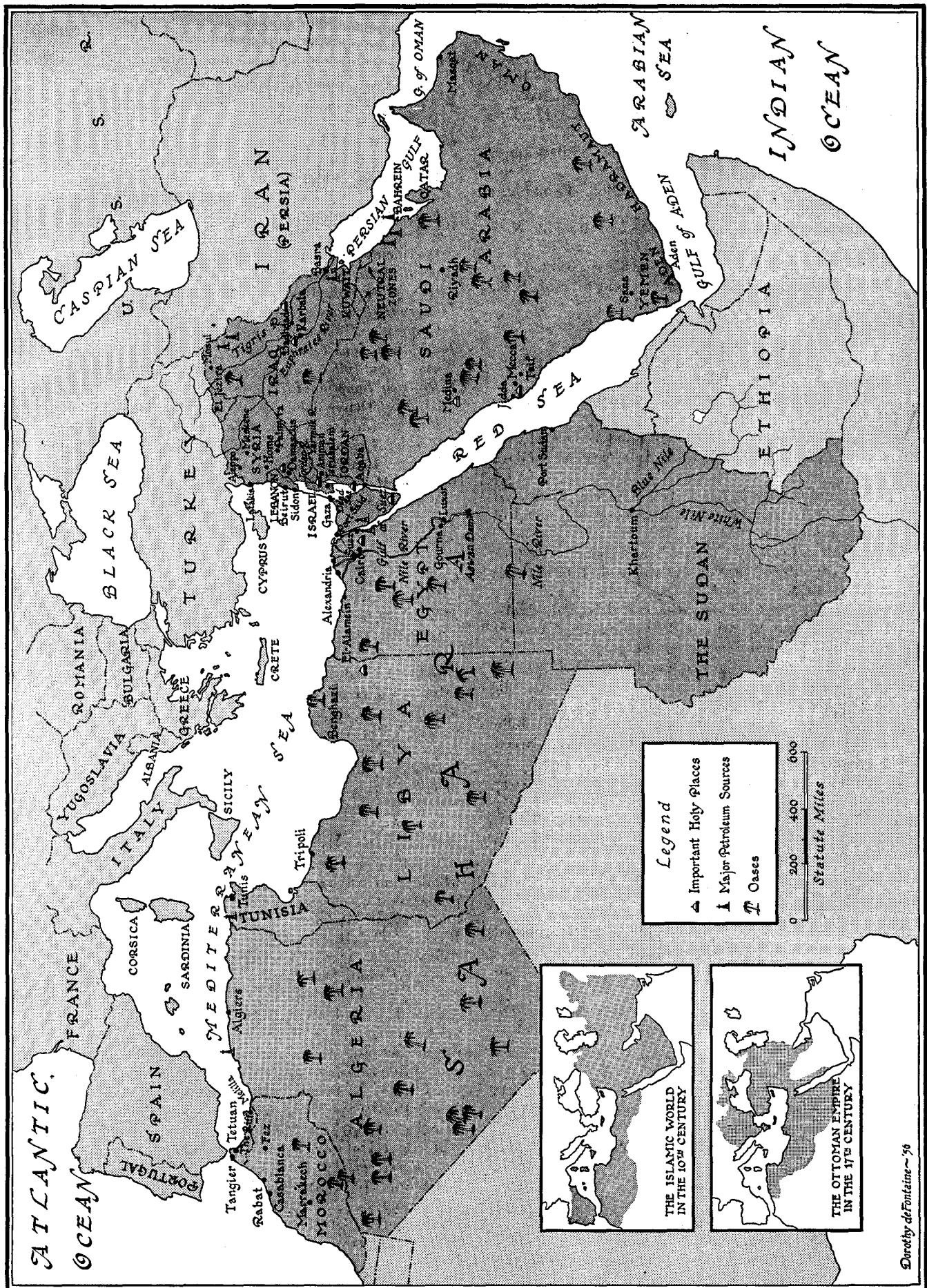
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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Publisher and the Editor wish to thank all those whose kind advice and assistance made possible the preparation of material for this collection, notably Edmund Asfur, William Astill, Raif Bellama, Abdullah Bilkhair, Paul Bowles, Henry Carlisle, John K. Cooley, Adib el-Jader, H. E. Faris Bey el-Khouri, Hassan Fathy, Shafiq Ghorbal, Khaldun Husri, Mounah Dhouri, C. F. MacIntyre, Ragai Malakh, Margaret Marcus, John Marshall, Gerald Messadié, and Sumaiya Zahawi. Acknowledgment is made to the following publishers for reprint permission: Editions Denoël for "The Pilgrimage" from *Le passé simple* (1954); Longmans, Green & Co. Ltd. for "A Scholar's Boyhood" from *The Stream of Days* (1948); New Directions for "The Death of Mohammed" from *New Directions 15* (1955); The Renaissance Bookshop for "The Comedy of Death" from *Tales from Egyptian Life*; La Colombe for "The Rebel," "Memories of Childhood," and "Dr. Choumayyil's Cat" from *Les Plus Beaux Textes Arabes*; Al-Kulliyah Magazine for "Two Lebanese Mountain Poems" (March 1954); The Pilot Press for "Three Proverbs" from *Images from the Arab World* (1944). Works not followed by the name of a translator have been written in English.



Dorothy de Fontaine ~ '56



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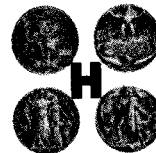


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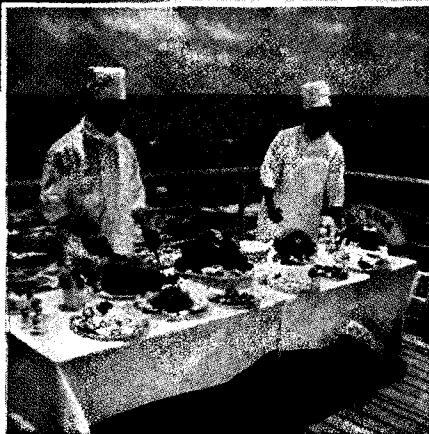
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